THE ILIAD OF HOMER, WITH NOTES.

BY

Madam DACIER.

Done from the *French* by Mr. OZELL, and by him compar'd with the *Greek*.

Illustrated with Twenty-Six CUTS, by the best Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates, design'd by *COYPEL*.

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M.DCC.XXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Argument of the Fourth Book.

PARIS *being overcome by* Menelaus, *and* Agamemnon *having demanded the Reſtoring of* Helen, *with all her Riches*; *as alſo, the Payment of the Fine which was agreed upon*; *the Gods aſſemble in the Palace of* Jupiter, *and deliberate upon the Fate of* Troy. Jupiter, *being prevail'd upon by* Juno's *Speech, ſends* Minerva *down to the* Trojans *Camp, with Orders to cauſe the Treaty to be broke.* That *Goddeſs perſuades* Pandarus *to diſcharge an Arrow at* Menelaus; *he does ſo, and wounds him.* Agamemnon *is griev'd, and ſends for* Machaon *to dreſs the Wound. Whilſt the* Grecian *Chiefs are buſy'd about* Menelaus, *the* Trojans *advance to Battle.* Agamemnon *haſtens, and viſits all Parts of the Army, commends thoſe he finds in a Readineſs for Fight, and reproves thoſe he finds otherwiſe. The Two Armies engage, and great Slaughter is made on both Sides.*

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

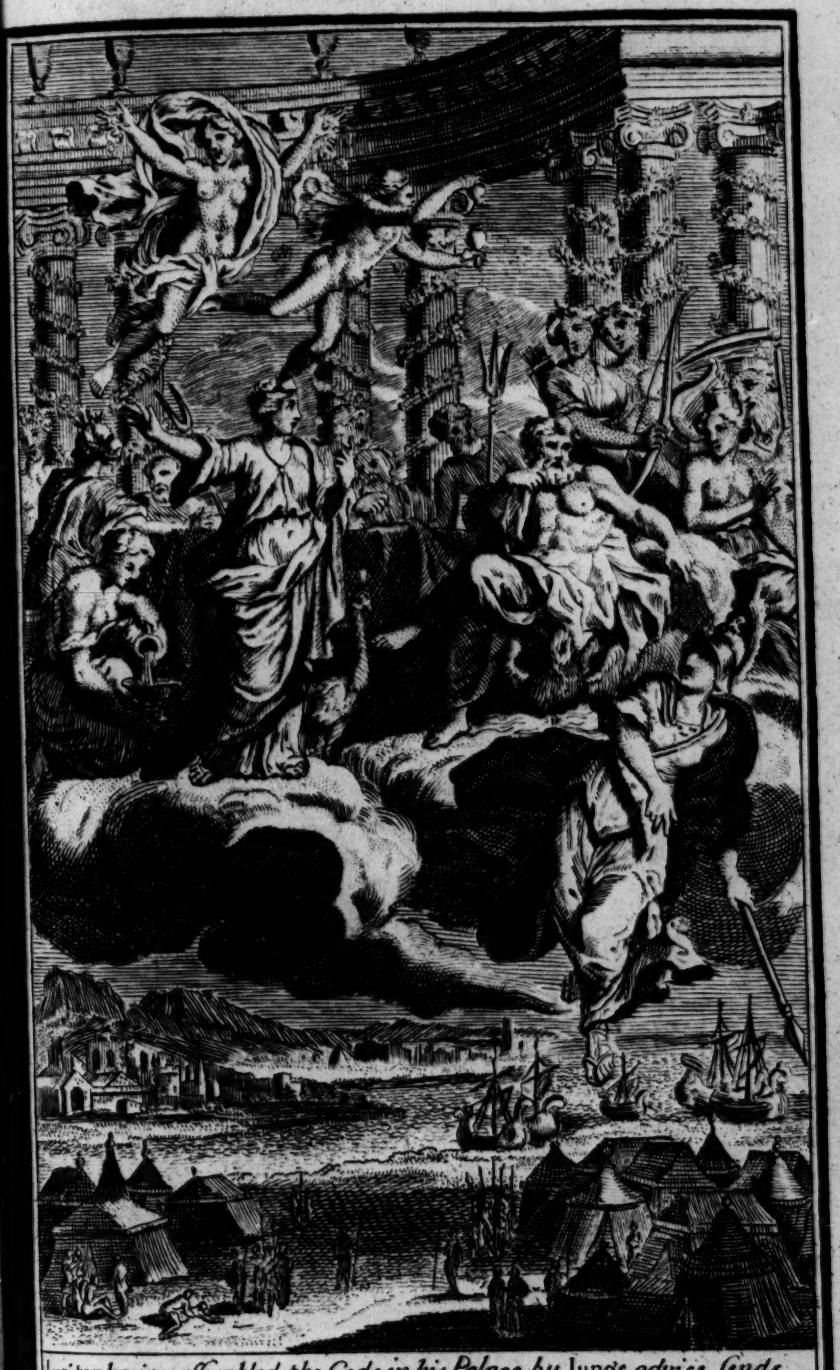
BOOK IV.

(a) MEAN time, within *Jove*'s Palace pav'd with Gold, The Gods in Conf'rence ſate around their King; (b) Bright *Hebe*, the Delight of Heav'n and Earth, Serv'd them with Nectar:

(a) *Mean time* —— *the Gods in Conf'rence ſate around their King.*] 'Twas the Will of Fate, that *Pandarus*, Son of *Lycaon*, ſhou'd violate the Treaty which was juſt ſworn. *Homer*, to ſpeak this like a Poet, feigns, that all the Gods ſate in Council around *Jupiter*; for *Jupiter* is the Author of Fate, which is nothing elſe but a Law deriv'd from him, and to which every Thing, both in Heaven and Earth, is ſubject.

(b) *Bright* Hebe, *the Delight of Gods and Men, ſerv'd them with* Nectar.] This is to ſignify, that the Gods enjoy an everlaſting Youth, and that

Each



Jupiter *having assembled the Gods in his Palace, by* Junos *advice sends* Minerva *to the Trojan Camp, to induce them to break the Treaty made with the* Greeks, *and to Oblige them to recommence Hostilities.* B. IV.

(*c*) Each invites his Mate, With Golden Cups to entertain the Time. They drink and pledge, with Eyes ſtill fix'd on *Troy*. When ſtrait the Son of *Saturn*, being (*d*) diſpos'd To irritate and tempt the Spleen of *Juno*, With cutting Phraſe, and odious Glance, began: "Two Goddeſſes there are, who give their "Favour To *Menelaus*, and eſpouſe his Cauſe: "(*e*) *Juno* the Queen of *Argos*; and *Minerva*, "So much ador'd at *Alalcomenes*: (*f*) Yet

their Life is nothing but a Happineſs, which knows no End; and that as for Men, Youth is the only Seaſon of their Pleaſures.

(*c*) *Each invites his Mate.*] *Homer* attributes to the Gods the Cuſtoms of Men. In all Ages there were People, who tranſacted their moſt ſerious Affairs while they feaſted.

(*d*) *Being diſpos'd.*] It is in the *Greek*, *endeavour'd to irritate*; the *Greeks* uſe their Verb πειρᾶσθαι, which ſignifies *to endeavour*, as the *Latins* do, *conari*, to ſignify, *to begin*, *to ſet about*, &c. This is remarkable.

(*e*) Juno, *the Queen of* Argos; *and* Minerva, &c.] The Epithet Αργειη, *Argive*, which *Homer* gives in this place to *Juno*, manifeſtly proves, that the Epithet which he gives to *Minerva* in the ſame Verſe, in calling her Αλαλκομένηϊς, does not here ſignify *helpful*; [*Auxiliatrix*, as Mr. *Barnes* terms it] but that 'tis an Epithet taken from the City of *Alalcomenes* in *Bœotia*, where *Minerva* had a Temple; ſhe had likewiſe another not far from thence, where ſhe was ador'd under the Name of *Itonian Minerva*; and that Temple was common to her with *Pluto*, for very myſterious Reaſons. I don't know, but that the Ancients meant by it, that *Minerva*, through Prudence and Induſtry, is the Spring of all Riches; for *Pluto*, whom they aſſociate with her, is the God of Riches. But to return to *Alalcomenian Minerva*, *Strabo* very well eſtabliſhes, in his IX Book, what I juſt now advanc'd; and he adds, that it was thought, *Minerva* was born at *Alalcomenes*, that ſhe was ador'd there in a particular manner, and that *Homer*, in ſpeaking of the *Bœotian* Troops, did not mention that City, becauſe its Inhabitants being ſacred to *Minerva*, had the ſingular Privilege of being excus'd from going to War.

(*f*) *Yet theſe two mighty Deities are pleas'd to ſit Spectators of a bloodleſs Fight.*] Herein lies the Raillery and Odiouſneſs of the Compariſon;

" theſe two mighty Deities are pleas'd To ſit
" Spectators of a bloodleſs Fight; Eaſy and un-
" alarm'd at the Event: Whilſt ſhe, whoſe
" Province lies in Pleaſure only, The Laughter-
" loving *Venus*, aids in Perſon Her Favourite,
" nor leaves his Side a Moment; But with her
" Preſence guards him againſt Fate: Ev'n now
" ſhe ſnatch'd him from the Brink of Death.
" 'Tis true, the Victʼry is the *Spartan* King's;
" Nor can it in the leaſt be call'd in Queſtion.
" Now therefore, let us think what End to put
" To this important Quarrel; Shall we kindle
" The War afreſh, and ſtir up bloody Conteſts?
" Or ſhall we breath into the *Greeks* and *Trojans*
" The Sentiments of Peace, and reconcile
" them? (*g*) If ye all like the latter, *Troy* may
" ſtand, And *Helen* may return with *Menelaus*."

Juno and *Pallas*, who ſate next each other, Deviſing mighty Miſchiefs to the *Trojans*, Murmur'd, with Lips compreſs'd, at *Jove*'s Diſcourſe. (*h*) *Pallas*, tho' much provok'd at what ſhe heard, Yet curb'd her ſwelling Choler, and was ſilent; But *Juno*, not being able to with-

thoſe Goddeſſes that protect *Menelaus*, are two great Goddeſſes; they bear Names which ought to engage them yet more to ſuccour the *Greeks*; nevertheleſs, they give way to one Goddeſs; and to what Goddeſs? To *Venus*, who delights in nothing but Sports and Pleaſures. To enter rightly into the Spirit of this Raillery of *Jupiter*'s, it muſt be conſider'd, that he was a Favourer of *Troy*; he ſpeaks therefore as if he were piqued, that theſe two Goddeſſes did not ſuccour *Menelaus*; for if they had done ſo, *Menelaus* had ſlain his Enemy, and *Troy* had been freed.

(*g*) *If ye* all *like the latter.*] For, all the Gods, that is to ſay, all Cauſes, muſt co-operate towards Fate.

(*h*) Pallas, *tho' much provok'd at what ſhe heard, yet curb'd her ſwelling Choler, and was ſilent.*] For in the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, Wiſdom ought doubtleſs to predominate, and reſtrain the impetuous Sallies of Paſſion. 'Tis juſt the contrary with *Venus*.

hold

hold The Tranſport of her Fury, thus broke out: "What means this Speech, O cruel Son "of *Saturn*? Will you thus render all my La- "bour fruitleſs? And muſt the Pains I've taken "prove abortive? Have I fatigu'd my Horſes "to no purpoſe, In poſting to and fro to muſ- "ter Forces 'Gainſt *Priam* and his Sons? "—But do your Pleaſure. Take this along: "I, and all other Gods, Have vow'd to thwart "your partial Care for *Troy*."

The Maſter of the Thunder, much provok'd, Made this Reply: "Thou Fury, what Offence "Has *Priam* or his Children giv'n to Thee, "That thou ſhou'dſt thus implacably purſue "them? (*i*) Your better Way wou'd be to "quit *Olympus*, Renounce the Goddeſs, and, "ſhut up in *Troy*, Devour old *Priam* and his "Iſſue, quick, And make a bloody Meal on All "his People: Your Hatred, peradventure, may "be glutted, And Malice laid to Reſt with ſuch "a Feaſt: Do as you pleaſe; it ſhall breed no "Contention 'Twixt you and me: But then re- "member this, (*k*) When I reſolve ſome City "to deſtroy, Stand not betwixt my Wrath and "it, I charge thee; However greatly thou "may'ſt love the People, Be Paſſive, and give "way to my Revenge; Since, with Regret, I "here abandon *Troy*; And, to give You your

(*i*) *Your better Way would be to quit* Olympus.] I have a little ſtretch'd the Thought of *Homer*, the better to unravel and illuſtrate the Raillery *Jupiter* makes uſe of to reproach *Juno* for her Cruelty, which is ſo contrary to the Divine Nature.

(*k*) *When I reſolve ſome City to deſtroy.*] *Homer*, in this place, propheſies the Ruin of *Juno*'s Cities. Indeed, they ſoon fell from their Glory; and *Mycenæ* was entirely deſtroy'd not long after the Battel of *Salamin*.

" Will, forego my own: For, not beneath the
" Sun and Starry Heav'n, Is there a Town,
" poſſeſs'd by mortal Men, (*l*) Which ſhares
" my Love like that of Sacred *Ilium*; Nor, of
" Mankind, is any more in Grace With Me,
" than Warlike *Priam* and his People. They,
" with inceſſant Vows, my Name invoke; My
" Altars never were without Oblations Of
" Victims ſlain, nor wanted grateful Savour:
" What more cou'd I require, or They perform?"

Juno reply'd: " Three Cities I prefer To
" all the reſt throughout the Univerſe: *Argos*
" and *Sparta*, and the wide *Mycenæ*; (*m*) De-
" ſtroy them, whenſoe'er your Pleaſure prompts;
" I ſhall not try to turn aſide your Thunder;
" Nor in the leaſt repine to ſee them ruin'd:
" Or, if I ſhould repine and interpoſe What
" would avail my Spight and Oppoſition, Since
" you are far more powerful than I? But then
" 'tis juſt, that after ſo much Labour, I ſhould
" have Pow'r to crown it with Succeſs. For,
" I too am a Deity, and ſpring From the ſame
" Sire with You, the wiſe *Saturnus*. A two-
" fold Cauſe thus pleads for my Deſire; Not
" only as your Siſter, but your Wife; The
" Wife of *Jove*, whom all the Gods obey!

(*l*) *Which ſhares my Love like that*, &c.] This is founded upon *Troy*'s having flouriſh'd for ſeveral Reigns; but *Jupiter*, for all that, enlarges a little here, to heighten the Sacrifice which he makes to *Juno*, by abandoning *Troy* to her. It muſt always be remember'd, That under the Perſonages of theſe Gods, *Homer* repreſents the Intrigues of Princes, whoſe publick Actions have often no other Motive, than domeſtick Quarrels and ſecret Intereſts.

(*m*) *Deſtroy them.*] Might not *Homer* mean to deſcribe, in this place, the natural Humour of Women, who have nothing ſo much at Heart which they will not ſacrifice to their Reſentment?

" Then

" Then let not Us, on theſe Occaſions, jar;
" (*n*) But to each other mutually give way:
" Our good Intelligence will ſerve to keep The
" other Gods dependant and reſpectful. (*o*) Let
" *Pallas* therefore preſently be ſent Down to
" the Camp, and uſe her beſt Endeavours To
" cauſe the *Trojans* to infringe the Treaty By
" firſt inſulting the triumphant *Greeks*."

The Sire of Gods and Men allow'd her Suit, And inſtantly gave *Pallas* this Command:
" Haſte to the Camp, and uſe your beſt En-
" deavours To cauſe the *Trojans* to infringe the
" Treaty By firſt inſulting the triumphant *Greeks*."

Pallas, already bent againſt the *Trojans*, Was glad of the Commiſſion: She deſcends With Flight impetuous from the Heights of Heav'n. (*p*) As when the Son of *Saturn* hurls a Star, To Ships at Sea portentous, (*q*) or to Armies,

(*n*) *But to each other mutually give way.*] *Homer* is ever interſperſing Precepts for Civil Life. In this place, he ſhews of what neceſſity it is, that a Husband and Wife ſhou'd give way to each other; for a good Underſtanding between them preſerves Order in the Family, and keeps every thing in Decorum.

(*o*) *Let* Pallas *therefore preſently be ſent.*] Why does *Homer* make *Minerva* herſelf go to excite *Pandarus* to an Action ſo unjuſt as that ſeems to be, which he's going to do, viz. to violate the Alliance by an Act of Hoſtility? 'Tis to ſhew, that Wiſdom itſelf preſides over all the Decrees of *Jupiter*, and governs all the Springs of Providence.

(*p*) *As when the Son of* Saturn *hurls a Star.*] This Compariſon I think very beautiful. *Homer* compares *Minerva*'s Deſcent to that of the Exhalations which ſometimes are kindled in the Air, and which, after having rapidly travell'd a certain Space, break into a thouſand fiery Particles, and are extinguiſh'd by mixing with the groſſer Air; ſuch Vapours he poetically calls *Stars*, becauſe of their Brightneſs.

(*q*) *Or to Armies.*] It may alſo be tranſlated, *or to the Aſſemblies of a Nation*; for the Word στρατὸς oftentimes ſignifies *a great Aſſembly, a Gathering of the People*, upon any other Occaſion, as well as War.

The falling Meteor in its airy Progreſs, Scatters abroad Ten thouſand ſparkling Fires: So did the Goddeſs throw herſelf to Earth Betwixt both Camps, and ſuddenly was loſt: Amazement ſeiz'd the *Greek* and *Trojan* Hoſts, When they beheld the blazing Miracle: Each Soldier turning to his Fellow ſaid, (*r*) "Either this "Sign portends a ſecond Breach And bloodier "Fights, or elſe (*s*) great *Jupiter*, Who from "his Treaſures deals forth War and Peace, In-"tends to ratify the Truce agreed on."

(*t*) Thus did both Sides preſage among themſelves. The Goddeſs having taken the Reſemblance Of brave *Laodocus*, *Antenor*'s Son, Conveys herſelf among the *Trojan* Troops, Haſt'ning thro' ev'ry Quarter of the Army, In

(*r*) *Either this Sign portends*, &c.] This Paſſage deſerves to be explain'd; for how can this Exhalation, this Star, be a Prognoſtic of two ſo contrary Things, as Peace and War? For both Omens ought to have their reſpective Foundation. By its fiery Particles it may portend War; and by its Extinction, when plung'd in groſſer Air, it may be underſtood as a Sign of Peace. The leaſt Congruity is enough for People to ground their Prognoſtics upon.

(*s*) *Great* Jupiter, *who from his Treaſures deals forth War and Peace.*] I was willing to give the literal Senſe of the Word ταμίης, which exhibits here a beautiful Image. *Homer* alludes to the two Tuns or Veſſels which are on both ſides of *Jupiter*, and out of which that God draws good and bad Fortune. We ſhall ſpeak of this hereafter. At preſent, tho' my Purpoſe is not to load theſe Remarks with Textual Criticiſms, yet I ſhall not let this paſs without obſerving, that there ſeems to be in the Verſe of *Homer*, a very ancient Error, and that inſtead of ἀνθρώπων ταμίης, it ſhou'd be read ἀνθρώποις ταμίης· for ταμίης cannot agree with two Genitive Caſes: They who underſtand *Greek*, will know what I mean.

(*t*) *Thus did both Sides preſage.*] *Homer* gives to underſtand by this, that all the People, as well *Greeks* as *Barbarians*, drew the ſame Preſages from thoſe Exhalations.

queſt

queſt of valiant *Pandarus*, ſhe found him, Standing amidſt his warlike Infantry, Fam'd *Lycian* Troops well arm'd with ſhady Shields, And brought by him from ſweet *Æſepus'* Banks. *Pallas*, approaching, thus addreſs'd his Ear: "Wilt thou, *Lycaon*'s valiant Son, be pleas'd "To do a Service I ſhall recommend? Wou'd "you but venture to let fly at *Menelaus* (*u*) One "of your deadly and unerring Arrows; What "Glory wou'd ſo bold an Action gain you! "(*w*) What Gifts might you expect from every "*Trojan*, But more eſpecially from (*x*) Royal "*Paris*, Who wou'd not fail to load you with "rich Preſents, If he cou'd ſee the warlike Son "of *Atreus*, Fell'd by your Shaft, aſcend the "Funeral Pile: Then ſcruple not, my princely "Friend, but ſhoot, And take his Pride down "in the midſt of Victʼry: But firſt make hum-"ble Prayʼr to *Lycian Phœbus*, The God of Ar-"chery, to guide your Shaft; Promiſe a He-"catomb of early'ſt Lambs, (*y*) At your Re-"turn to *Zelia*'s ſacred City."

(*u*) *One of your deadly and unerring Arrows.*] He praiſes the Archer, in praiſing the Arrow. Thus the Prophet commends the Arrows of the Nations of the North-Country, which God ſaith he will raiſe and cauſe to come up againſt *Babylon*: *Sagitta ejus, quaſi viri fortis interfectoris, non revertetur vacua*: *Their Arrows ſhall be as of a mighty expert Man*; *none ſhall return in vain*, Jer. l. 9.

(*w*) *What Gifts might you expect.*] *Minerva*, you ſee, takes *Pandarus* by the Handle of Intereſt; for *Homer* draws the Portrait of *Pandarus*, as a very covetous Man, and intends thereby to ſhew, that Avarice is capable of putting Men upon committing the worſt Actions.

(*x*) *Royal* Paris.] *Minerva* ſays *Royal* Paris, the better to prevail on *Pandarus*, and put him in hopes of the greater Preſents.

(*y*) *At your Return to Zelia's ſacred City.*] Becauſe the Lambs wou'd coſt him leſs in his own Country, than in a beſieg'd Town.

Theſe Words prevail'd on (*z*) thoughtleſs *Pandarus*. He inſtantly drew forth (*a*) a curious Bow, Made of a Mountain-Goat's luxuriant Horns, Struck dead upon a Rock's ſharp Brow by *Pandarus*, Who long had watch'd his Iſſue, not in vain: The fatal Arrow took him on the Breaſt, And in the Act of Leaping laid him flat. (*b*) His Horns extended ſixteen Handfuls each, Which, ſhav'd, and aptly fitted by the Artiſt, Were made into a Bow, and tipt

(*z*) *Thoughtleſs* Pandarus.] *Homer* calls him *Thoughtleſs*, becauſe he was going to do a thing manifeſtly unjuſt and impious; and if he had had the leaſt Senſe, he wou'd have withſtood all thoſe Temptations.

(*a*) *A curious Bow.*] *Homer* takes care to diverſify his Poem with Stories, Narrations, Deſcriptions, Paintings, to pleaſure his Reader. This ſhort Epiſode of Hunting, and the Deſcription of this Bow, cou'd not any where have come in better than here, where the Poet is ſpeaking of *Pandarus*, who was taught Archery by *Apollo* himſelf. The great Excellence of Poetry never appears better, than in theſe ſort of Deſcriptions; for, to paint an inconſiderable Thing naturally, and in a noble manner, there lies the Art.

(*b*) *His Horns extended ſixteen Handfuls each.*] The *Greek* Word δῶρον, which I have tranſlated *Handful*, is a Meaſure of four Inches; and *Euſtathius* has very well obſerv'd, that in theſe Horns of ſixty-four Inches, or five Foot four Inches, *Homer* does not offend againſt Probability; for there were in his Time ſome of a greater Magnitude at *Delos*.

[Tho' Madam *Dacier* tranſlates it, *Ses cornes étoient de ſeize paulmes* CHACUNE, *his Horns extended ſixteen Handfuls* EACH, I do not find any thing in *Homer*, that can warrant or countenance ſuch a Conſtruction. He ſays barely, Τοῦ κέρα ἐκ κεφαλῆς, &c. *his Horns were grown to ſixteen Handfuls length*, that is, five Foot four Inches both Horns together, and not ſingly ſo long, as Mr. *Ogilby*, with Reaſon, conjectures. What makes me of his Opinion, is, that both Horns went to make the Bow, as is plain from *Homer*; the Artiſt that made the Bow, did *aptare, apte connectere hæc cornua*, (ἦραρε τέκτων.) Our Artiſts, if I miſtake not, call this ſort of Work *Dove-tailing*, piecing one thing into another.]

with

with Gold. (*c*) This *Pandarus* bent, then laid it ſoftly down: And, whilſt his Friends conceal'd him with their Bucklers, For fear the *Greeks* ſhou'd ſee and ruſh upon him E'er yet the Deed was done; he opes his Quiver: He draws a Shaft which ne'er before had ſerv'd, Swift as the Wind; (ſad Source of future Wo!) Next on the String this deadly Shaft he knocks, Then makes his humble Pray'r to *Lycian Phœbus*, The God of Archery, to guide his Weapon, And vows a Hecatomb of early'ſt Lambs At his Return to *Zelia*'s ſacred City. This ſaid, he drew the Nerve with ſo much Strength, The Shaft-head kiſs'd the Bow, the String his Pap: Round came the yielding Horn, the Bow-ſtring twang'd, Out flew the Shaft, and whiz'd among the Throng, (*d*) Impatient to diſcharge its dire Commiſſion. Yet in that dangerous Moment the bleſs'd Gods Did not, (*e*) O *Menelaus*, thee forget: But above all, *Jove*'s

(*c*) *This* Pandarus *bent, then laid it ſoftly down.*] This is not *reading* the Action of *Pandarus*, 'tis *ſeeing* it; ſo naturally is it deſcrib'd.

(*d*) *Impatient to diſcharge its dire Commiſſion.*] *Homer* gives Senſe and locomotive Faculties to the moſt inanimate Things; and this is what endues his Verſes with a kind of Life, which makes us think that in other Poems we find every Thing dead and inſipid. In like manner, all is animated throughout the Books of the Old Teſtament; Weapons there have Senſe, Voice, in a word, Life. *Jeremiah* ſpeaking to the Sword of the Lord, ſays, *O mucro Jehovæ, uſque quò non quieſces? Colligе te in vaginam tuam, quieſce, & ſile. O thou Sword of the Lord, how long will it be e'er thou art quiet? Put up thyſelf into thy Scabbard, reſt, and be ſtill.* Jer. xlvii. 6.

(*e*) *O Menelaus.*] *Homer* quits his Narration, to direct on a ſudden his Speech to *Menelaus*, as if he were preſent; and he uſes theſe kind of Apoſtrophes, to rouze Attention; but he never does it unſeaſonably, or to Perſons unworthy of it; for, as *Euſtathius* has well obſerv'd, this very grave

Daughter,

Daughter, who delights In ſocial Arts, *Minerva*, cover'd thee! (*f*) She, interpoſing, turn'd the Shaft aſide, Slack'd its wing'd Force, and bade it not be Mortal: (*g*) So, from her ſleeping Babe, a tender Mother Drives the bold Waſp that would diſturb its Reſt. The Arrow was directed by the Goddeſs Upon the Juncture where the Belt was buckl'd, And which compos'd a kind of double Armour The dreadful Shaft drove thro' the Belt and Armour; And, not quite deaden'd, (*h*) pierc'd the Truſs beneath, Which being plated, help'd to dull its

Poet wou'd think he had debas'd his Poem, to have directed his Speech to ordinary Men.

(*f*) *She, interpoſing, turn'd the Shaft aſide.*] It may be ask'd here, wherefore does *Minerva*, who ſets *Pandarus* againſt *Menelaus*, avert from *Menelaus* the Arrow of *Pandarus*? It is to ſignify, that the ſame Providence, which, if we may dare to ſay ſo, puſhes wicked Men upon doing Evil, knows likewiſe how to deliver out of their Hands thoſe whom they attack. The Decree of *Jupiter* was, that the Alliance ſhou'd be broken, and not that *Menelaus* ſhou'd be kill'd.

(*g*) *So from her ſleeping Babe*, &c.] This Compariſon is, in my Opinion, charming, both for the Juſtneſs and the Sweetneſs of the Image. The Arrow which was *impatient to diſcharge its dire Commiſſion*, is compar'd to a Waſp; *Menelaus*, who, truſting to the Treaty, is in a State of perfect Tranquillity and Innocence, and as it were aſleep, is compar'd to a Child in that Circumſtance; and *Minerva*, becauſe of the conſtant and aſſiduous Care ſhe takes of *Menelaus*, is compar'd to a Mother who drives a Waſp from her Babe, for fear it ſhou'd ſting and wake it. As this Mother contents herſelf with putting away this Waſp from the uncover'd Parts, and ſuffers it to range upon the ſwaddling Bands, and wherever it can do no great hurt: So *Minerva* contents herſelf with putting by the Arrow from the mortal Parts, and lets it fall on that part of the Body which was moſt cover'd.

(*h*) *Pierc'd the Truſs beneath.*] This which I tranſlate *Truſs*, and *Homer* calls μίτρην, was a kind of a very broad Bolſter or Rowler of Linnen, having a Plate of Braſs, Steel, or Gold, upon

Force;

Force; So that it only raz'd the upper Skin: Yet from the Wound the Blood ran trickling down. (*i*) As when ſome *Carian* or *Mæonian* Dame Has ſtain'd an Ivory Curb with richeſt Purple, To grace the foamy Cheeks of the

the outward Part, and quilted inwardly with Wool or Cotton; and this they wore next them over the lower Venter under their Armour, for their greater Security. [Or rather, as Mr. *Ogilby* ſays, that the Weight of their heavier Arms might not offend thoſe tender Parts.]

(*i*) *As when ſome* Carian, *&c.*] Mr. *Deſpreaux* has excellently well defended this Paſſage againſt the unjuſt Criticiſm of a Modern. He has made appear, that *Homer*, not content with delivering preciſely what ſerves for the Compariſon he is making, expatiates upon ſome hiſtorical Circumſtance of the Thing he is ſpeaking of; for in Poetry, eſpecially in *Odes* and in the *Epic*, the Compariſons are not only put to enlighten and adorn the Diſcourſe, but likewiſe to amuſe and relax the Mind of the Reader, by taking him from time to time off from the principal Subject, and walking him over other agreeable Images; and this is that wherein *Homer* has chiefly excell'd. Not only all his Compariſons, but all his Diſcourſes are fill'd with Images of Nature, ſo true and ſo various, that tho' he is ever the ſame, he is ever different; continually inſtructing his Reader, and cauſing him to obſerve, in the very Objects which are always before him, Things which he had not dreamt of obſerving himſelf. In Confirmation of this Remark of Mr. *Deſpreaux*, hear what *Euſtathius* ſays; *Obſerve* (ſays he) *what Learning and what Variety is contain'd in this Compariſon, by the different Hiſtories it includes; this great Poet always propoſing as his Aim, thus to embelliſh his Images, in order to inſtruct, as well as to divert.* Now let us examine ſeparately the Beauties which occur in this Compariſon.

As when ſome Carian *or* Mæonian *Dame.* It is certain, *Homer* might very well have made this Compariſon, by barely ſaying, *As the whiteſt Ivory, heighten'd by the luſtre of the richeſt Purple, &c.* ——— But the Poet does not content himſelf with giving this Image, he is likewiſe willing to teach a Point of Antiquity, *viz.* that in thoſe early Ages, the *Lydians* and *Carians* were fam'd for ſtaining in Purple, and that the Women made Works in Ivory, which were very much eſteem'd. See *Strabo* upon this.

proud

proud Steeds, And pleaſe the Driver's Eye; ſhe lays it up Within her Chamber's moſt ſecure Receſs; Many brave Cavaliers with longing Eyes View the nice Work, and fain wou'd purchaſe it: But ſhe reſerves it for ſome mighty Prince, Or King: For 'tis no vulgar Ornament: So look'd thy Ivory Legs, brave *Menelaus*, When thy rich Blood ran down in purple Streams.

A ſudden Fear benumb'd ſtout *Agamemnon* At the black Blood deſcending from the Wound. A ſudden Fear ſeiz'd *Menelaus* too, Fancying the Wound much greater than it was; But when he ſaw, extant above the Fleſh, The Arrow's Iron Barb and Ring that bound it, His Fear was ceas'd, and Spirits recollected. This *Agamemnon* mark'd not, but concluded His Brother ſlain: He took him by the Hand, And us'd theſe Words preluded with deep Sighs, Which with ſad Groans were anſwer'd by the

But ſhe reſerves it for ſome mighty Prince or King. *Homer* by this informs us, that in thoſe Times there were Ornaments which were reſerv'd for Kings and Princes, and which private Perſon durſt not wear: for inſtance Cheek-Studs of the Ears, which they us'd to make of Ivory ſtain'd with Purple, much more valu'd than Gold. Furthermore, it were eaſy to prove, out of the Books of the Old Teſtament, that Purple was particularly reſerv'd for Princes and Kings, and ſuch others as had their Permiſſion to wear it.

So look'd thy Ivory Legs, brave Menelaus. A certain Modern, [ſhe means M. *Perrault*] tranſlating this Verſe wrong, accuſes *Homer* of ridiculouſly ſaying, that *Menelaus* had Heels at the Extremity of his Legs; but the Fault is the Tranſlator's, for *Homer* expreſſes it very ſenſibly and very naturally, and paints his Object ſo well, that one ſees the Blood trickling down his Legs to his Feet. *Vid.* the Remark of Mr. *Deſpreaux* upon *Longinus*, and that of *Euſtathius*, p. 457.

Soldiers,

Soldiers. " Have I, dear Brother, made a " Truce for this? Didſt thou, for this, ex- " poſe thy precious Life In ſingle Combat for " the *Grecian* Army? Is it for this, the *Tro-* " *jans* ſwore a Peace? Only to tread all Faith " beneath their Feet? But they're deceiv'd: " Nor can they render vain Thoſe Oaths, thoſe " Off rings, and that ſacred Wine, (*k*) That " mutual Faith to which we firmly truſted. " For, tho' *Jove*'s Thunder ſeems to ſleep at " preſent, Yet it will wake, and puniſh this " Infraction; Nor ſhall they only rue this " treach'rous Act, Their Wives and Children " ſhall have cauſe to curſe it. (*l*) For well I " know, a Day ſhall come, when *Troy*, With " *Priam* and his People, all ſhall periſh. *Sa-* " *turnian Jupiter*, that dreadful God, Who " dwells on high, and ſits above the Clouds, " Shall, in Revenge for this foul Perjury, Shake " over *Troy* his formidable Shield. This he " will ſurely do, tho' he delays. But ſtill my " Grief for thee wou'd be the ſame, Dear " *Menelaus*, if thy Wound prove mortal, And " thou untimely thus conclude thy Fate: I

(*k*) *That mutual Faith to which we firmly truſted.*] The *Greek* adds, *by ſhaking Hands*; upon which *Euſtathius* very well ſays, " Obſerve that in " thoſe early Times they us'd " to confirm Treaties and Al- " liances by ſhaking Hands; " conjoin'd Hands being the " Pledge and Seal of Union " and Concord."

(*l*) *For well I know, a Day ſhall come, when* Troy.] *Homer*, to comfort his Reader who intereſts himſelf for the *Greeks*, gives him a Glimmering of the Deſtruction of *Troy*. *Agamemnon* foretels it in this place, but dares not promiſe himſelf, that he ſhall be the Inſtrument made uſe of by *Jupiter* to puniſh that perfidious Town; and therefore adds, that the Death of *Menelaus* wou'd oblige him to return with Ignominy to *Argos*.

" muſt

" muſt return with laſting Shame to *Argos*:
" (*m*) For, in that Inſtant, when you ceaſe to Be,
" The *Greeks* will ſtraitway think of going
" Home; The Glory of retaining *Argive Helen*
" Will thus remain to *Priam* and the *Trojans*.
" Thy Bones too, bury'd in this hoſtile Land,
" After a fruitleſs War, enrich their barb'rous
" Soil: When ſome proud *Trojan*, with inſult-
" ing Foot, Shall ſpurn the Tomb of Gallant
" *Menelaus*, And uſe theſe haughty Words;
" *May* Agamemnon *In all his Undertakings vent*
" *his Choler With ſuch Succeſs as he has done at*
" Troy! *His chief Ambition was, to carry Home*
" *An empty Fleet, and leave his Brother here.* This
" they will ſay; But firſt gape wide, thou
" Earth, Beneath my Steps, and take me
" quick to Death!"

Then *Menelaus* to remove his Fears, With chearful Look made Anſwer; " Deareſt Brother,
" Be not thyſelf diſmay'd, nor terrify the *Greeks*:
" The Wound's but ſlight, nor is there any Dan-
" ger. The Arrow fell not on a vital Part.
" My Belt, my Armour, and the plated Truſs
" I wear beneath, have all concur'd to ſave
" me. Grant Heav'n 't be true, Dear Brother!
" (ſaid the King:) But let ſome skill'd Phyſi-
" cian ſtrait be ſent for, To dreſs the Wound,
" and mitigate the Pain, Applying Balm and pro-
" per Anodynes." This ſaid, he call'd *Talthibius* the Herald, And thus commanded; " Run

(*m*) *For in that Inſtant, when you ceaſe to Be, the* Greeks, *&c.*] For *Menelaus* being dead, the *Greeks* will no longer trouble themſelves about *Helen*, who being then free, might deſire to continue with *Paris*.

" with

" with utmoſt Speed, And fetch *Machaon*, Son " of *Æſculapius*, Divinely skill'd in Phyſick's " Sov'reign Lore: Tell him, he muſt to *Me-* " *nelaus* come, The warlike Chieftain of the " *Greeks* juſt wounded Or by a *Trojan*, or a " *Lycian* Archer, Too expert at his Bow, to " our misfortune." He ſpoke; nor was the Herald diſobedient: He haſtens thro' the Troops of gen'rous *Greeks*, Caſting his Eyes about for great *Machaon:* And ſoon he found him, ſtanding in the midſt Of numerous Troops, well-arm'd with ſhady Shields, Who follow'd him from *Trica*, fam'd for Horſes. " Great Son of " *Æſculapius!* (ſaid the Herald) Haſten this " Inſtant; 'tis the King's Command, You to his " Royal Brother come, juſt wounded, Or by a " *Lycian*, or a *Trojan* Archer, Too expert at " his Bow, to our misfortune."

He ſpoke.---*Machaon*, troubl'd at the News, departs: They traverſe the wide Army of the *Greeks*; At length, arriv'd at *Menelaus'* Quarters, They found the Chieftains gather'd round the Hero, Who yet had Strength to ſtand upright amidſt them. Strait from the Belt *Machaon* draws the Shaft, Which breaking, left the forky Barbs behind: Then, without loſs of time, undoes the Belt, Takes off the Armour and the Truſs beneath; And when he thoroughly had view'd the Wound, (*n*) He ſucks the

(*n*) *He ſucks the clotted Blood.*] This is worthy of Obſervation. Thoſe early Ages were ſenſible of the Benefit of ſucking the Wounds, to cleanſe them, and prevent Corruption. *Euſtathius* reports, that in his Time among the moſt barbarous People, this Method was practis'd, and generally ſucceeded.

clotted

clotted Blood; and next infuſes Soft Lenitives which *Chiron* taught his Father.

Whilſt thus the Chiefs were buſy'd round the Hero, (*o*) The *Trojans* were advancing to attack them. Sudden, as the Alarm, the *Grecian* Troops Reſume their Arms, and Eagerneſs for Fight. (*p*) You wou'd not then have ſeen the King of Men, The Godlike *Agamemnon*, either ſleeping Or maz'd with Fear, or ſhuffling from the Battel, But haſt'ning to begin the glorious Fight. His coſtly Chariot he diſmiſs'd: *Eurymidon* Was charg'd to keep it within proper diſtance, Leſt Faintneſs ſhou'd ſurprize his Limbs fatigu'd With ordering ſo numerous an Army. The faithful Servant carefully obey'd, And held, apart, his Maſter's fiery Courſers: They toſs'd the Foam, and fill'd the Air with ſnorting.

(*q*) The King on foot ſcours thro' the *Grecian* Squadrons, And whom he finds diſpos'd to do their Duty, Thoſe he confirms with chearing Words: "Brave *Greeks!* Remit not the "leaſt Spark of your bold Spirits: *Jove* never

(*o*) *The* Trojans *were advancing to attack them.*] They advance to attack them, as believing without doubt, that what *Pandarus* had done was by the Order of the Generals. All the *Trojans* therefore having part in this Perfidy, ſhall likewiſe have part in the Puniſhment.

(*p*) *You wou'd not then have ſeen*, &c.] *Homer* here proves the Praiſe he had given before to *Agamemnon*, That he was *as good a King, as a valiant Captain.* Theſe Apoſtrophes have a great deal of Grace, and beautifully break the Monotony of the Narration. You muſt obſerve, 'tis the *Muſe* ſpeaking to the Poet.

(*q*) *The King on foot ſcours thro' the* Grecian *Squadrons.*] *Euſtathius* ſays, he did this to ſhame the *Greeks*, by not favouring himſelf, and likewiſe that he might not ſeem to treat them with too much State, if he ſpoke from his Chariot to Princes who were on Foot.

"did,

" did, nor will aſſiſt the Perjur'd. They who,
" with Breach of Faith, wou'd hurt their Foes,
" Shall be themſelves devour'd by rav'nous
" Vulturs: Whilſt their lov'd Wives and
" Children, captive made, From their ſack'd
" City ſhall be led in Triumph."

To thoſe he ſaw hang off and ſhun the Fight, He ſpoke in Terms which ſhew'd his Indignation. " Baſe *Argives*, are ye not aſham'd " to ſtand Like Buts to Darts? Have ye " no Senſe of Honour? Why ſtare ye like a " Herd of frighted Fawns, Who, after having " travers'd ſome vaſt Plain, Stand ſtill, and " panting yield to their Purſuers, When but " a Moment's Vigour might preſerve them? " Such you appear! So ſtupidly you gaze! " Can nothing move your daſtard Souls! D'ye " wait Till the bold *Trojans* ſet your Fleet on " fire, In hopes that *Jupiter* will then extend " His aiding Arm, and drag you out of Dan- " ger?"

(*r*) Thus he, Commander-like, from Rank to Rank, Went thro' the Hoſt; and paſſing many a Band, Came where the haughty *Cretan* Troops were poſted: He found them arming for th' approaching Fight: Brave *Idomen*, like to a ſavage Boar, Aſſur'd and Strong, did in the Front appear: *Meriones* brought on the valiant Rear-Guard. The King, extremely pleas'd to

(*r*) *Thus he, Commander-like, from Rank to Rank went thro' the Hoſt.*] In this Review which *Homer* cauſes *Agamemnon* to take, there is an admirable Variety; but a Variety which marks the Genius and Character of the Troops which the Poet deſcribes; ſome are arming, others are already arm'd, others are marching, &c.

ſee

ſee theſe Troops, Thus to their Chief expreſs'd his Satisfaction: "Oh, *Idomen!* I ever lov'd "thee moſt Of all the *Greeks*, both in the Field "and Council; At Table too, whene'er the "*Grecian* Chiefs I treated with rich honorary "Wine, Thy Goblet, like my own, ſtood "always full, To drink when Pleaſure prompted; (*s*) while the others In ſtinted Bowls "drank each his certain Meaſure. Now, therefore, ſhew your Valour, and maintain The "glorious Character you juſtly boaſt." To this the *Cretan* Prince reply'd: "*Atrides*, What "heretofore I promis'd you to be, I ſhall continue ſtill, your firm Aſſociate: No Danger "ſhall remove me from your Perſon: But go "and animate the other Leaders, That we the "Onſet may begin forthwith: For, ſince the "*Trojans* firſt infring'd the Treaty, Victʼry and "Death will certainly revenge us."

(*s*) *While the others in ſtinted Bowls drank each his certain Meaſure.*] I have already taken notice of the Portions or Meſſes at Feaſts, which were generally alike, except when there was any one preſent whom they were minded to honour, and who merited ſome ſort of Preference; for then the Parts were proportion'd to the Merit and Diſtinction of thoſe for whom they were deſign'd; and the greateſt Mark of Honour was, not only the beſt Share of the Meat and Wine, but alſo to drink at pleaſure without being ſubject to the Laws of thoſe Feſtivals, which were generally very violent and ſenſleſs. This Cuſtom of regulating the Proportions by the Merit of the Gueſts, or by the Affection that was had for them, is much more ancient than the War of *Troy*; it was practis'd in the Feaſt which *Joſeph* gave his Brethren in *Egypt*, for *Benjamin*'s Meſs was five times as large as that of his Brethren; *majorque pars venit Benjamini, ita ut quinque partibus excederet*, Gen. xliii. 34. And ſo *Samuel* treats *Saul*, 1 *King*. ix. 23.

He

He ſpoke: With gladden'd Heart the King paſs'd on, And came where both *Ajaces* had their Quarters: He found them arm'd, and ready for the Fight. Behind them, hid the Ground (*t*) a Cloud of Infantry. As when ſome Shepherd from a Rock's high Proſpect Spies a thick Vapour forming from the Deep, (*u*) And driv'n by boiſt'rous Zephyr tow'rds the Shore; (*w*) Blacker than Night the Cloud at diſtance ſeems, And brings a furious Tempeſt in its Womb; The Shepherd at the Sight is froze with Fear, And to ſome ſhelt'ring Cave compels his Flock: So look'd theſe thick Battalions, as they mov'd, Clad in brown Arms, and briſtling with their Pikes.

At their bold Mien the King was fill'd with Joy, And thus beſpoke their Chiefs: "Brave "Generals! I come not to excite you, but "commend: Nor do I need to animate your

(*t*) *A Cloud of Infantry.*] Becauſe being very thick and cloſe, and clad in brown Arms, they perfectly reſembl'd a thick and black Cloud. And as this Poet is the firſt that ever made uſe of the Word *Cloud* for Men, he, according to his Cuſtom, ſoftens the Boldneſs of the Figure, by a Compariſon which juſtifies it, in the very Delivery of it. See the Remark of *Euſtathius*, p. 471. 'Tis worth while to obſerve with what Ingenuity and Majeſty *Homer* in this place praiſes the two *Ajaces* and their Troops.

(*u*) *Driv'n by boiſt'rous Zephyr.*] I waver'd a long time, whether or no I ſhou'd uſe in this place the Word *Zephyr*, becauſe in our Language the Zephyrs are gentle Winds, which have nothing of Terrible. But at laſt I familiariz'd myſelf to it, that I might avoid putting *the Weſt-Wind*. 'Tis ſufficient the Reader be advertis'd, that the *Greeks* give to the Weſt-Wind the Name of *Zephyr*.

(*w*) *Blacker than Night.*] *Homer* ſays *blacker than Pitch*, but what is noble in *Greek*, becauſe of the Beauty of the Terms, is often bald in *French*, for the contrary Reaſon.

"Soldiers,

" Soldiers. Your bright Example is ſufficient
" Motive: I wiſh to *Jove*, *Minerva* and *Apollo*,
" That ev'ry *Greek* was fill'd with the ſame
" Ardour! Soon wou'd the Buſineſs of the
" War be ended, And *Troy*'s proud Towers
" level'd with the Duſt."

This ſaid, he left them, and purſu'd his way
To viſit other Troops: Next he beheld *Neſtor*,
the ſubtle Orator of *Pylos*, Forming his Squa-
drons in Array of Battel, And chearing them
againſt the Foe; (*x*) appointing Each Chief
his Poſt; *Alaſtor*, *Pelagon*, Prince *Hæmon*, *Bias*,
and the manly *Chromius*. (*y*) His Squadrons
with their Chariots and their Horſes He plac'd
in Front: His choiceſt Infantry Were in the
Rear; a Bulwark to the others. The Slothful
in the midſt he put, and thoſe Upon whoſe

(*x*) *Appointing each Chief his Poſt*, Alaſtor, &c.] *Homer*, as *Euſtathius* very well obſerves, gives to each General of the Troops, one only Companion, or Lieutenant. *Idomeneus* has *Meriones* with him, *Diomed* has *Sthenelus*; the great *Ajax* has the ſecond *Ajax*, the Son of *Oileus*; *Meneſtheus* the *Athenian* has none, but near him is *Ulyſſes* within diſtance to ſuſtain him. And here *Homer* gives five Officers to *Neſtor*, and this to ſhew that one alone might in ſome ſort ſupply the Place of the others, whereas to fill the Place of old *Neſtor*, ſeveral were requiſite, and wou'd find it hard enough to do what *Neſtor* in his Youth cou'd have done himſelf. It is likewiſe worthy of Obſervation, with what Touches *Homer* ſets off *Neſtor*. Some are arming, others are armed, but *Neſtor* was already putting his Troops into Battel-Array. Wiſdom always ſecures itſelf betimes againſt Surprizes.

(*y*) *His Squadrons with their Chariots and their Horſes he plac'd in Front.*] This is that Diſpoſition of a Battel, which *Homer* liked beſt, ſince he aſſigns it to *Neſtor*. This Diſpoſition, however, was chang'd as Occaſion requir'd; for in the eleventh Book we ſhall ſee *Agamemnon* ranging the Foot foremoſt, and ſuſtaining it by the Horſe.

Courage

Courage he did leaſt rely: That ſuch as lov'd not Fighting, might be forc'd.

(z) The Charioteers he ſtrictly did command, To drive ſedately, and to move in Order, To ſhun Confuſion, and to keep their Ranks: But above all, he recommends, that none, Preſuming on his Horſemanſhip or Courage, Advance before his Comrades to the Charge: Or, having charg'd, retire: "For ſo, ſaid he, "Your Squadrons, thinn'd, will eaſier "be defeated. (a) Farther, if any, thrown from "out his Chariot, Shall mount into another's,

(z) *The Charioteers he ſtrictly did command*, &c.] *Homer* ſets off the Prudence of *Neſtor*, both in his Diſpoſition of the Troops, and the Orders he gives them. And the Poet attributes all this to *Neſtor*, becauſe in War eſpecially, a great Capacity proceeds from long Experience. It is plain, from all theſe Paſſages, that ev'n in *Homer*'s Time, the Art of War was very much known. The Orders *Neſtor* gave his Cavalry were, that *None preſuming on his Horſemanſhip or Skill, advance before his Comrades to the Charge*: This hare-brain'd Jealouſy ſerves only to occaſion thoſe to be knock'd o'th' head, whom it prompts to advance before their Fellows. This Order of *Neſtor*'s is a very good one.

Or, having charg'd, retire: This Order is no leſs neceſſary than the former; a Chariot cannot put back or turn, without breaking the Diſpoſition of the Squadrons, and cauſing great Diſorder.

(a) *Farther, if any thrown from out his Chariot.*] This Paſſage is remarkable for its Ambiguity. *Euſtathius* writes, that theſe two Verſes of *Homer* are capable of four different Meanings, and all very reaſonable. [The two Verſes ſhe alludes to, are in *Engliſh* thus; *Whoever ſhall come from his own Chariot, to that of another, Let him extend or hold forth a Spear.*]

The four Meanings are, firſt, that whoever, in fighting on his Chariot, ſhall win a Chariot from the Enemy, let him continue fighting, and not retire out of the Preſs to ſecure his Prey.

The ſecond, if any one be thrown out of his Chariot, let the Perſon who ſhall be neareſt to him, hold forth his Pike to help him into his.

The third is quite oppoſite to the ſecond. When any

" let him ride, As Combatant, and uſe his " brandiſh'd Spear, But not pretend to take the " Driver's place, Or guide the Horſes he's a " Stranger to: For, (added he) by following " theſe ſage Maxims, Our Fathers have re- " duc'd ſo many Towns, And over-thrown ſo " many ſtrong-built Ramparts." Wiſe *Neſtor*, long inur'd to Arms, thus diſciplin'd his Troops.

" O *Neſtor!* thus the King, tranſported, ſaid, " Wou'd Heav'n thy Strength were equal to thy " Courage! And that thy Knees cou'd follow " thy bold Spirit! But Age, the ſad Attendant " of Long-Life, Thy Nerves unbraces, and con- " geals thy Blood. O that with ſome leſs ne-

one that is thrown out of his Chariot, ſhall be deſirous to mount another's, let that other puſh him back with his Pike, and not admit him; becauſe that wou'd ſlacken the Fight.

And the fourth, that which I have follow'd. *Euſtathius* adds, that *Homer* has ſometimes affected to throw ſeveral Meanings in this Manner among his Verſes, to ſhew the Force of his Genius, and to let us ſee that ev'n in his Equivoques he is τετράγωνος ἀνευ ψόγου, *as faultleſs as a Dye*, and that in whatever manner he falls, he ſtill comes upon his Feet. He does not however do this, but in its proper Place, and when a Multitude is to be ſpoken to.

I have quoted this Remark, becauſe I thought it a ſingular one, and that it might ſerve to juſtify more important Paſſages than what one reads in theſe Books. What Advantage wou'd it not be, to be able to read, in one ſingle Expreſſion, four different Things, and all very good? Men have been ſeldom Maſters of this Secret. As for me, who was not able to preſerve this happy Amphibology in our Language, I choſe that Senſe which ſeem'd to me moſt natural, and which indeed is juſtified by what *Pandarus* does, when he mounts *Æneas*'s Chariot; for he refuſes to meddle with the Horſes Reins, and his Refuſal is grounded upon the very ſame Reaſon, which is here given by *Neſtor*.

" ceſſary

" ceſſary Stripling, Thou cou'dſt exchange " thy Winter for his Spring!"

The venerable *Neſtor* thus reply'd: " I wiſh " I were the ſame that once I was, (*b*) When " with this Hand I ſlew ſtout *Ereuthalion*: " (*c*) But the rich Favours Heav'n vouchſafes " to Man, Are giv'n ſucceſſively, not all at " once: I then was young, and now Old-Age " invades me: But if my Body's Vigor be de- " cay'd, My Mind's improv'd with Years: " Weak as I am, I'll ride among my Troops, " and give Advice, (*d*) (For that's the proper " Office of Old-Men) While thoſe who younger " are, and in their Prime, Exert their Strength, " and charge with Spear in Hand."

He ſpoke: *Atrides*, charm'd with what he heard, Proceeds to other Troops: he finds *Meneſtheus*, The Son of *Peteus*, skill'd in Horſemanſhip, Standing amidſt the brave *Athenian* Bands, But without Action: near him was encamp'd The wiſe *Ulyſſes* with his *Cephalenians*, (*e*) No deſpicable Troops; he too lay quiet: For none of theſe as yet had ta'en th' Alarm:

(*b*) *When with this Hand I ſlew ſtout* Ereuthalion.] This is the Character and Language of old Men; they remember, and love to ſpeak of, the Actions of their Youth.

(*c*) *But the rich Favours Heaven, &c.*] It gives to Youth Strength without Wiſdom, and to Old-Men Wiſdom without Strength.

(*d*) *For that's the proper Office of Old-Men.*] *Neſtor* therefore was not of Opinion, that Age ſhou'd abſolutely diſpenſe with Old-Men from going to the War; they ought to go, if not to fight, yet to be the Means of others fighting well.

(*e*) *No deſpicable Troops.*] As much as to ſay, they were very good Troops, Troops very much eſteem'd. This Figure, which is familiar to *Greeks* and *Orientals*, is not unknown to the *Latins*, and does not ſucceed amiſs in our Tongue.

They but that Moment ſaw both Armies move; (*f*) Thus doubtful ſtood theſe two illuſtrious Captains, Expecting to receive the King's Commands, And that ſome other Body of the *Greeks* Shou'd firſt fall on, and recommence the War.

The King, diſpleas'd, thus cuttingly reprov'd them: (*g*) "Thou Branch of *Peteus'* Royal "Stock! and thou Whoſe Brain is ever ſpawn-"ing artful Miſchief! Why ſhrink ye back, "diſſolv'd with Coward Fear, And ſtay till "others charge? You ought t'have been The "firſt that op'd the War, and flown t'have "met it. I never found you tardy at a Feaſt: "Nay, do I not invite you always firſt, "(*h*) Whene'er we treat (*i*) the Generals? "eat ye not Your Fill of Roaſt? is not your "Wine unſtinted? But now without a Bluſh, "you can look on, Ev'n tho' ten Squadrons "were engag'd before you."

(*f*) *Thus doubtful ſtood theſe two illuſtrious Captains.*] This is not only a Juſtification of *Ulyſſes* and the *Athenians*, but likewiſe a Commendation, and a great one too. *Ulyſſes* was too prudent, and the *Athenians* too juſt, to begin the Fight without knowing for what, and after an Alliance ſworn.

(*g*) *Thou Branch of* Peteus' *Royal Stock, and thou whoſe Brain is ever ſpawning artful Miſchief.*] What *Agamemnon* does here, is not over-juſt. But that Prince, enrag'd at the *Trojans* Treachery, and impatient to be reveng'd, conſults nothing but his Anger. This is natural, eſpecially to Princes, who are frequently very apt to judge from Appearances, and to condemn every Thing which does not humour their Impetuoſity.

(*h*) *Whene'er we treat.*] He ſays *We*, becauſe theſe Entertainments which the General gave, were at the Expence of the whole Army.

(*i*) *The Generals.*] The *Greek* has it, *the Old-Men*; but by that Word, *Homer* intends the Generals, the chief Officers, of whatever Age.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, frowning, made this ſtern Reply: "What is't I hear, *Atrides*? (*k*) What Diſ-"courſe Have you let ſcape your Lips? Say you "that we Are ſlack in Fight, or ſhun the "Field of Death? (*l*) If thou'rt ſo curious as "t'approach the Fray, Thou ſoon ſhalt ſee *Te-*"*lemachus*'s Father, Inflame the Fight amid "the very Foe, Till thou turn pale with Fear; "Then keep your Taunts For ſuch as may de-"ſerve 'em, not for us."

When the King ſaw *Ulyſſes* really mov'd, He chang'd his Tone, and ſmiling thus rejoin'd: "*Laertes*' generous Progeny, (*m*) *Ulyſſes*; "Whoſe Prudence has in ſtore, on all Occa-"ſions, An inexhauſted Fund of wiſe Expe-"dients! I mean not to offend you, or direct;

(*k*) *What Diſcourſe have you let ſcape your Lips.*] The *Greek* ſays, literally, *What Words have eſcap'd the Barrier or Rampart of your Teeth?*

— ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν
ἕρκος ὀδόντων;

This was the Style of the *Orientals*. The Prophet *Mical* ſays the ſame; *Cuſtodi clauſtra oris tui: Gardez bien le rempart de voſtre bouche:* [*Keep the Doors of thy Mouth from her that lieth in thy Boſom*, Chap. vii. 5.] And this way of Speaking is founded upon Reaſon; for the two Rows of Teeth ſeem to be to the Mouth a ſort of Barrier to hinder the Words from going forth, till Reflection and Judgment have giv'n them Permiſ-

(*l*) *If thou'rt ſo curious as t'approach the Fray.*] Theſe Words of *Ulyſſes* carry a ſevere Raillery againſt *Agamemnon*, whom they tax with Want of Courage. This Method of Defence is lawful in a Prince ſo independent, and of ſo great a Reputation, as *Ulyſſes*, who ſees himſelf deſpis'd by one to whom he had been ſignally ſerviceable.

(*m*) Ulyſſes, *Whoſe Prudence has in ſtore, on all Occaſions, an inexhauſted Fund of wiſe Expedients.*] What's become of the *artful Miſchief his Brain was ever ſpawning?* It is turn'd into a Prudence fruitful of wiſe Expedients. In Diſputes and Fallings out, Anger makes us take for Vices the beſt Qualities our Friends have. The

" For well I know your Valour and your
" Friendſhip: We have at Heart alike the
" Common Good. On then; and do whate'er
" your Mind ſuggeſts: (*n*) If I have ſaid amiſs,
" and wrong'd your Honour, You ſhall, another
" time, have Reparation: Mean while, what-
" e'er Impreſſion on your Heart, My Words
" have made, Heav'n wipe it clean away!"

Then on he went, and came to *Diomed*, Th' heroic Son of *Tydeus*; him he found Unactive on his Chariot, near him ſtood *Capaneus'* Offspring *Sthenelus*. The King, Enrag'd at his Tranquillity, reprov'd him: " Why trembl'ſt
" thou, who art from *Tydeus* ſprung? Whence
" comes this Fear? And why d'ye gazing ſtand
" Upon your Chariot? Are you looking out
" For ſome By-way to ſteal yourſelf from Dan-
" ger? It was not *Tydeus'* Cuſtom to be daunt-
" ed: He, far before the boldeſt of his Fel-
" lows, Wou'd puſh the War where Danger
" threaten'd moſt, As they report, who ſaw his
" hardy Toils: For I was never with him to
" atteſt His great Exploits, but took it up-
" on Fame, Which ſtill prefer'd him to the

Arts and Stratagems of *Ulyſſes* were laudable Arts and Stratagems, they were Reſources in the greateſt Extremities. *Euſtathius* reports a Proverb of the *Greeks*, which ſeems to me to contain a great deal in it, ἀπάτης ἀγαθῆς οὐκ ἀποστατεῖ Θεὸς, *God is no Enemy to a good Deceit*, a juſt Deceit.

(*n*) *If I have ſaid amiſs*, &c.] Though *Agamemnon* is above *Ulyſſes*, he promiſes to make him Reparation, and thereby intimates, that all the Superiority of Princes does not diſpenſe with what they owe to ſuch as they have unjuſtly offended; for Juſtice, more Sovereign than Kings, will have Satisfaction made for Wrong done.

" greateſt

" greateſt Captains. (*o*) One Thing I can
" remember; in the Right Of common Ho-
" ſpitality, he came, With God-like *Polynices*,
" to *Mycenæ*, And humbly ſu'd for Aid againſt
" the *Thebans*, Whoſe Town they then were
" going to beſiege: Nor had their Suit been
" vain, or they unaided, But that with dread-
" ful Omens *Jove* forbad it: So back they
" went, and ſoon as they had reach'd *Æſepus'*
" Banks cover'd with Sedge and Ruſhes, (*p*) *Ty-*
" *deus* was ſent by the whole *Grecian* Army Am-
" baſſador to *Thebes*, with Terms of Peace.
" There in *Etocles'* Hall, he found a Crew Of
" haughty *Thebans* revelling: He ſhrunk not,
" tho' a Stranger, and alone, Hem'd in on ev'ry
" ſide with hoſtile Faces: But challeng'd them
" to Games and Martial Feats, And foil'd them
" all with eaſe, and won the Prizes: For *Pal-*
" *las* bleſs'd him with ſuperior Strength. The
" *Thebans*, much incens'd at this Diſgrace,
" Laid Ambuſcades to cut off his Return; Fifty
" ſtout Youths were pick'd for this Deſign,

(*o*) *One Thing I can remember; in the Right of common Hoſpitality, he came.*] This firſt War of *Thebes*, which *Homer* ſpeaks of here, happen'd twenty-ſeven Years before the War of *Troy*. So *Agamemnon* might have ſeen *Tydeus* with *Polynices*, when they came to *Mycenæ* to ſue for Succour againſt *Eteocles*; and tho' he was then very young, he might remember it.

(*p*) Tydeus *was ſent —— Ambaſſador to* Thebes.] It was the Cuſtom, when any Nation intended to make War upon another, to ſend Ambaſſadors to demand Juſtice, before they proceeded to any Act of Hoſtility. Thus *Ulyſſes* and *Menelaus* were ſent to *Troy*, as we have already ſeen. The *Romans* fail'd not to follow ſo laudable a Cuſtom; they had for this purpoſe, their *Feciales*; and according to their Example, our Anceſtors of *France* had their *Kings at Arms*.

" And

" And two of them brave Captains, *Lycophon*,
" *Autophon*'s Son, and *Mæon*, Son of *Hæmon*.
" Yet theſe were ſent to Hell, with all their
" Followers, By *Tydeus*' Hand; juſt Puniſh-
" ment for Treaſon. *Mæon* alone he ſpar'd,
" and ſent him home, To bear the News of
" their Defeat to *Thebes*, Obeying ſo the Plea-
" ſure of the Gods, Declar'd by Sign that Mo-
" ment. Such was *Tydeus!* Who left a Son,
" for Martial Deeds, inferior; But if he fights
" leſs well, he talks much better."

(*q*) All this, *Tydides*, honouring the King, With humble Silence heard, nor aught reply'd: (*r*) But *Capaneius*' rougher Son retorted, " Why, O *Atrides*, ſince you know the
" Truth, Do you run counter, and offend a-
" gainſt it? We both pretend to a far greater
" Share Of Fortitude, than what our Fathers
" had: (*s*) For we with ſmaller Force took
" *Thebes*' proud Town, By *Jove*'s Help and Ob-

(*q*) *All this*, Tydides, *honouring the King, with humble Silence heard; nor aught reply'd.*] *Tydides*, (i. e. *Diomed*, the Son of *Tydeus*,) aſſur'd of his own Courage, and knowing the Motive of *Agamemnon*'s Speech, makes no Anſwer. There are Invectives which a Man may deſpiſe; eſpecially when he knows what gives Birth to them. Beſides, *Diomed* could not anſwer without confirming the Reproach caſt on him, of being a better Talker than Fighter.

(*r*) *But* Capaneius' *rougher Son retorted.*] Here's a worthy Son of a Father that boaſted he would take *Thebes* in ſpite of *Jupiter*.

(*s*) *For we with ſmaller Force took* Thebes' *proud Town, by* Jove's *Help and Obſervances divine.*] Ten Years after the firſt War of *Thebes*, the Sons of thoſe Captains, who had been kill'd at that Siege, undertook the ſame War, and had better Succeſs, becauſe they conſulted the Oracles, and obey'd the Omens of *Jupiter*; which their Fathers had diſdain'd to do.

" ſervances

" ſervances divine: Whereas the Heroes you " are ſpeaking of, (*t*) Thro' their own Folly " periſh'd at the Siege. Then wrong not *Dio-* " *med* or Me ſo much, As to compare our Fa- " thers Worth with ours."

But here he was reprov'd by *Diomed*: " Peace, " *Sthenelus*, (ſaid he) ſuppreſs your Paſſion; " Are You more hurt than I? Believe me, " Friend, I am not mov'd againſt our General, " Nor can I take Offence to ſee him uſe All " ſorts of Means to ſtimulate the *Greeks*. *A-* " *trides* principally is concern'd In the Suc- " ceſs of this important War; For as He'll " reap the Honour of the Vict'ry, If we the " *Trojans* beat, and ſack their Town; So like- " wiſe the Confuſion will be his, If we ſhou'd " get a Blow, and be defeated. Inſtead then of " Diſputes, let's think of Battle, And force the " King himſelf to praiſe our Courage."

He ſpoke, and from his Chariot leap'd to Earth, Compleatly arm'd: the Hero's Suit of Steel Reſounded with the Fierceneſs of his Motion: It might have made the ſtouteſt Warrior tremble. (*u*) As when the Weſtern Wind ex-

(*t*) *Thro' their own Folly periſh'd at the Siege.*] *Capaneius* reſolving to ſcale the Town in deſpight of *Jupiter*, was ſtruck with Thunder; and *Tydeus*, for having giv'n an Example of a horrible Revenge, in tearing to pieces with his Teeth the Head of *Menalippus* who had wounded him, was abandon'd by *Pallas*, who had vouchſafed before to be his Aſſiſtant. The Story is in *Apollodorus*.

(*u*) *As when the Weſtern Wind.*] This is a very ſingular Compariſon. *Homer* compares the *Grecian* Troops to the Waves of the Sea, which being agitated by the Weſt-Wind, riſe in Heaps, and drive to Land to break themſelves; and as this Image gives an Idea which is diſad-

erts his Rage, And tyrannizes o'er the Liquid Plain; Strait, Mountains of congeſted Waves are ſeen, Each riding on the other's Back to Land, Where with loud Roar they're broken: if they meet Some tow'ring Rock that proudly interpoſes, They higher ſwell, and briſtling ſpit their Foam, And cover its ſurmounted Head with Weeds: So did the numerous Bodies of the *Greeks* Advance to Battle: Each their Leader had, Whom ſilently they follow'd: (*w*) You'd have ſaid, *Jove* had of Speech depriv'd this Multitude: Their Armour flaſh'd unſufferable Brightneſs. The *Trojans*, (*x*) like a Flock of Ewes, pen'd up, Within a rich Man's Fold, till all be milk'd, And never give o'er baaing while they hear Their Lambkins bleat: So they their wide Hoſt fill'd With Cries and Shouts, tho' diff'rently expreſs'd, According to the various

vantageous, and which does not anſwer the Event, (for the *Greeks* puſh the *Trojans*) he corrects it, and improves it, by adding, that theſe ſame Waves ſtruggling againſt an oppoſing Rock, are at length the ſtronger; and riſing above it, cover it with Sea-Weeds and Froth, which ſerve as the Trophies of its Defeat and their Victory. In ordinary Compariſons it is the Rock that ſurmounts the Fury of the Waves, and in this it is the Waves that maſter the Reſiſtance of the Rock. This Idea is Great and Noble, and well typifies the Succeſs of the Battle that enſues. [But this fine Image is giv'n but by halves in all the *Engliſh* Tranſlations hitherto made of *Homer*; nor is it the only one by a great many that is ſo ſerv'd.]

(*w*) *You'd have ſaid, Jove had of Speech depriv'd this Multitude.*] With what Art and what Nobleneſs does *Homer* paint the Silence of theſe Troops, to ſhew their Diſcipline and their Intrepidity?

(*x*) *Like a Flock of Ewes.*] The Contraſte ariſing from theſe two Compariſons, the one of the *Greeks*, and the other of the *Trojans*, ſeems to me admirable. *Homer* is not more wonderful for his noble Fecundity, than for the happy Manner in which he makes uſe of it.

Tongues

Tongues of thoſe Who to their Aid were call'd from ſeveral Countries.

(y) *Mars* leads the *Trojans*, and the *Greeks Minerva*: But *Terror* follow'd both, and *Flight*, and *Diſcord*, Burning with Rage inſatiable; Diſcord! The God of Slaughter's Siſter and Aſſociate! (z) Tho' ſmall, when born, inſenſibly ſhe grows, And ſoon arrives to that prodigious

(y) Mars *leads the* Trojans, *and the* Greeks Minerva.] As much as if he had ſaid, the *Trojans* have nothing but a brutal and ferocious Courage; and that the *Greeks* have, with Courage, Prudence and good Diſcipline.

(z) *Tho' ſmall, when born, inſenſibly ſhe grows, and ſoon arrives to that prodigious Stature, Heav'n wraps her Head, while here on Earth ſhe ſtalks.*] *Longinus* ſays very well of this Paſſage, that we may more aptly take it of the Dimenſion of *Homer*'s Perfections, than of the Stature of *Eris* or Diſcord. And in truth, can it be with more Grandeur and more Majeſty expreſs'd, that Diſcord, which generally has but very ſlender Beginnings, increaſes of a ſudden, ſo as *to move with her Head in the Clouds, and her Feet upon the Earth*, and that ſhe reigns throughout the Univerſe? This Hyperbole is ſo far from being extravagant, it is on the contrary very ſage, and ſays no more than what paſſes in this very Poem, wherein we ſee Diſcord ariſe from a very ſmall Occaſion, and reigning at the ſame time both in Heav'n and upon Earth. There is not a more ſublime or more poetical Idea than this which *Homer* makes uſe of to expreſs this Truth. *Virgil* was very ſenſible of the Beauty of it, for he has imitated it [or rather borrow'd it, as he has done moſt of his *Æneis* from *Homer*] by applying to Fame what *Homer* did to Diſcord, *Æn.* 4. *Ingreditur*que *ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.* [The literal Tranſlation of this Line of *Homer*, is, as Mr. *Barnes* has moſt exactly conſtru'd it, *Cœlo condit caput, dum ingreditur ſolo.*] This Poeſy and this Sublime which *Virgil* has imitated, and which *Longinus* admir'd, have not hinder'd this Paſſage from meeting with a Cenſor in our Age. Mr. *Deſpreaux* has excellently well annihilated this wretched Criticiſm, in his fourth Reflection upon *Longinus*. I ſhall add but one Word to what he has ſaid upon it; but which alone is enough to confound the Temerity and Ignorance of that Critic. This great and ſublime Idea, which

Stature, Heav'n wraps her Head, while here on Earth ſhe ſtalks. This unrelenting Deity, deſtructive To both the Armies, ran from Rank to Rank, Inflaming ev'ry Heart with deadly Rage, And feeding on the Miſchiefs ſhe fomented.

(a) Now were the Armies met, and Battle join'd: Shields joſtle Shields, and Lances Lances croſs, Strength anſwers Strength, and mighty Tumult riſes; The Victors Shouts, and Groans of thoſe that fall, Confounded mix, while Earth is drown'd with Blood. As when impetuous Torrents, big with Rain, Eating their way,

he treats as an extravagant Hyperbole, and *a Tale of a Tub*, is employ'd in Holy Scripture upon a Subject very grave and very worthy of our Reſpect and Attention. The Author of the Book, call'd *The Wiſdom of Solomon*, ſpeaking of the deſtroying Angel which kill'd the Firſt-born of *Egypt*, ſays, *Omnipotens ſermo tuus de cœlo, a regalibus ſedibus durus debellator, in mediam exterminii terram proſiluit, gladius acutus inſimulatum imperium tuum portans, & ſtans replevit omnia morte, & uſque ad cœlum attingebat, ſtans in terra. Thine almighty Word leapt down from Heav'n out of thy Royal Throne, as a fierce Man of War into the midſt of a Land of Deſtruction, and brought thine unfeign'd Commandment as a ſharp Sword, and ſtanding up, fill'd all Things with Death, and it touch'd the Heaven, but it ſtood upon the Earth*; Wiſdom of *Solomon* xviii. 15. This is a Conformity which does Honour to *Homer*, and which proves his Style to be the ſame with that which reigns throughout the Books of the ancient *Hebrews*. The Holy Writer calls the Angel, *the Word*, λόγος, becauſe Angels are the Bearers of God's Commandments, as *Grotius* has prov'd by Examples.

(a) *Now were the Armies met, and Battle join'd, Shields joſtle Shields, and Lances Lances croſs.*] *Homer* is admirable in his Paintings. 'Tis impoſſible to imagine a nobler and ſtronger Run of Poetry than this here. After having done my utmoſt to give it in my Proſe, I ſee with Grief the Advantage of the Original, and am very ſenſible that I muſt ſit down contented with following it at a diſtance, and only rendring the Beauty of it ſo as to be juſt perceiv'd.

ruſh

ruſh head-long from the Hills, And in a Vale's deep Gulph commix their Stores: The Shepherd, from ſome Rock's remoteſt Height, Hears the loud Roar, and ſhiv'ring hugs himſelf; So, from their Conflicts, Fright and Clamour roſe, And tore the Air, and fill'd with Dread the Region.

And firſt, *Antilochus* ſlew *Echepolus*, Son of *Thalyſius*, fighting in the Van: With his keen Sword, he dealt ſo fierce a Blow Upon his Creſt, it ſplit him to the Brain: Night ſeal'd his Eyes, and like a Tow'r he fell. Him *Elephenor*, Prince of the *Abantes*, Took by the Legs to drag him from the Preſs, And ſtrip him of his Arms: Vain were his Hopes: *Agenor* plung'd his Spear into his Side, Which lay expos'd as he his Body ſtoop'd: He, gaſping, loſt his Hold and Life together.

The Fight grows fierce around the breathleſs Body; Both *Greeks* and *Trojans* fell in countleſs Numbers; Like Wolves they ruſh, and Death for Death exchang'd. There, by the Spear of *Telamonian Ajax*, Fell the lov'd Offspring of the rich *Anthemion*, Fair *Simoeiſius*, in the Flow'r of Youth; (*b*) His Name he ow'd to Silver *Simois*, Near whoſe bright Stream his Mother gave him Birth, Surpriz'd with ſudden Pains, as ſhe deſcended From *Ida*'s Top to view her Father's Flocks: He liv'd not to return the pious Rites Due to his careful Parents for his

(*b*) *His Name he ow'd to Silver* Simoïs.] It was cuſtomary among the *Orientals*, to give their Children Names taken from the principal Circumſtances of their Birth. Holy Scripture is full of Examples of this.

Nurture;

Nurture; Cut off untimely by the Hand of *Ajax*, Who ſmote him on his Breaſt's right Pap; the Weapon Its mortal Paſſage forc'd quite thro' the Shoulder; Down fell the youthful Warrior to the Ground: (*c*) As a tall Poplar, on the humid Edge Of ſome great Fen, ſhoots up, with rapid Growth, Its curly Head above its ſtrait ſmooth Trunk; A while it ſtands the Nymphs Delight and Care, But ſoon the Wheelwright fells it, pitileſs, To form the Ring of ſome fair Chariot-Wheel, And leaves it on the River-Bank to dry: So did the goodly *Simoeiſius* lie, Slain by the Spear of *Ajax*.

The gay-arm'd *Antiphus*, a Son of *Priam*, At *Ajax* throws his Lance, which miſſing him Wounds *Leucus* the Companion of *Ulyſſes*, As he drew off the Corps of *Simoeiſius*, Which quitting, he fell dead upon his Prey.

Ulyſſes, griev'd and anger'd at this Loſs, Thruſts forward to the *Trojan* Front, well arm'd, And looks about to chuſe ſome worthy Victim; He darts his ſhining Spear, the frighted *Trojans* Shrink back, and ſeek for Shelter in the Ranks; For he ſent no unſignifying Weapon. It made its deadly Way to *Democoon*, The Product of King *Priam*'s ſtoln Delights, (*d*) Who from

(*c*) *As a tall Poplar, on the humid Edge of ſome great Fen.*] This Compariſon ſprings from the Poet's having ſaid, that this young Prince was born upon the Banks of *Simois*; for this Reaſon he choſe the Poplar. Beſides, in the Style of the *Orientals*, Princes are frequently compar'd to Trees; witneſs the Books of the Old Teſtament.

(*d*) *Who from the Country of* Abydos *came.*] He was doubtleſs return'd to *Troy*, before the *Greeks* had form'd the Siege; for 'tis not likely, that the Siege being form'd they had left at *Abydos* a natural Son of King *Priam*'s

the

the Country of *Abydos* came, (*e*) Where he was Maſter of his Father's Stud.

Him, in ſevere Revenge for his loſt Friend, *Ulyſſes* fingl'd out; the Jav'lin flew, And thro' both Temples urg'd its pointed Head: He falls, Earth thunders with his clanking Armour.

The foremoſt Bands of *Trojans* now give way: *Hector* himſelf, with Horror ſeiz'd, retires; The *Greeks*, exulting, rend the Sky with Shouts; Off from the Field they draw the Slain, and ſeek 'em Ev'n in the very thickeſt of the Medly. *Apollo* looking down from *Ilium*'s Fort, Incens'd at their Audacity, thus chears The *Trojan* Troops, and reinflames their Courage: " Stand firm, brave *Trojans*, yield " not to the *Greeks*! Their Bodies neither are " of Steel nor Stone, Your Lances to repel, or " turn your Swords: But vulnerable are to both, " like yours. Have ye forgot, the Son of fair- " hair'd *Thetis*, (*f*) Th' invincible *Achilles*,

with that Prince's Breed of Horſes.

(*e*) *Where he was Maſter of his Father's Stud.*] It was cuſtomary among the Ancients, to put all the Cattle and Beaſts of different Kinds under the Direction of one Man, who was ſet over the Herdſmen, Shepherds, and the like. Here you have a natural Son of King *Priam*'s, who has the Care of his Stud or Breed of Horſes. In Holy Scripture we find *Shitrai* ſet over the Herds that fed in *Sharon*, [which Madam *Dacier* underſtands to be the Breed of Horſes;] *Shaphat* is ſet over the Herds that were in the Vallies [which ſhe takes to be meant of the Beeve-Kind;] Over the Camels alſo were *Obil*, and over the Aſſes *Jediah*, and ſo for the reſt; and all theſe Intendants were conſiderable Men, and ſo the Scripture calls them, *Princes*, *Principes ſubſtantiæ Regis Davıd*, all one as his Treaſurers and Maſters of his *Exchequer*, *Chron.* xxvii. 25.

(*f*) *Th' invincible* Achilles *fights no more.*] *Homer* from time to time refreſhes his Reader's Memory for *Achilles*, and even in ſpeaking of his Inaction, he finds Means

" fights

" fights no more; But actionleſs on board his " Ships remains, A Prey to the Reſentment " that devours him?"

Thus, from the Fortreſs, ſpoke the dreadful God: (g) But proud *Minerva*, *Jove*'s moſt glorious Daughter, Encourages the *Greeks* to keep their Ground, And where the Battle flags, ſhe gives freſh Ardor.

Here Fate deſtroy'd *Diores* with a Stone, Which *Pirus* threw, the Son of *Imbraſus*, Who led the *Thracians*, and from *Ænos* came: The maſſy Flint, on his Right Ancle ſtriking, Cut the Two Nerves, and broke the Bone to Splinters. Backwards he fell, and, as he gaſping lay, Up held his Hands to his lov'd Friends for Aid. But *Pirus*, to diſpatch him, ruſhes in, And from the Navel rips his Belly up; Out are his Entrails pour'd upon the Ground, And Death's eternal Night ſurrounds his Head.

On this, *Ætolian Thoas* threw at *Pirus* A Javelin, which, above the Nipple piercing, Stuck in his Lungs: then, ſudden, *Thoas* clos'd him, And from his Breaſt firſt plucking out the Javelin, Unſheath'd his Sword, and in his Belly drench'd it; But cou'd not gain his Arms, the

to extol his Valour by the greateſt Elogiums. For, what greater Elogium can there be, than that *Apollo* himſelf ſhou'd tell the *Trojans*, that they have nothing to do but to fight couragiouſly and without being afraid, *ſince th' invincible* Achilles *fights no more.*

(g) *But proud* Minerva.] *Homer* in this Place calls *Minerva* τριτογενεία, and there are great Diſputes about the Signification of this Word. Some will have it that ſhe derives this Name from the River *Triton* in *Lydia*; others from the Town of *Tritta* in *Crete*; and laſtly, others from *Tritto*, by which the *Æolians* meant the *Head*; for that Goddeſs was born of *Jupiter*'s Brain. *Virgil* likewiſe calls her *Trittoniac*

warlike

warlike *Thracians*, (*h*) Whoſe Hair grows only from their Crown, ruſh'd in, Arm'd with long Spears, to guard the lifeleſs Trunk. *Thoas*, tho' ſtrong and great, o'er-power'd by Numbers, Retiring quits his unaccompliſh'd Purpoſe. Thus theſe two *Thracian* and *Epæan* Generals, Cover'd with Duſt and Blood, lay near each other, While numerous Heaps of ſlaughter'd *Greeks* and *Trojans*, Throughout the Plain, accompany their Bodies.

Each Combatant ſo well perform'd his Duty, That cou'd a Man, unhurt, have view'd the Battle, (*i*) And thro' each Scene of Death been ſafely led, By *Pallas*; he throughout the Field had found Nothing but Subjects of Applauſe and Wonder; So many *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſtrew'd the Plain, And on the Spot where each Man fought, he fell.

(*h*) *Whoſe Hair grows only from their Crown.*] They were like the *Abantes*, who let no Hair grow but behind, that they might not give their Enemy any hold upon them. See my Remarks upon that already.

(*i*) *And thro' each Scene of Death been ſafely led by* Pallas.] *Euſtathius* makes a Remark here, which pleaſes me mightily, and which deſerves to be quoted. He writes, that what *Homer* ſays here concerning this Day's Battle, may with greater Juſtice be ſaid of this whole Poem, and that whomſoever *Minerva* ſhall lead by the Hand, to ſhew him, herſelf, all the Beauties of it, he ſhall find therein nothing to reprehend conſiderable. What a Pre-Judgment is this againſt thoſe Critics, who in our Days have attack'd *Homer* even in the moſt ſublime Parts of him! It is very certain they never ſaw *Homer* but at a diſtance, and that *Minerva* did not vouchſafe to conduct them.

Argument

Argument of the Fifth Book.

DIOMEDES, *the Son of* Tydeus, *protected by* Minerva, *performs prodigious Feats of Valour. He is not content with Warring againſt Men, he attacks the Gods themſelves; for* Venus *being deſirous to remove out of the Fight,* Æneas, *whom he had wounded, and who had periſh'd there, had it not been for the Aſſiſtance of that Goddeſs,* Diomed *purſues her, wounds her in the Hand, and obliges her to quit her Son: But* Apollo *covers him with a thick Cloud, for fear the* Greeks *ſhou'd kill him.* Diomed *ſees the Protection with which that God honours* Æneas: *Notwithſtanding this, he three times ruſhes upon him to take away his Life. At the fourth time,* Apollo *ſpeaks to him in a menacing manner, and cauſes him to retire. Then that God carries off* Æneas *to* Troy, *into the Citadel of* Pergamus, *where he cures him.* Diomed *wounds* Mars, *who, in drawing out the Spear from his Wounds, ſets up a Cry, which frightens both Armies; he quits the Fight, returns to Heav'n, and makes his Complaint to* Jupiter, *who is angry with him, but yet orders* Pæon, *Phyſician to the Gods, to cure him.*

THE

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Æneas *being desirous to revenge* Pandarus, *is ready to be crush'd with a Prodigious Stone w^ch* Diomed *throws at him. While* Venus *flyes to his Aid,* Sthelenus *Siezes his Chariot & Horses.*

B. V.

B. Picart delin:

M. I^s Sucher Scul.

THE ILIAD OF *HOMER.*

BOOK V.

(a) THIS bloody Day, *Minerva* being reſolv'd, From all the *Greeks Tydides* to diſtinguiſh, And make him ſupereminently ſhine, Increas'd his Strength and Intrepidity. (b) Forth from his

(a) *This bloody Day,* Minerva *being reſolv'd,* &c.] *Homer* lets us ſee here, according to *Euſtathius*'s Remark, that there's nothing ſo difficult, which Valour, fir'd by Reproaches, cannot perform. *Diomed,* gall'd at *Agamemnon*'s taxing him with want of Courage, out-does himſelf, and atchieves unheard-of Exploits. *Minerva* aſſiſts him in this Deſign, becauſe true Wiſdom requires us, not to revenge Calumnies any otherwiſe than by illuſtrious Actions, which may ſhew the Falſity of them.

(b) *Forth from his Cask and Buckler flaſh'd, continual, a Fire.*] I will be bold to ſay, that *Homer* appears per-

Cask

Cask and Buckler flaſh'd, continual, A Fire (*c*) like that of the bright *Autumn*-Star, Which ſheds a livelier and more ſparkling Light, When it aſcends from bathing in the Ocean. Such was the Luſtre that environ'd *Diomed*, And ſuch the Brightneſs gleaming from his Armour. The Goddeſs, in the thickeſt of the Fight, Her Hero puſh'd, where Slaughter rag'd the fierceſt.

A certain Man there was among the *Trojans*, High-Prieſt to *Vulcan*; *Dares* was his Name; Extremely rich, and of conſummate Prudence; Two Sons he had, bold *Phegeus* and *Idæus*;

haps greater by the Criticiſms that have been made upon him, than by the Praiſes that have been given him. The following is one of thoſe Cavils, with which *Zoilus* ſtufft the Work he read to King *Ptolemy*, and which met with the Fate it deſerv'd. That ridiculous Cenſor asks, how happens it, that the great Fire which iſſued from *Diomed*'s Arms did not burn that Hero, and by what Charm he preſerv'd himſelf againſt it? Who knows not, that there is nothing more impertinent, than to attempt to reduce to a Phyſical Truth the Ideas and Imaginations of Poets? There's an end of Poetry, if you baniſh Allegory, which is one of its great Beauties. *Homer* deſcribes poetically the Luſtre of *Diomed*'s Arms, and compares it to Fire; not material, culinary Fire, but to Fire like that of the bright Autumn-Star, *&c.* Furthermore, had *Homer* ſpoke of a real Fire, he had ſaid nothing that was ſenſleſs, and which had not a Foundation ev'n in Hiſtory. Does not it inform us, that there has been ſeen ſtreaming from ſeveral Perſons, a Fire which did not in the leaſt burn them? And *Homer* ſeems to have had in View this Idea, receiv'd from the beginning of Time, that a Flame or Light appearing upon any Perſon, betoken'd Grandeur and Glory. There are a thouſand Examples of it in Antiquity.

(*c*) *Like that of the bright Autumn-Star.*] That is the leſſer Dog-Star; and *Homer* made choice of this Star, to ſignify, that as the Heats are much greater when this Star riſes, ſo the Preſence of *Diomed* wou'd reinflame the Fight, and make it much fiercer than before. *Diomed* is going to be as fatal to the *Trojans*, as the Dog-Days ordinarily are to Men.

Great

Great Captains, at all ſorts of Fighting expert. Theſe, goaded by their Courage, left their Party, And pricking forward, drove their Car, impetuous, Againſt brave *Diomed*, who, tho' on foot, Came furiouſly to charge them: being met, *Phegeus* firſt lanch'd his Jav'lin at *Tydides*; The ſharpen'd Iron, ſinging, only graz'd On his Left-Shoulder, nor a Wound impreſs'd; Then ſtrait, *Tydides* anſwer'd with his Spear: The mortal Shaft not idly left his Hand; It ſpent its Fury in the Breaſt of *Phegeus*, And from his Horſes flung him dead to Earth. (*d*) *Idæus* from his Chariot leaps in haſte, (*e*) And wanting Courage to protect the Body Of his ſlain Brother, or revenge his Death, He ſhamefully betakes himſelf to Flight; But yet his Cowardice could not have ſav'd him From Deſtiny, without kind *Vulcan*'s Aid: Wrapt in a

(*d*) Idæus *from his Chariot leaps in haſte.*] See another of *Zoilus*'s Criticiſms; he thinks it ridiculous in *Idæus* to light out of his Chariot, to run away; as if he could have fled faſter on foot. Three Things may be ſaid in anſwer to this groundleſs Criticiſm. The firſt is, that *Idæus* knowing how much *Diomed* coveted to have his Horſes, hoped that that Hero's Joy in taking his Chariot, might amuſe him, and prevent his purſuing him. Secondly, *Homer* might by this intend to give an Inſtance of the ordinary Effect of Fear, which ſo diſorders the Faculties, that Men in ſuch Circumſtances abandon the moſt capable Means of preſerving them. Therefore, *Quintus Curtius*, deſcribing the Confuſion of *Darius*'s Army, after their Defeat, ſays, *They ſave themſelves by Flight as they can; throwing away thoſe Arms, which a little before they had taken for their Defence; ſo inconſiderate a Paſſion is Fear, to be apprehenſive of thoſe very Things from whence it expects Relief.* And thirdly, *Idæus* might be lighter-footed than *Diomed*, and have the Advantage of him at running.

(*e*) *And wanting Courage to protect the Body of his ſlain Brother.*] *Homer* never forgets to blacken ill Actions, or to ſet off the Luſtre of good ones.

Veil

Veil of thicken'd Air, that God, (*f*) In pity to his aged Prieſt, preſerv'd him. *Tydides* took the Steeds, and gave Command To drive them to the Fleet: the *Trojans* ſeeing *Dares'* two Sons, one flying, t'other kill'd, Were ſtruck with Terror, and began to ſhrink.

(*g*) Blue-ey'd *Minerva*, to increaſe their Fear, And add to their diſorder, thus addreſs'd (Firſt taking by the Hand) impetuous *Mars*: "*Mars*, murd'ring *Mars*, whoſe ſole Delight "is Blood, Who ſporteſt with the Ruin of "Mankind! Fierce God of War, whoſe Joy "is Devaſtation! Why ſtrive we thus, who "rather ought to ſit Spectators of the Conflict? "Let's retire, And leave both Sides to fight it "out, till *Jove*, To whom he pleaſes, gives the "Victory, We ſhall but too much anger him "by ſtaying." This ſaid, ſhe leads him from the Field of Battle, And ſeats him on *Scamander's* flow'ry Banks. Then *Trojans* fly, and *Greeks* are ſeen purſuing. Some Death or other ſignaliz'd each Leader.

(*f*) *In pity to his aged Prieſt.*] The Sentiments throw a wonderful Sweetneſs and Charm into Poetry. *Homer* does not miſs ſo much as one, and, to Admiration, lays hold on all thoſe which any Object preſents.

(*g*) *Blue-ey'd* Minerva, *to increaſe their Fear*, &c.] *Homer*, in order to paint poetically the Defeat of the *Trojans*, and being willing to give a plain and natural Relation of this Battle, without any Mixture of Fable, feigns that *Minerva* led forth *Mars*, who favour'd them; that is, Strength and Courage forſook them. But it will be objected, *Minerva* too forſakes the *Greeks*. True, ſhe does leave them, but it is at a time when they have no occaſion for Counſel; and when Courage was the only thing requiſite. *Homer*, at the ſame time, heightens the Glory of the *Greeks*, by ſhewing, that even without the Aſſiſtance of the Gods they knew how to conquer. See *Euſtathius*, p. 517.

The King began the firſt, and led the Slaughter: He from his Chariot threw Gigantic *Hodius*, Who led the *Halizonians*, and who firſt Betook himſelf to Flight: *Atrides* ran His Spear into his Back between the Shoulder: The mortal Iron at his Breaſt look'd out. He fell, and falling terrify'd the *Trojans* With the loud Echo of his pond'rous Arms.

Then fell, by brave *Idomenæus'* Hand, *Phæſtus* the Offspring of *Mæonian Borus*, Who came from fertile *Tarna*: With his Spear, He *Phæſtus'* Shoulder took, as he was mounting Up to his Car; it fetch'd him back to Earth, And clos'd his Eye-lids with eternal Night: His Arms became the greedy Soldiers Prize.

The valiant *Menelaus*, with his Lance, Kill'd brave *Scamandrius*, who ſo knowing was In all that Hunting did concern, (*h*) and whom *Diana*'s ſelf had taught to throw the Dart, And pierce, infallible, the ſubtleſt Beaſts Inhabiting the Foreſt's ſhady Covert. That Goddeſs help'd him not on this Occaſion; Nor did his Skill, that never miſs'd, avail him: Him the bold King purſuing, overtook, And wounded with his Spear; his Back receiv'd it: Thro' Back and Breaſt the Point a Paſſage found; Forwards he tumbl'd diſpoſſeſs'd of Life, And far his Arms reſounded.

Next fell (*i*) *Phereclus*, a fam'd Builder's

(*h*) *And whom* Diana's *ſelf had taught to throw the Dart.*] A greater Commendation cannot be given a Hunter, than to ſay that *Diana* herſelf inſtructed him.

(*i*) Phereclus *a fam'd Builder's Son, and Grandſon of* Harmonus.] *Homer* does not diſdain to place among the Combatants a Carpenter; he gives him an illuſtrious Name,

Son,

Son, And Grand-ſon of *Harmonus*: He enjoy'd (Heir to his Father's Art) *Minerva*'s Graces; In ev'ry Part of Architecture skill'd. He built the Ships which *Paris* bore to *Greece*, And which return'd freighted with Ills to *Troy*, And to himſelf, (*k*) in the ſame Fate involv'd, Becauſe the Oracles he did not know. *Merion* reach'd him, flying, with his Lance: Thro' his Right Hip, in the Sciatic Joint, It paſs'd, and at his Groin again appear'd. *Phereclus* roaring falls upon his Knees, And over him cold Death his Darkneſs ſpreads.

and even ſets down his Pedigree; to let us underſtand, that Mechanicks who diſtinguiſh themſelves in their Art, deſerve much Glory, and may have a Place among Heroes; and to ſhew that there is nothing ignoble in the Arts themſelves, and that only Slothfulneſs is blame-worthy. *Homer* likewiſe brings in this Man here, for the Sake of a very uſeful Inſtruction, which he intended to give his Readers, as you ſhall ſee in the following Remark.

(*k*) *In the ſame Fate involv'd, becauſe the Oracles he did not know.*] A Carpenter who builds a Ship, is no more anſwerable for the Injuſtice or Wrong that is committed with that Ship, than a Sword-Cutler is for the Crimes that are committed with a Sword which he has ſold. Yet this *Phereclus* who built the Ships, with which *Paris* carry'd off *Helen*, is involv'd in the Ruin of *Troy*. How comes this about? It is not for having built theſe Ships, it is for having built them againſt the Order of the Gods, and without knowing the Oracles, which forbad the *Trojans* to meddle with Shipping, and which order'd them to mind nothing but *Agriculture*. *Phereclus*, you will ſay, being ignorant of theſe Oracles, as *Homer* himſelf declares him to be, ought not to have been puniſh'd; but *Homer* would thereby ſhew, that this Ignorance did not render him innocent; for, as *Ariſtotle* very well obſerves, Ignorance is juſtly puniſhable in thoſe, who are ignorant of what they are oblig'd to know, and which they might have learnt. *Moral.* L. 3. C. 5.

Meges

Meges Pedæus ſlew, *Antenor's* Son, Tho' not his Wife's; a Baſtard-Birth: (*l*) *Theano*, His virtuous, gentle Conſort, bred the Boy As fondly as her own, to pleaſe her Husband. *Meges'* ſharp Jav'lin ſtaid his eager Flight; Entring his Nape, thro' the Tongue's nervous Root It paſs'd, and iſſu'd at his Mouth; He falls, And bites the ſenſleſs Ir'n, which gave him Death.

Then did *Eurypilus* wound great *Hypſenor*, *Dolopion's* Son, (*m*) who was *Scamander's* Prieſt, And whom the People honour'd as a God: *Evæmon's* warlike Son ſurpriz'd his Flight, And, ruſhing, with his Sword hew'd off his Arm; Down on the Sand it dropt, and Streams of Blood Guſhing, at once both Strength and Life exhauſted.

(*n*) Whilſt Carnage thus, and wild Confuſion reign'd, You cou'd not have diſtinguiſh'd

(*l*) Theano, *his virtuous, gentle Conſort —— to pleaſe her Husband.*] *Homer* varies his Poetry by bringing in Examples of every Thing that happens in the ordinary Courſe of human Life, and which may at the ſame time be Inſtructive and Diverting. Here he praiſes a Woman, for loving her Husband to that degree, as to breed up one of his Baſtards with the ſame Care as her own Children; a Piece of Complaiſance not uſual among Wives.

(*m*) Scamander's *Prieſt.*] For the Rivers, being Gods, had their Temples and Prieſts.

(*n*) *Whilſt Carnage thus, and wild Confuſion reign'd, you cou'd not have diſtinguiſh'd on which ſide* Tydides *fought.*] *Longinus* has written a Chapter upon the Change of Perſons, when the Poet or Hiſtorian, quitting, on a ſudden, the Narration, directs his Speech to the Reader; he ſhews that this Apoſtrophe, when pertinently us'd, detains the Reader, and fixes his Mind to the preſent Action; eſpecially when the Speech is not directed to many, but one ſingle Perſon. To confirm it, that judicious Critic inſtances this Verſe of *Homer*, wherein the

on which ſide *Tydides* fought, (*o*) whether on *Greek* or *Trojan*; Like one enrag'd, he ſcour'd throughout the Field. As when a River ſwoln with Winter-Floods, Which rolling furious, bears away its Bridges, And meets nor Dike, nor Mound, that can reſiſt it, When *Jove* has op'd the Cataracts of Heav'n; The Fences which the Labourers to its Outrage Oppoſe, are in a Moment ſwept away; So did *Tydides* over-run the Field, And break the *Trojan* Squadrons, uncontroll'd.

When *Pandarus*, *Lycaon*'s high-born Son, Saw how *Tydides* level'd all before him, And with reſiſtleſs Arm make Lanes where'er he went; Bending his Bow, he in a Rage diſcharg'd A Shaft, which glanc'd upon *Tydides*' Breaſt-Plate, There, where it riſes hollow on the Stomach; Entring aſlant, it pierc'd the Hero's Shoulder, And there remain'd: forth guſh'd the ſpinning Blood, And down his Armour ran: which *Pandarus* ſeeing, "Take Courage, valiant *Tro-*" *jans*, (loud he cry'd) The Champion of the "*Greeks* is mark'd for Death; Hurt by my

Poet, by means of this Apoſtrophe, awakens his Reader, and makes him more concern'd, more attentive, and fuller of the Thing he is ſpeaking of. What *Euſtathius* has obſerv'd, p. 525. deſerves likewiſe to be read.

(*o*) *Whether on* Greek *or* Trojan.] I am ſorry *Longinus*, who took the Pains to ſhew us the Beauty of the Apoſtrophe juſt now mention'd, did not ſpend a Moment in repreſenting the Greatneſs of the Praiſe which *Homer* beſtows on *Diomed*, and upon which it may be ſaid, that the Enthuſiaſm of the Poet is equal to the Fury which animates the Hero. Can there be a more lively Picture of a Warrior, who ſometimes mingles in the thickeſt of the Enemy, and ſometimes returns to his Battalions to lead 'em again to the Charge?

"Hand,

" Hand, nor can he long ſuſtain The Shaft I " ſent, if *Phœbus* does not cheat me."

Thus boaſted he, as if the Wound were mortal: But *Diomed* withdrew (*) behind his Chariot, And ſpoke to *Sthenelus*, " Dear Friend, " alight, And draw the painful Shaft from out " my Shoulder."

Down leaps the Prince, and coming near to *Diomed*, Strait from his Shoulder drew the bearded Shaft; A purple Deluge ſtains his Coat of Mail, (*p*) And as he bled, he thus to *Pallas* pray'd: " Hear me, ſays he, great *Jove*'s un- " conquer'd Daughter, If e'er my Sire, or me, " thou didſt aſſiſt In bloody Fights, aſſiſt me now, " Great *Pallas!* Grant I may ſee within my " Reach this *Lycian*, Who with his Shaft pre- " vented me, and boaſts, I ſhall not long be- " hold the chearful Sun!' *Pallas* indulg'd his Wiſh, and in the inſtant Infus'd freſh Vigor, and repair'd his Limbs: Then drawing near him ſaid: " *Tydides*, go, And on the *Trojans* " execute thy Vengeance: For I have fill'd " thee (*q*) with that Strength and Courage, " Which to thy Lineage are hereditary, And

(*) The *Greek* ſays, *retiring back, he ſtood* before *his Chariot, not* behind, πρόσθ' ἵπποιϊν καὶ ὄχεσφιν, that is according to the Scholiaſt, Ἔμπροσθεν τῶν ἵππων, καὶ τοῦ ἅρματος. This is a very pardonable Slip in Madam *Dacier*.]

(*p*) *And as he bled, he thus to* Pallas *pray'd.*] The greateſt Heroes pray in the moſt perilous Circumſtances; for the greateſt Courage is of no uſe, if God does not direct and ſupport it. Now-a-days moſt of our Warriors, inſtead of praying, ſwear upon ſuch Occaſions: What a Shame it is! Why have they not the Piety of *Homer*'s Heroes, as they have their Valour?

(*q*) *With that Strength and Courage, which to thy Lineage are hereditary.*] The *Greek* μένος πατρώϊον does not ſignify here *Paternal Strength*,

" which attended *Tydeus* while he liv'd. (*r*) I
" likewiſe from before thy Eyes have chas'd
" The Cloud whoſe dim Suffuſion veil'd thy

for *Homer* wou'd then ſay the ſame Thing twice, ſince he adds, *and which attended* Tydeus *while he liv'd*; but it ſignifies, *this Strength of your Anceſtors*, and as I have tranſlated it ——*That Strength and Courage, which to your Lineage are hereditary.* And *Homer* teaches here a great Truth, *viz.* That the Virtues which paſs from Father to Son, and which are look'd upon as Hereditary, are however the Gifts of God; 'tis he that preſerves them, that continues them in Families, and not the Blood that tranſmits them.

(*r*) *I likewiſe from before thy Eyes have chas'd the Cloud whoſe dim Suffuſion veil'd thy Sight.*] *Homer* teaches by this Fiction, that the greateſt Quality of a Soldier is, to know how to give juſt Bounds to his Valour, and not to fight againſt God, like a *Capaneus*, who boaſted that he would take *Thebes* in ſpite of *Jupiter*. Valour ſhou'd always be guided by Prudence, which, only, can let us know what comes from Man, and what from God. If *Pauſanias* may be believ'd, what *Homer* ſays here of *Minerva*'s taking away the Cloud that cover'd *Diomed*'s Eyes is purely Hiſtorical, and founded upon an ancient Tradition, importing, that *Diomed*, in Acknowledgment of ſo great a Benefit, caus'd to be built at *Argos* a Temple, which he conſecrated to *the quick-ſighted* Minerva, ἱερὸν Ἀθηνᾶς ὀξυδερκοῦς. But it is more likely to be a Fiction of *Homer*'s, and a Fiction founded upon this Truth, which the *Pagans* were not unacquainted with, *viz.* that only God is able to open the Eyes of Men, to let them ſee what they did not ſee, or what they might of themſelves be incapable of ſeeing. Examples of this are frequent in the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament. Thus it was, that God open'd the Eyes of *Hagar*, that ſhe might ſee the Well of Water, which ſhe did not ſee before, *Gen.* xxi. 14. Thus it was, he open'd the Eyes of *Balaam*, that he might ſee the Angel, who, with a drawn Sword, ſtood againſt him in the Way: *Protinus aperuit Dominus Oculos Balaam, & vidit Angelum ſtantem in via evaginato gladio: Then the Lord open'd the Eyes of* Balaam, *and he ſaw the Angel of the Lord ſtanding in the Way, and his Sword drawn in his Hand*, Numbers xxii. 31. And thus it was, that he open'd the Eyes of *Eliſha*'s young Man, that he might ſee the Horſes and Chariots of Fire, which were coming to the Succour of his Maſter: *Et aperuit Dominus oculos pueri, & vidit, & ecce mons plenus equo-*

" Sight;

" Sight; That now thou mayſt diſcern the
" Gods from Men. Wherefore, if any God,
" in humane Form, Shou'd, to ſurprize you,
" come, fight not th' Immortals: Do not their
" Pow'r reſiſt, but give them way: (*s*) Only,
" if beauteous *Venus* thou encounter, Be bold,
" and wound her like your Fellow-Mortals."

This ſaid, the blue-ey'd Goddeſs diſappear'd, And *Diomed* returning to the Fight, Thruſt himſelf forward, where it rag'd the fierceſt. Already he had fought againſt the *Trojans*, With wond'rous Proweſs; but he now perceives His Strength and Ardour thrice as great as ever. (*t*) As a fierce Lion, whom a Shepherd wounds, Ranging around the Fold, but cannot kill; The Wound not tames, but irritates his Courage: The Shepherd now no longer dares oppoſe His Rage, but hides himſelf within his Lodge: The Sheep abandon'd, and with Terror ſtruck, Crouch under one another; whilſt the Lion, Greedy of Blood, (*u*) leaps lightly o'er the Barriers, And makes a cruel Butchery among

rum & curruum igneorum, in circuitu Eliſei: And the Lord ope'd the Eyes of the young Man, and he ſaw; and behold, the Mountain was full of Horſes and Chariots of Fire round about Eliſha, 2 *King* vi. 17. Hence is the Source of theſe great Ideas; they are drawn from Truth itſelf.

(*s*) *Only, if beauteous* Venus *thou encounter.*] It is no hard matter to penetrate into the Senſe of this Allegory, which enjoins a Soldier to give way to the Gods, and to fight only againſt *Venus*.

(*t*) *As a fierce Lion, whom a Shepherd wounds——but cannot kill.*] This Compariſon is very juſt. The Shepherd is *Pandarus*, the Sheep are the *Trojan* Troops, and the Lion is *Diomed*.

(*u*) *Leaps lightly o'er the Barriers.*] Tho' my Deſign be not to explain the *Greek* Terms, which ought to be render'd ſufficiently intelligible by the Tranſlation, yet I ſhall not let this Place paſs,

them: So, and more furiouſly *Tydides* ruſh'd Among the Enemy, and ſtrait he ſlew *Aſtynous*, and Prince *Hypenor*, one He wounded with his Spear above the Pap, And t'other with his Cymeter he ſmote Near to the Collar-bone: the biting Weapon At once ſwept off his Shoulder and his Arm.

Next, he on *Abas* fell, and *Polyeidus*, The hapleſs Sons of old *Eurydamas*, Who cou'd by Dreams tell what wou'd come to paſs; (*w*) But who was never more to have the Pleaſure T' expound his Childrens Dreams at their Return; For *Diomed* bereav'd them both of Life. Then *Xanthus*, he, and *Thoon* did attack; *Phænops'* two Sons, born to him in his Age. *Phænops*, depreſs'd with Years, was yet alive, And had no other Child to heir his Wealth. *Tydides* in

without giving an Account of the Term which *Homer* here makes uſe of ἐξάλλεται; for ſome Interpreters are miſtaken in explaining it, *to leap* out of *the Fold*; which is very oppoſite to the Idea of *Homer*, and deſtroys the Image he means to give. *Homer*, on the contrary ſays, *leaps* into *the Fold*. I need only quote the Words of *Euſtathius*, who fully explains it, and ſhews that the Prepoſition ἐκ or ἐξ does not always denote Outneſs but Heighth; Τὸ δὲ ἐξάλλεσθαι τῆς αὐλῆς ταὐτον ἐςι, τῷ ὑπεράλλεσθαι, ὡς ὁ ποιήτης ἐδήλωσεν· ἡ γὰρ ἐξ πρόθεσις οὐ μόνον τὴν ἔξω δηλοῖ σχέσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὕψαμα πολλάκις σημαίνει, ὡς καὶ ἐν τῷ ἐξώγκωθη, καὶ ἐν τῷ ἐκνομίως ἠσχύνετο, καὶ ἐν ἄλλοις πολλοῖς, p. 532.

(*w*) *But who was never more to have the Pleaſure t' expound his Childrens Dreams*, &c.] I can do no leſs, than let the Reader know, that this Verſe 150 is capable of two other Meanings, by only changing the Punctuation; for it may ſignify, *who had interpreted thoſe of his Children, by foretelling them that they ſhou'd not return from this War*; and it may likewiſe ſignify, *who did not interpret thoſe of his Children, when they ſet out for this War*. The Senſe which I have follow'd, ſeems to me to be the moſt natural, and likewiſe moſt moving.

one

one Day ſlew both his Heirs, His only Hopes, and plung'd the good Old-Man Into a Flood of Sorrow, which was heighten'd, (*x*) By ſeeing his Poſſeſſions ſeiz'd by Guardians, To keep it for remote Collaterals, Who with their Eyes already had devour'd it, And were to reap what was not ſown for Them.

Next, he on *Chromius* and *Echæmon* fell, Old *Priam*'s Sons, who in one Chariot rode. As leaps a Lion, with impetuous Force, Among a Herd of grazing Cattle: He (*y*) To pieces tears whate'er comes firſt before him, Be it or Bull, or Heifer: So *Tydides* On the two Sons of *Priam* threw himſelf, Tumbling them head-

(*x*) *By ſeeing his Poſſeſſions ſeiz'd by Guardians.*] *Homer*, while he inſtructs his Reader in the Cuſtoms of Antiquity, which gives a wonderful Grace to his Poetry, takes care to pick up the moſt moving Circumſtances that occur in the Subjects he treats of. Thus for Example, there is none who is not touch'd at the Misfortune of a Father, who, in loſing his Children, loſes alſo, in ſome ſort, his Eſtate, of which he is no longer Maſter; for in the Cities of thoſe *Aſiatics*, as well as in the *Grecian* Towns, there were Magiſtrates appointed to take care of the Eſtates of Old-Men who had loſt their Children, and to preſerve 'em for their collateral Relations, by hindring thoſe unfortunate Fathers from diſpoſing of 'em any other way. The *Greeks* call theſe Magiſtrates κηρωςαὶ, *Guardians of Widowers and Widows*. After *Homer*, this Word was made uſe of to ſignify the Collaterals themſelves, to whom the Eſtate fell, and it is us'd in that Senſe in *Heſiod*, after whom *Heſychius* has obſerv'd κηρωςαὶ, οἱ μακρόθεν συγγενεῖς. *They call* κηρωςαὶ *very remote Relations.*

(*y*) *To pieces tears whate'er comes firſt before him, be it or Bull, or Heifer.*] *Homer* adds this to excuſe in ſome manner the Slaughter of theſe two young Princes, who did not deſerve *Diomed*'s Anger; and therefore took care to ſuppreſs their Death: for he does not ſay that *Diomed* kill'd them, he contents himſelf with giving it to be underſtood, by ſaying that he tumbled them from their Chariot, and ſtript them of their Arms.

long from their lofty Seat: He ſtript them of their Arms, their Horſes takes, Then gives them to the Soldiers to convey Safe to the Fleet.

But when *Æneas* ſaw what Ravages That formidable Warrior made i'th' Ranks; Thro' Pikes and rattling Darts he ruſh'd, (z) to find The valiant *Pandarus*, *Lycaon*'s Son; Whom, having found, he in theſe Terms beſpoke: "Where "is thy Bow, O valiant *Pandarus*? Where are "thy winged Arrows, which tranſport Or "Pain, or Death, wherever thou direct'ſt them? "Where is the Fame which they have pur-"chas'd thee? A Fame which ſets thee on an "equal Foot, Or ev'n above the greateſt Cap-"tain here; Nor throughout *Lycia* is there "one who dares Compare with thee, for Cun-"ning of the Bow. Come then, invoke great "*Jove*, and ſend a Shaft At that victorious Man, "who has already Prov'd infinitely hurtful to "the *Trojans*, By ſhedding our beſt Blood with "ſuch Effuſion. Your Bow muſt remedy this "great Diſorder; (a) Unleſs this *Diomed* be "ſome Immortal, To whom our Off'rings have

(z) *To find the valiant* Pandarus.] *Æneas* ſees plainly, that a Warrior muſt be look'd for, who cou'd fight *Pandarus* at a diſtance, for there were few courageous enough to fight him Hand to Hand.

(a) *Unleſs this* Diomed *be ſome Immortal.*] *What an* Elogium is this for *Diomed!* *Homer* remembers the Deſign *Minerva* had to diſtinguiſh *Diomed*'s Valour above that of all the other Heroes; he makes him perform ſuch Things as bring it in queſtion, whether he be a Man, or a God. The Oracle heretofore anſwer'd *Lycurgus: I know not whether to call you, a God, or a Man.* *Homer* furniſh'd the Oracle with the Notion of this great Encomium. This Poet is very capable of making the Gods ſpeak well.

"not

" not grateful been; (*b*) If ſo, then wretched
" we! the Wrath of Heav'n Is terrible, and
" hard to be appeas'd."

To which *Lycaon*'s warlike Son reply'd;
" Wiſe *Anchiſiades*, whoſe prudent Counſels
" Of ſo much uſe unto the *Trojans* are, The
" Man you ſpeak of, to my Apprehenſion, Re-
" ſembles perfectly the Son of *Tydeus*; For by
" his Shield, his Cask and waving Plume,
" And by his Car, whoſe Horſes I remember,
" I know him; but I cannot truly ſay, (*c*) Whe-
" ther it be that Warrior, or ſome God. If
" he be Man, he can be none but *Diomed*,
" Who, ſurely, cannot ſuch Exploits perform,
" Without the Succour of ſome friendly God,
" Who, ſtanding by him, in a gloomy Shade,
" Mantling his Shoulders, grants conceal'd
" Aſſiſtance, And turn'd aſide the Arrow I
" let fly. For I one Arrow ſhot at him be-
" fore, Which thro' his Armour did his Shoul-
" der wound; Nor did I in the leaſt ſuſpect,
" but that To *Pluto*'s ſable Manſion I had ſent
" him; And yet he lives: ſure, ſome offended

(*b*) *If ſo, then wretched we! the Wrath of Heav'n is terrible, and hard to be appeas'd.*] It will not perhaps be impertinent to obſerve by the by, that *Æneas* ſpeaks here like a pious Man; *Virgil* therefore, taking this Hero on the ſide of Piety, was not the original Contriver of that Character; but has drawn from *Homer* the very Idea of his Hero.

(*c*) *Whether it be that Warrior, or ſome God.*] *Homer* dwells upon this Praiſe, to ſtrengthen *Æneas*'s Suſpicion, and at the ſame time to give a Character of Probability, or rather Truth to his Fable, which introduces the Gods fighting with Men. *Homer* can no longer be accus'd of Fiction or of Lying, ſince the Heroes themſelves teſtify that it is ſo. There is a great deal of Contrivance in this.

" God Has robb'd me of my Victory: at pre-
" ſent, I neither Horſe nor Chariot have to
" mount: (*d*) Although, at *Lycia*, in my Fa-
" ther's Palace, There are eleven new-made
" ſumptuous Chariots, Each by two Horſes
" drawn, of generous Breed, Which with the
" pureſt Provender are nouriſh'd. My Father,
" brave *Lycaon*, when I left him, Adviſ'd, and
" ev'n commanded me to take them; That ſo,
" ſuperbly mounted on my Chariot, The *Ze-*
" *lian-Trojans* I might lead to Battle. Impru-
" dent, as I was, I follow'd not His ſage Ad-
" vice, nor his Command obey'd. 'Twere bet-
" ter I had done it, (*e*) but I fear'd, Leſt in a
" Town beſieged, and full of Cavalry, My
" Horſes might at length have chanc'd to ſuffer.
" This made me hither come without a Cha-
" riot, To fight on Foot, confiding in my
" Bow; And yet this Bow has prov'd unfaith-
" ful to me: For at two Princes of the *Greeks*

(*d*) *Altho', at* Lycia, *in my Father's Palace, there are eleven new-made ſumptuous Chariots.*] Amidſt the Simplicity of the heroic Ages, *Homer* mixes, from time to time, Marks of an extraordinary Magnificence. Here is a Prince who has at Home eleven Chariots, and every one of them made at the ſame time, with each their Setts of Horſes, and ſumptuous Covering in their Stables. But it muſt be remember'd, that *Homer* ſpeaks of an *Aſiatic* Prince; thoſe *Barbarian* Princes liv'd in very great Luxury.

(*e*) *But I fear'd, leſt in a Town beſieg'd.*] *Homer*, in this place, oppoſes to each other, two Men, both paſſionate Lovers of Horſes; but with this Difference, *Diomed* lov'd them for War, and *Pandarus* for Pleaſure. *Diomed* kept as many as he could take, and *Pandarus* wou'd not bring his to *Troy*, for fear leſt in a beſieg'd Town they ſhould ſuffer for want of Forrage. This Oppoſition of Characters is very beautiful. By this we ſee, that the moſt vicious Characters may enter into Poetry, and heighten the Beauty of it.

" I've

" I've ſhot, And ſaw * unfeigned Blood from
" both run down: And yet their Wounds
" have only made them fiercer. (*f*) In an un-
" happy Moment, ſure, I took My Bow and
" Arrows (*g*) from my Armory, When I
" brought Aid to *Hector* and the *Trojans*. But
" if I e'er return, (*h*) and with theſe Eyes,
" My Wife, my Country, and my Palace ſee,
" May from this Trunk my forfeit Head be
" ſever'd By a (*i*) curs'd Stranger's Hand, if I
" don't break And caſt into the Fire theſe
" Shafts and Bow! (*k*) Why ſhould I keep

* [*Unfeigned Blood from both run down:* Ατρεκες αἷμα, ſays *Homer*; *Verum ſanguinem*, becauſe, as *Ogilby* obſerves, (for Madam *Dacier* does not take Notice of it) the *Lacedemonians* in their Wars wore Garments of a Purple Dye, that what Blood they loſt might not apppear outwardly, to the diſcouraging themſelves or others.]

(*f*) *In an unhappy Moment.*] This Perſuaſion, that the Succeſs of all Undertakings depended upon happy or unhappy Moments when they were begun, is very ancient, as this Paſſage of *Homer* teſtifies; for here you ſee it among the *Barbarians*; and 'tis but too often to be met with among Chriſtians.

(*g*) *From my Armory.*] The *Greek* Word properly ſignifies *a Rack*, ſuch as are ſtill ſeen againſt old Chimneys, where Arms are put; and this Word ſhews the ſimple Manners of thoſe Times, but in my Tranſlation I cou'd not make uſe of it; for there is nothing that degrades Poetry ſo much as the Lowneſs of the Terms; I rather choſe to call it Armory, though it be a Term very contrary to that ancient Simplicity which I wou'd have preſerv'd.

(*h*) *And with theſe Eyes, my Wife, my Palace, and my Country ſee.*] This is natural to a Man weary of War; every Thing that he left behind him, that was agreeable, comes into his Mind.

(*i*) *By a curs'd Stranger's Hand.*] That is, by the Hand of an Enemy. This Expreſſion is frequent in Holy Scripture.

(*k*) *Why ſhould I keep Companions ſo perfidious, which follow me on purpoſe to betray me?*] I have preſerv'd the Figure. *Pandarus* looks upon his Arrows as his Companions, and therefore he ſays ὀπηδεῖ, *they follow.*

" Companions ſo perfidious, Which follow me
" on purpoſe to betray me?
" Come, ſay not ſo, reply'd the wiſe *Æneas*,
" Your Weapons are not in the leaſt to blame;
" But we ſhall never manage this fierce War-
" rior, Unleſs upon our Chariots we aſſay him,
" And prove by ſuch Encounter who's the
" ſtrongeſt. Come, therefore, *Pandarus* aſcend
" my Chariot, (*l*) And try the Goodneſs of
" the Steeds of *Tros:* How well (*m*) they
" know to ſcour along the Plain, To ſhun the
" preſſing Foe, or reach the flying; (*n*) They
" ſoon wou'd bear us off to *Troy* in Safety, If
" *Jove* to *Tydeus'* Son ſhou'd give th' Advan-
" tage. Come then, and take the Guidance of
" the Horſes, (*o*) And I'll be Combatant; or,

(*l*) *And try the Goodneſs of the Steeds of* Tros.] They are in the wrong, who tranſlate this Paſſage *Trojan Horſes.* The Horſes of *Troy* had no Advantage above other Horſes, nor had any extraordinary Reputation. *Homer* means the Horſes of *Tros*, which were immortal.

(*m*) *They know to ſcour.*] *Homer*, in ſpeaking of theſe extraordinary Horſes, uſes this Term *they know*, as if they had Underſtanding.

(*n*) *They ſoon wou'd bear us off to* Troy *in Safety, if* Jove, *&c.*] Diffidence is commonly the Fore-runner of Diſappointment. *Æneas* frighten'd at *Diomed's* great Atchievements, places all his Hope in the Swiftneſs of his Horſes, and is overcome. On the other hand, *Diomed* is ſo full of Confidence, that he already gives Orders to *Sthenelus* to ſeize his Enemies Horſes. The Oppoſition of theſe two Characters ſeems to me to be worthy of Remark.

(*o*) *And I'll be Combatant.*] This Paſſage ſome have very ill explain'd, by, *Ego de curru deſcendam: I will deſcend from the Chariot to fight. Æneas* did not by any means intend to alight from the Chariot, to fight on Foot. In this place ἵππων ἀποβῆναι, ſignifies to quit the Horſes, in order to ſtand upright on the Chariot. *Euſtathius* did not miſtake it, and he alone might undeceive thoſe Interpreters. Τὸ πεζεῦσαι τοῦ ἅρματος, ſays he, ἵππων ἀποβῆναι, λέγει. Ho-

" (if

" (if you will) Fight you, and I the Horſes
" will conduct."

Lycaon's valiant Son reply'd; " *Æneas*, Keep
" thou the Reins, and thy own Chariot guide:
" Thy Steeds accuſtom'd are to thy Command,
" (*p*) And better will obey a Hand they know.
" Shou'd we be forc'd to fly from *Diomed*, And
" they, ſurpriz'd with Fear, ſhou'd boggling
" ſtop, Wanting thy Voice, which they were
" wont to hear; The Son of *Tydeus* then our
" Lives wou'd take, And bear away thy gene-
" rous Steeds, triumphant. Be then the Con-
" duct of the Chariot thine: I will the Fight
" maintain, and, with this Lance, Receive yon
" Champion in his utmoſt Pride."

This ſaid, they mounted, both, the gorgeous Chariot, And, furious, make directly at *Tydides*. (*q*) Firſt, *Sthenelus* perceiv'd the coming Storm, And thus premoniſhing his bold Aſſociate; " Dear *Diomed*, ſaid he, Two mighty Men Are
" coming, full of Ardour, to engage you: For
" Strength and Courage, both invincible: The

mer *ſays here, to alight or deſcend from the Horſes*, meaning *to quit the Reins, and to ſtand on Foot upon the Chariot.* And he adds, ὥυτω δέ τις ἀποβαίνει καὶ νηός. *Thus one might ſay, in like manner, to deſcend or alight from the Ship*, to ſignify, *quitting the Helm of the Ship or the Oar, in order to take up Arms.*

(*p*) *They better will obey a Hand they know.*] *Pandarus* here follows the Precept which *Neſtor* gave his Troops, as I've before explain'd it.

(*q*) *Firſt*, Sthenelus *perceiv'd the coming Storm.*] *Sthenelus*, who is upon his Chariot, ſees theſe two Enemies before *Diomed* cou'd, who is on Foot; and he ſees them at a conſiderable Diſtance. This is neceſſary for the Probability; for if *Æneas* and *Pandarus* had been already near at hand, *Diomed* wou'd not have had time to have ſaid what he did.

" one

" one is *Pandarus*, *Lycaon*'s Son, Peerleſs at
" Drawing of the Bow: the other, *Æneas*,
" who derives his boaſted Birth From great
" *Anchiſes*, and the Queen of Love. Mount,
" then, this Car, and from the Front retire;
" Weary'd with Slaughter, give yourſelf ſome
" Reſpite; Leſt your high Courage ſhou'd
" prove fatal to you, And the exulting Foe
" cut ſhort a Life So precious, and ſo uſeful
" to the *Greeks*."

To this, bold *Diomed*, with frowning Look, And Tone denoting Indignation, ſaid, " Talk
" not to me of Flight; thy Counſel's vain:
" 'Tis not for *Tydeus*' Son to fly or fear:
" Whole are my Pow'rs, and Courage un-
" abated: Nor ſhall I even deign to mount my
" Chariot, But thus on Foot will go and meet
" thoſe Warriors, Who in thy Eyes appear ſo
" formidable. *Pallas* permits not *Diomed* to
" fear. Now, on my Word, thoſe Steeds,
" however fam'd For Fleetneſs, ſhall not ſave
" them both from Death, Or bear them back
" to *Troy*: 'twould be too much, If either of
" them 'ſcape our Hands by Flight. (r) But if
" it be the ſage *Minerva*'s Pleaſure, That, to
" my Glory, both of them I kill, Be ſure thou
" ſpeedliy alight, firſt faſt'ning The Reins in-
" to the Seat, then, fly to ſeize *Æneas*' Steeds
" and ſend them off with ſpeed: For they're of

(r) *But if it be the ſage Minerva's Pleaſure, that, to my Glory, both of them I kill.*] *Diomed* promiſes himſelf to kill at leaſt one of them, and does not deſpair of killing them both. What a Character is here! And what a heightning, after the Counſel which *Sthenelus* had juſt given him!

" heav'nly

" heav'nly Race, and got by thoſe Which he
" who darts the Thunder gave to *Tros*, In Re-
" compence for raviſh'd *Ganymed*, The beſt
" that ever trod Earth's ſounding Surface, From
" the declining Sun to riſing Morn. (*s*) To
" them *Anchiſes* privily convey'd Six beauteous
" Mares, and had a Colt by each; Four he
" reſerv'd; theſe two he gave *Æneas*, Well
" broke to War, and perfectly inur'd To
" ſpreading Flight and Terror thro' the Ranks.
" To take theſe Horſes were a glorious Deed:
" (*t*) So brave a Prize wou'd make our Names
" immortal."

Thus they diſcours'd, whilſt the two fierce Aſſailants, Driving amain, were now come pretty near: And thus *Lycaon's* Son beſpoke *Tydides*; " Intrepid warlike Son of glorious
" *Tydeus*, Since my ſwift Arrow cou'd not
" conquer thee, I come to try how well my
" Lance will ſpeed." With this, the pond'rous Spear flew from his Hand; It pierc'd *Tydides'* Target thro' and thro', But ſtuck within his Armour.

(*s*) *To them* Anchiſes *privily convey'd ſix beauteous Mares, and had a Colt by each.*] This Paſſage ſeems to ſhew, that in all times the Cov'ring of Mares by Stealth was in ſome ſort excuſable; ſince *Homer* does not feign when he ſays of *Anchiſes*, that he trick'd *Laomedon* out of a Breed of Horſes; for this Action of *Anchiſes* is properly ſtealing. *Euſtathius* calls it *a husbandly Theft*, a Theft which is not diſhonourable nor very blameable, and which no Gentleman ſcruples to do, when he cannot otherwiſe have what he deſires.

(*t*) *So brave a Prize wou'd make our Names immortal.*] *Diomed* expects more Glory from taking theſe Horſes, than from defeating the two Warriors that own them.

Proud

Proud of his Fortune, *Pandarus* thus exclaim'd, "Now have I reach'd thy Root of "Life, my Lance Has deeply drench'd itſelf "within thy Body; Thou canſt not long ſur-"vive this Wound; While I Shall, by thy "Death, immortal Glory gain."

"Thou art deceiv'd, ſaid *Diomed* undiſ-"may'd, Thou haſt not wounded me; but I "believe, One, if not both your Bloods, be-"fore we part, (*u*) Will feaſt the hungry "Throat of murd'ring *Mars*."

This ſaid, he threw his Spear, which *Pallas* guided Between the Eye and Noſe of *Pandarus*; (*w*) Deſcending to his Mouth, it broke his

(*u*) *Will feaſt the hungry Throat of murd'ring* Mars.] *Euſtathius* pretends that *Homer* here gives his Sword the Name of *Mars*, and that he, as it were, animates it, by calling it πολεμιζὴν, *Warrior*; in this Senſe it ſhould have been tranſlated, *will feaſt my blood-thirſty Sword*. It is certain, that in this Poet, *Mars* ſometimes ſignifies a Sword, and I have noted the Places where it is ſo; but here I confeſs, I do not incline to *Euſtathius*'s Opinion, becauſe it ſeems to me to ſavour of too much Hardineſs, to call a Sword ταλαύρινον πολεμιζὴν, *invictum bellatorem, an unconquer'd Warrior*.

(*w*) *Deſcending to his Mouth.*] 'Tis made a Queſtion here, how *Diomed*, who is on Foot, cou'd give ſuch a Wound as this which *Homer* deſcribes, and which ſeems impoſſible to be done. To this it is anſwer'd, firſt, that *Homer* ſays *Minerva* directed the Weapon; and, ſecondly, that even without having Recourſe to a Miracle, the Wound might have been giv'n whilſt *Pandarus* was ſtooping; or elſe, that as a Man who is on Foot has it in his Power to take the Advantage of the Ground, ſo *Diomed* might be upon ſome Eminence, which made *Pandarus*, tho' on his Chariot, to be ſtill below him. Let a Man well examine all the Wounds which *Homer* mentions, and which he has turn'd and diverſify'd a thouſand and a thouſand Ways, and he will not find one which is not true, and which does not ſhew in *Homer* an exact Knowledge of the Conſtruction of a humane Body.

Teeth; And cutting thro' his Tongue, the pointed Iron, Beneath his Chin, juſt by the Throat went out. He from his Chariot drops; his beauteous Arms, With fearful Clank, accompany'd his Fall; The frighted Horſes ſhiver, whilſt cold Death There, where he fell, arreſts his welt'ring Body.

But ſtout *Æneas*, to prevent the *Greeks* From being Maſters of the Trunk, leaps down, And ruſhing, ſtood before it like a Lion, Confiding in his Strength: he rounds his Charge, Covering the Body with his ample Shield, And utt'ring dreadful Menaces of Death To any that dares firſt preſume t'approach. The Son of *Tydeus*, ſeeing this, up-lifted A Stone of an enormous ſize, and ſuch (*x*) As two Men, now-a-days, cou'd hardly move: He ſingly took it up, and at *Æneas* Threw it with Eaſe; it ſtruck him on the Hip, The Hollow where the Joint doth move the Thigh, 'Tis call'd the Huckle-bone; the ſharp-edg'd Point, Broke this to Shreds, diſſecting both the Nerves, Which, paſſing there, down to the Heel extend. *Æneas*, ſtagg'ring, falls upon his Knees; He ſtays his Temples leaning on the Earth; Pain dims his Sight, and Darkneſs circles round him.

(*y*) There had he dy'd, but that the beau-

(*x*) *As two Men, now-a-days, cou'd hardly move.*] 'Tis viſible from ſeveral Paſſages of *Homer*, that he was perſuaded of this Truth, *viz.* that the Men of former Times were larger and ſtronger than thoſe of his Time.

(*y*) *There had he dy'd.*] *Euſtathius* very well obſerves here, that if Hiſtory had ever ſo little favour'd *Homer*, he wou'd have made *Æneas* been kill'd by *Diomed*. But as it was notorious, and even recent in his Time, that *Æneas* ſurviv'd the Taking of *Troy*, the Poet was oblig'd to ac-

teous

teous *Venus* Perceiv'd the dangerous State of her lov'd Son, Whom ſhe by great *Anchiſes* had, when he His Father's Flocks upon Mount *Ida* fed. Her Snow-white Arms ſhe inſtantly threw round him, (*z*) And with the Lappet of her ſhining Robe, As with a Rampart, covers him from Danger, For fear leſt ſome bold *Greek* ſhou'd with his Jav'lin Diſpatch her Favourite Iſſue: in this manner, She from the Field convey'd him, unperceiv'd.

Now *Sthenelus*, remembring well his Orders, Out of the Tumult of the Battle haſten'd, Ties to his Seat the Reins, then quick deſcends, And laying Hands upon *Æneas'* Steeds, He leads them tow'rds the *Greeks*, and there intruſts them To lov'd *Deipylus* his dear Companion; And whom of all his Friends he tender'd moſt, (*a*) Becauſe they ſympathiz'd in Inclinations, In Humour, and in Wiſdom.

Then burning with Impatience to rejoin His Friend *Tydides*, he remounts his Chariot, And ſtretches after him along the Plain; But *Tydeus'* Son was now in chaſe of *Venus*, With Lance

commodate himſelf to it. He is therefore content with putting *Æneas* in very great Danger, and afterwards ſaves him by a poetical Accident. This is a Leſſon to Poets, not to offend, either in their Fable or Epiſodes, againſt receiv'd Story.

(*z*) *And with the Lappet of her ſhining Robe, as with a Rampart, covers him from Danger.*] This Robe was to *Æneas* a Rampart; not that it was Proof to defend him from their Weapons, but only to conceal and cover him from their Sight. That is the true Meaning of this Paſſage, which otherwiſe wou'd be ridiculous, ſince *Venus* her ſelf was wounded thro' it, tho' it conceal'd her Son, as *Homer* is going to tell us.

(*a*) *Becauſe they ſympathiz'd in Inclinations.*] *Homer* expreſſes all this in one Word, ἄρτια, which properly

in

in Hand, (*b*) well knowing ſhe was none O'th' Warrior-Goddeſſes, who at the Head Of Armies march, and over Fights preſide, Like *Pallas* or *Bellona*, but a Goddeſs, Who, ſunk in Softneſs, hated noiſy War.

Her, following cloſe, at laſt he overtook, And with his Spear, his Arm advancing, ſtruck; The Weapon pierc'd the Veil which ſcreen'd her Son; That Veil, which ev'n the Graces wrought themſelves, It pierc'd, and (*c*) near her Wriſt the Goddeſs wounded. Strait from

ſignifies *equal, conſentaneous, ſuitable.* It is Conformity of Inclinations that conſtitutes Friendſhip.

(*b*) *Well knowing ſhe was none o'th' Warrior-Goddeſſes.*] There was no Likelihood of miſtaking her. *Venus* wears ſuch obvious Characters, that they ſoon diſcover her, and diſtinguiſh her very ſenſibly from thoſe Warrior-Goddeſſes.

(*c*) *And near her Wriſt the Goddeſs wounded.*] *Homer* not content with attributing to the Gods the Paſſions and Vices of Men, gives them all the Weakneſſes of humane Nature. They fight with Men, and are hurt. This looks ſo injurious to the Divinity of the Gods, that *Plato* for this Reaſon baniſh'd *Homer* out of his Commonwealth; and *Pythagoras* too, for the ſame Reaſon, ſaid, he was ſeverely tormented in Hell, for having inſerted in his Poems ſuch unbecoming and unworthy Fictions. *Ariſtotle*, to juſtify him, ſays only, *that in this he did but follow what Fame had reported before him.* For *Orpheus*, and the other Poets who preceded him, told the ſame Tales, and if he added to them ſomething of his own, as 'tis likely he did, it was however conformable to the reſt, and, as the Saying is, of the ſame Trimming; and ſuch is this Wound of *Venus*, which is purely his Invention, as he proceeds afterwards to ſhew. As for my part, without ſeeking to juſtify *Homer* upon the account of Allegory, as might be done, nor upon the account of Fable, or common Fame; I ſhall barely ſay, that this Fiction of *Venus*'s Wound ought not to ſeem ſurprizing, ſince it naturally reſults from the Opinion entertained in thoſe Times, that theſe inferior Gods (the Angels) were corporeal; and the Sequel proves it. Beſides, *Homer* might eaſily fancy that theſe infe-

the

the Wound out ſprung th' immortal Blood, But Blood like that of Gods, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, Is nothing but a Dew or Steam divine; (*d*) For they, not feeding upon humane Viands, (*e*) Have not a groſs terreſtrial Blood like ours; And therefore are immortal and divine.

Thro' Anguiſh of the Wound the Goddeſs fill'd The Air with Cries, (*f*) and let *Æneas* fall; But *Phœbus* took him in his friendly Arms, (*g*) And wrapping, in a ſable Cloud, his Charge, Convey'd him from the Fury of the *Greeks*.

Mean while, *Tydides* flying after *Venus*, Thus with inſulting Language cry'd aloud, "Away, "*Jove*'s Daughter, and from War abſtain! "(*h*) Is not thy Empire large enough o'er Wo- "men; Weak Women, who, by thy inſidious

rior Deities, who thus convers'd with Men, might be capable of ſharing in their Failings and Infirmities.

(*d*) *For they not feeding upon humane Viands.*] *Homer* very poetically explains the difference between the Eſſence of the Gods, and the Conſtitution of Men; and he could not have giv'n a more lively Image, to make us ſenſible, that what preſerves Life to Men, is preciſely the Source and Cauſe of their Death.

(*e*) *Have not a groſs terreſtrial Blood like ours.*] This is a Proof that they reckon'd theſe Gods corporeal; but indeed they aſcrib'd other Kind of Bodies to them than ours; finer and more ſubtile Bodies.

(*f*) *And let Æneas fall.*] For he ſaid before, that ſhe took him up in her Arms. *Homer* always paints the Objects he preſents, and forgets not any one of the chief Lineaments.

(*g*) *And wrapping in a ſable Cloud.*] For *Apollo*, the Father of Light, does likewiſe form Clouds with the Vapours he draws up.

(*h*) *Is not thy Empire large enough o'er Women, weak Women?*] Thus ought a great Warrior to ſpeak of *Venus*: Theſe are the true Colours in which that Goddeſs ſhould be painted. I am charm'd with this Place, which ſhews both the Wiſdom of *Homer*, and the End he propos'd to himſelf in his Poem, To lay down Precepts uſeful for Manners.

"Arts,

" Arts, Betray'd, ruſh headlong on the Snares
" you ſpread? But, I believe, a few of theſe
" Aſſaults Will cure your Love of War;
" which, if but nam'd, May turn your Roſy
" Cheeks as pale as Lillies."

Thus he; the Goddeſs, ſighing, went her way, Extremely griev'd, and full of Indignation. (*i*) Swift *Iris* ſeeing her o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, And that her Colour too began to fade, Taking her Hand, conducts her from the Fight.

After ſome Paces tow'rds the War's Left Wing, They found *Mars* ſitting, who his Arms and Horſes Hid in a Fog, by Man impenetrable. *Venus* with inſtant Pray'r beſought the God; " Dear Brother, bear me hence; lend
" me thy Chariot, That I to high *Olympus* may
" return, The proper Place of Reſidence
" for Gods; I feel exceſſive Torments from a
" Wound *Tydides* gave, who, in his preſent
" Madneſs, Would fight ev'n *Jove* himſelf,
" were he to meet him."

She ſpoke; (*k*) The God of Battle gives his Chariot. *Venus* aſcends it, full of Pain and Paſſion. Next *Iris* mounts, taking the Whip and Reins; And, laſhing, drives them on with full Career. The generous Courſers ſecond her

(*i*) *Swift* Iris *ſeeing her o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow*] *Iris* comes to the Relief of *Venus*; and that is to ſhew, poetically, the Swiftneſs with which that Goddeſs returns to Heav'n. Furthermore, the Poet knew that *Iris* was not an Enemy to *Venus*, ſince ſhe was fabl'd to be the Mother of Love by *Zephyrus*.

(*k*) *The God of Battle gives his Chariot.*] *Mars* makes the Goddeſs no Anſwer, but gives her his Chariot, without ſaying any thing. What cou'd he have ſaid? Pity is not the Paſſion of *Mars*. *Homer*, who ſo well knows when to ſpeak, knows likewiſe when to be ſilent.

Im-

Impatience, And in a Moment reach *Olympus'* Seats. The Wind-outſtripping Goddeſs ſtops the Horſes; And taking off their Harneſs, gives them Food, Such as the Horſes of the Gods are us'd to. (*l*) But *Venus* falling on *Dione's* Lap, Her Mother help'd her up with ſweet Embraces; And, pitying, ſtroak'd her with her gentle Hand: "Tell me, dear Child, ſaid "ſhe, which of the Immortals Did this raſh "Act, as if he had ſurpriz'd you In the Com-"miſſion of ſome open Crime?"

Venus reply'd: "This Blood *Tydides* drew, "This Wound I got from impious *Diomed*, "Becauſe I reſcu'd from his bloody Hand My "Son *Æneas*, whom I love ſo dearly. (*m*) "'Tis now no more a War 'twixt *Greeks* and "*Trojans*; 'Tis now a War of *Greeks* againſt "the Gods."

To this *Dione* anſwer'd: "Deareſt Daugh-"ter, Whatever Pain you feel, ſupport with "Patience: (*n*) You're not the firſt Immortal

(*l*) *But* Venus *falling on* Dione's *Lap.*] *Homer* makes *Venus* the Daughter of *Dione*. The Fable of *Venus* being born of the Sea, is not therefore ſo old as *Homer*: It was fancy'd by thoſe Poets that came after him, and not before.

(*m*) *'Tis now no more a War 'twixt* Greeks *and* Trojans.] There is a great deal of Grandeur in theſe two Verſes: *Venus* had before ſaid, that *Diomed* wou'd fight *Jupiter* himſelf; and here he extends it to all the *Greeks* in general, as if they aim'd at none but the Gods. The Intention of *Venus* was, to make them be look'd upon as ſo many new *Titans*, and by a Counter-ſtroke, it is a great Compliment *Homer* very cleverly paſſes upon them, by treating them as Men equal to the Gods: And this is a good Juſtification of the Elogium he gave them in the Beginning of his Poem, in calling them *Heroes*.

(*n*) *You're not the firſt Immortal that has ſuffer'd from the prophane Audaciouſneſs of Men.*] *Dione* comforts her Daughter, by reminding her

"that

" that has ſuffer'd From the prophane Audaciouſneſs of Men; Many who theſe celeſtial Seats inhabit, Have felt Mens Inſolence; the Gods delighting Sometimes to uſe them as their Tools of Vengeance Againſt each other in their private Quarrels. *Mars*, formidable *Mars* has been a Suff'rer By mortal Outrage, (*o*) when *Aloeus*' Sons, Proud *Otus*, and

of other Deities, ſuperior to her, yet as ill treated by Mortals, as herſelf; but at the ſame time, as *Euſtathius* has very well obſerv'd, *Homer* in this, does cunningly juſtify his Fictions; for, that he may not be accus'd of too extravagant a Hardineſs in making the Gods to be wounded, he quotes old Fables to the ſame purpoſe: So that no body can juſtly reproach him with offending againſt Probability in this Particular, ſince he only imitated and follow'd what he found perfectly eſtabliſh'd to his Hand. Fable had currently told how *Juno* was wounded; it likewiſe mention'd a Hurt *Pluto* receiv'd: *Homer* therefore might ſpeak of *Venus* being wounded; and it is this ſame Paſſage of *Homer* that furniſh'd *Ariſtotle* with the Anſwer which he teaches his Readers to make to the Criticks, who condemn theſe Fictions of *Homer* as falſe and injurious to Truth. *You muſt*, ſays he, *have Recourſe to Fame, and prove, that ſo it was reported. Thus it is, that* Homer *is ſav'd in what he ſays concerning the Gods; he follow'd common Report*, &c. Thus neither the Sidings, nor Wounds, nor Puniſhments, nor Tears, nor Impriſonments of the Gods, nor any other of thoſe Accidents into which *Homer* makes them continually falling, have in themſelves any thing for which *Homer* can be juſtly blam'd.

(*o*) *When* Aloeus's *Sons, proud* Otus, *and the dreadful* Ephialtes.] Why ſhou'd not theſe Sons of *Aloeus* have the Boldneſs to attack *Mars*, they who dar'd to beſiege the Gods, and ſcale Heav'n? *Euſtathius* explains, at length, the Meanings of the Allegories contain'd in theſe Fables. For Example, he ſays, that here *Otus* means ſuch Literature and Documents as we derive by the Ear; and *Ephialtes*, ſuch Inſtructions and Doctrines as are naturally inſtill'd into us. They both reſtrain *Mars*, with Chains, that is, they ſubdue, or bind brutal and irrational Paſſion. *Eribœa*, their Step-mother, is Diſcord, Sedition, the true Step-mother of Inſtruction and Good-Nature; She makes uſe of *Mer-*

" the

" the dreadful *Ephialtes*, Preſum'd to bind the
" God with pond'rous Chains, And thirteen
" Months in a Braſs Dungeon kept him. That
" God, who nothing breaths but fierce Alarms,
" Perhaps had periſh'd, if their Step-mother,
" Fair *Eribœa*, had not made it known To
" *Hermes*, who, unſeen, deliver'd him With
" his unwieldy Fetters almoſt dead. (*p*) Ev'n
" *Juno* too has the like Ills ſuſtain'd, When by
" *Amphytrion*'s Son, on the Right Pap, With
" a three-pointed Arrow ſhe was wounded;
" Such Pains ſhe felt as ſeem'd incurable. *Pluto*
" himſelf, th' unruly God of Hell, Was not
" againſt '*Alcides*' Inſults ſafe, Not in the dusky
" Manſions of the Dead: Him, by a Shaft of
" equal Bitterneſs, This Son of *Jove* did thro'
" the Shoulder gore: Angry, and full of Pain
" the God of Shades (The Shaft yet in his
" Shoulder) fled to Heaven, Th' Abode of

cury, that is, Perſuaſion and Artifice, to ſet free this Furioſo. See *Euſtathius*, Page 360.

(*p*) *Even* Juno *too has the like Ills ſuſtain'd.*] See how *Euſtathius* explains this Allegory. *Juno* is the Air, and every thing above the Earth. *Pluto*, the Air beneath. *Hercules* ſignifies a Philoſophic Mind, the true Offspring of *Jupiter*. *Hercules* darts his Arrows againſt *Juno*, and againſt *Pluto*, and wounds them; that is, a Philoſophic Mind darts abroad its Reflections, Ideas, Views; and thereby penetrates into whatever is moſt abſtruſe relating to *Juno* and *Pluto*; for nothing can eſcape or conceal itſelf from Philoſophy. *Euſtathius*'s Words are obſervable, Καθ' ὧν ὁ Φιλόσοφος λόγος ἑαυτὸν συνεῖνας καὶ οἷον διοίστυσας, βάλλει, καὶ τυγχάνει τοῦ σκόπου, καὶ ἀλίσκει τὸ ζητούμενον. ἀνάλωτον γὰρ τῇ φιλοσοφίᾳ οὐδὲν οὔτε τῶν ἄνω, οὔτε τῶν καὶ ἀγῆς. *Againſt which a Philoſophic Mind inciting itſelf, and lanching its Darts, ſtrikes, hits the Mark, and finds what it look'd for; for nothing is impenetrable to Philoſophy, either under the Earth or above it. And therefore* Mercury *hath been call'd terreſtrial and celeſtial*, &c.

Jove

" *Jove Ægiochus*, where *Pæon*, Phyſician of
" the Gods, with Sov'reign Balm, Cur'd him;
" for he had nothing in him mortal. (*q*) An
" impious, haughty, and ungracious Wretch,
" That trembled not at Sacrilege, but dar'd
" With his preſumptuous Shafts to wound the
" Gods! As for what now has happen'd to
" You, Child, 'Twas *Pallas* ſet *Tydides* on
" t'inſult you, Stir'd up his Courage, and in-
" ſpir'd with Raſhneſs. (*r*) Fool! to forget,
" that thoſe who have the Madneſs To fight
" againſt the Gods, are never bleſt With Length
" of Days; nor that their tender Infants Sitting
" upon their Knees ſhall ever give them, In
" half-form'd Words, the pleaſing Name of
" Father, Return'd from War and bloody Ex-
" peditions. (*s*) Let *Diomed*, brave as he is, be-

(*q*) *An impious, haughty and ungracious Wretch.*] Theſe Invectives, which *Dione* makes againſt *Hercules*, are ſo many moral Precepts *Homer* gives his Reader, to induce him to reſpect the Gods.

(*r*) *Fool! to forget that thoſe*, &c.] This is a wonderful clean way of inſerting Sentences without their appearing, and whoſe Effect is felt without ſeeing them. *Homer* here does not utter a meer poſitive Sentence, ſuch as, *All who fight againſt the Gods are ſhort-liv'd*; but he ſays, *Fool! to forget that*, &c. as if theſe Truths were Sentiments grav'd in the Heart of every Man. *Homer* was the firſt that diſcover'd the Art of placing, in this manner, diſguis'd Sentences; the *Greek* Lyric Poets happily imitated him; and after them *Horace* and *Virgil* are Models to be follow'd.

(*s*) *Let* Diomed, *brave as he is, beware.*] *Dione* here foretels to *Diomed*, that a God will one Day revenge *Venus*, and puniſh him for his ſacrilegious Audaciouſneſs. This way of foretelling that Hero's Death by a Dream of his Wife's, is very Novel and very Poetical; there is likewiſe in it, with regard to that Lady, an Elogium, which, in my Opinion, is marvellous, for the fine and delicate Sentiment it contains.

" ware, Leſt he ſome ſtronger Deity provoke,
" And leſt *Ægiale*, the gentle Conſort Of that
" proud Warrior, frighten'd in the Night By
" ſome ſiniſter Dream, ſhould raiſe the Houſ-
" hold, And fill her Palace with ſhrill Lamen-
" tations, Demanding *Diomed*, her Husband
" *Diomed*, The firſt and only Object of her
" Vows."

Whilſt thus *Dione* ſpoke, ſhe wipe'd away The Blood that ran from her dear Daughter's Wound. Strait were the Goddeſs' cruel Torments ceas'd, And her fair Hand entirely heal'd.

But *Juno* and *Minerva*, who were Witneſs To what befel the Queen of Love, aſſay'd With ſly Diſcourſe to anger *Jove* againſt her. (*t*) The blue-ey'd Goddeſs firſt began, and ſaid:
" (*u*) O Father, let not what I ſay diſpleaſe!

(*t*) *The blue-ey'd Goddeſs firſt began, and ſaid.*] This is a very ingenious, nipping Raillery. *Homer* makes *Minerva* ſay it, and not *Juno*, becauſe *Juno* is too grave and majeſtic to deſcend to Raillery; whereas that Character agrees with *Minerva*, who is younger, who is the declar'd Enemy of *Venus*; and who beſides is the Goddeſs that preſides over Wit.

(*u*) *O Father, let not what I ſay diſpleaſe you.*] *Euſtathius* upon this has made a Remark, which to me ſeems worthy to be remember'd; for every Thing that tends to Decency and Decorum ought to be prais'd. He ſays, then, that ſince at a time ſo ſharp and full of Action, Raillery wou'd look unſeaſonable and flat, and yet ſince it might come in naturally enough, becauſe of the Quality of the Parties, *Venus* on one ſide, and *Juno* and *Minerva* her greateſt Enemies on the other; *Homer* took care to fortify himſelf with a good Paſſport; he begs of *Jupiter* (and, in him, all Perſons of Senſe) leave to enliven by a Piece of Mirth ſo ſerious a Paſſage. After which, having nothing more to fear, he ventures his Raillery, which ſucceeds perfectly well, becauſe of the Precaution he had taken. Is any Critic ſo rigid and ill-humour'd, as to condemn what *Jupiter* has permitted, and which even drew a Smile from him?

" Nor

"Nor blame me for my Tale: The charming "(w) *Venus* Has doubtleſs been engaging ſome "fair *Greek* To take the *Trojans* Part, and gra- "tify Some of her *Phrygian* Friends whom "ſhe's ſo fond of; And as ſhe try'd to ſtir her "with Careſſes, (x) The Golden Claſp that "faſtens the long Robes Thoſe *Grecian* La- "dies wear, has hurt the Goddeſs, And ſcar'd "her with a Scratch upon the Hand."

(y) Smiling, the Father of the Gods and Men Call'd charming *Venus* to him: "Child, "ſaid he, The rough Affairs of War are not "thy Province: 'Tis not for thee to meddle "with the Sword: Look thou to Joys of Love "and nuptial Dues, And leave to *Mars* and "*Pallas* bloody Battels."

Whilſt thus th' Immortals entertain'd themſelves, (z) Again *Tydides* on *Æneas* ruſhes,

(w) Venus *has doubtleſs been engaging ſome fair* Greek *to take the* Trojans *Part.*] What Bitterneſs there is in this Raillery! *Minerva* treats *Venus* as a Seducer, and twits her with the Rape of *Helen*, and at the ſame time mocks her for her Faint-heartedneſs; for her being frighten'd at a Wound, which ſtrictly is nothing but the Scratch of a Buckle.

(x) *The golden Claſp, &c. has hurt the Goddeſs*] The Women of *Doris* invented theſe training Robes, which at the Breaſt were faſten'd with a Claſp or Buckle; wherefore *Herodotus* calls theſe Robes *Dorian*.

(y) *Smiling, the Father of the Gods and Men.*] *Jupiter* does not laugh, he only ſmiles; for it does not agree with the Majeſty of the Maſter of the Gods to laugh out.

(z) *Again* Tydides *on* Æneas *ruſhes.*] After the mighty Praiſes *Homer* had given *Diomed*'s Valour, one wou'd think he had no more to ſay; but yet he finds new colour to make him appear ſtill greater and more invincible. Nothing can be added to the Boldneſs and Intrepidity he gives him in this Place. What Elogiums for a Warrior! How much was *Alexander* in the right, to wiſh for a *Homer* to be the Herald of his Atchievements!

Altho' he ſaw that *Phœbus'* ſelf upheld him;
Eager his Life and glorious Arms to take, He
to that powerful God no Rev'rence paid.
Thrice ruſh'd he on him rudely, thrice the
God With the ſole Luſtre of his Shield repuls'd
him. Th' intrepid Mortal, like the God of
War, Attempts a fourth Aſſault: *Phœbus*, in-
cens'd, Thus in a threatning Tone his Raſhneſs
chides: "Conſider, Son of *Tydeus*, and re-
"tire; Nor madly think thyſelf a Match for
"Gods: Infinite is the Difference between
"The ever-during Eſſence of the Immortals,
"Who Heav'n inhabit, and the Nothingneſs
"Of mortal Men who crawl upon the Earth."
(*a*) At this *Tydides* mov'd a little back, To
ſhun the Anger of the dreadful God.

Apollo took *Æneas*, and convey'd him T'a
Temple of his own in *Pergamus*. (*b*) *Latona*
ſtrait and chaſte *Diana* lead him Into the holieſt
Place, there dreſs his Wounds, (*c*) And with
accumulated Glory crown him.

(*a*) *At this* Tydides *mov'd a little back.*] *Diomed* does not fly, neither does he abſolutely retire, but he *mov'd a little back*, τυδὸν ὀπίσσω, a Man ſo reſtiff in retreating, when even a God threatens him, is very near beginning again.

(*b*) Latona *ſtrait and chaſte* Diana *lead him into the holieſt Place.*] *Æneas* is the Character of a religious Man; wherefore *Homer* feigns that *Latona* and her Daughter *Diana* themſelves dreſs his Wounds, and in the very Temple of *Apollo*.

(*c*) *And with accumulated Glory crown him.*] I know very well, there's nothing more honourable for *Æneas*, than the Care theſe Goddeſſes take of him; yet I don't think this a proper Place to ſpeak of Honour and Glory. The Word of the Text κύδαινόν τε, & *glorificabant*, I am apt to ſuſpect. I did not dare to correct it in the Text; but I am perſuaded, *Homer* writ it κήδαινόν τε, & *curabant*, and that it muſt be tranſlated thus; *they themſelves dreſs'd his Wounds, and took care of his Life.*

Mean

Mean while, *Apollo* had a Phantom form'd
So like *Æneas*, both in Shape and Armour,
The *Greek* and *Trojan* Troops, deceiv'd, rekindle
The Fight around this Image; Breaſt-plates,
Shields, Head-pieces, Jav'lins, Pikes, in Splinters fly; And dreadful Slaughter rag'd on either ſide.

Then *Phœbus* thus relentleſs *Mars* addreſs'd;
" *Mars*, murd'ring *Mars*, whoſe ſole Delight is
" Blood! Who ſporteſt with the Ruin of Man-
" kind! Fierce God of War, whoſe Joy is De-
" vaſtation! Wilt thou not drive this Mortal
" from the Field, This *Diomed*, who in his
" preſent Madneſs Wou'd fight e'en *Jove* him-
" ſelf, were he to meet him? Firſt, *Venus* he
" attack'd, and made her bleed, (*d*) And then
" at Me he flew like any God."

Apollo thus concluding, went to *Troy*, And made the Tow'r, call'd *Pergamus*, his Seat. *Mars* takes the Form of valiant *Acamas*, The *Thracian* Leader, and from Rank to Rank Throughout the *Trojan* Army goes, exhorting The Troops, and animating them to Battel: But above all, to *Priam*'s Sons addreſſing; " How long, ſaid he, great *Priam*'s valiant Sons,

(*d*) *And then at Me he flew like any God.*] Pray obſerve, ſays *Euſtathius*, with what Decorum *Homer* conducts himſelf here. He gives *Diomed* no Advantage over *Apollo*, becauſe he wou'd not ſay Things utterly incredible, and which Allegory itſelf cou'd not juſtify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, for it is morally poſſible to overcome and ſurmount the unreaſonable Paſſions repreſented by thoſe two Deities. But 'tis impoſſible to overcome *Apollo*, whether he be conſider'd as the Sun, or as Deſtiny. The Sun may be ſhot at, as ſome *Barbarians* ſtill do, but he cannot be wounded; Deſtiny may be reſiſted, but cannot be ſurmounted.

" Can ye endure the Slaughter of your Men?
" Wait ye, until they brave you at your Gates?
" The Son of great *Anchiſes*, bold *Æneas*,
" Whom we as much as God-like *Hector* honour,
" Lies now hem'd in with Foes: Come,
" let us run To diſengage and ſave our valiant
" Friend."

Theſe Words new-ſtrung each Soldier's wea-ry'd Nerves, Nor was there one but felt freſh Force and Spirit. *Sarpedon*, likewiſe, ſharp'ning noble *Hector*, With bitter Taunts, thus tax'd him; " Son of *Priam!* Where is thy former
" Strength and Courage gone; You boaſted that
" you cou'd defend your City, Without the
" Townſmens Help, or Foreign Aid: You,
" with your Brother and your Siſters Huſ-
" bands! Yet, on whatever ſide I caſt my Eye,
" Not one of all your numerous Kin I ſee:
" Fear makes them hide, like Hounds ſlipt at a
" Lion. None here, but We, the doubtful
" War maintain, Who yet are nothing but
" Auxiliaries; For I, as an Aſſiſtant only, came
" From fartheſt *Lycia* waſh'd by rapid *Xan-*
" *thus*: Leaving my All, my Wife, and In-
" fant-Son, (*) With Wealth enough *to ſate the*
" *moſt Ambitious*, And which I might have
" peaceably enjoy'd: Yet, ev'ry Day, my
" Troops I bring to Battel, And burn impati-
" ently, myſelf, to cope With yon bold *Greek*,
" that has ſuch Havock made: (*e*) Tho' I

(*) [With Wealth enough, *the Wiſhes of the Poor*; ſays the Original.]

(*e*) *Though I have nothing here that lies at Stake, or which the greedy Foe can raviſh from me.*] This Reproach is very grave, and very

" have

" have nothing here that lies at Stake, Or,
" which the greedy Foe can raviſh from me;
" While you, who for your Wives and Chil-
" dren fight, Your Goods, your Country, you
" unactive ſtand, Nor go among the Troops to
" rally them, For fear leſt they, (*f*) ſurpriz'd,
" as in a Net, Shou'd fall a Prey to your in-
" ſulting Foe, Who ſoon this lofty City wou'd
" deſtroy, And lay its deep Foundation on a
" Heap. This Care ſhou'd Night and Day
" your Thoughts employ; This, without Reſt
" or Reſpite, you ſhou'd ſtudy, (*g*) To follow
" the Auxiliar Princes cloſe, Conjuring that

capable to touch not only a ſtout Man, but even to animate the greateſt Coward. Thoſe who have no intereſt in the War, and can loſe nothing, fight inceſſantly; and thoſe who have their Wives and Children to defend, do not fight at all. Theſe are the Turns which *Demoſthenes* ſo much ſtudy'd in *Homer*, and which he ſo well retain'd.

(f) Surpriz'd as in a Net.] *Euſtathius* obſerves here, that tho' *Homer* makes his Heroes live only on Beef and Mutton, yet he ſhews, that in thoſe Times both Fiſhing and Fowling were known; for from thence he took this Metaphor, *Surpriz'd as in a Net.* But you will ſay, How comes it then, that he makes his Heroes eat neither Fowl nor Fiſh, except in ſome time of Famine, as in the *Odyſſes*? It was becauſe Fiſh and Fowl were look'd upon as too delicate a Food for Heroes; beſides, it was contrary to the Simplicity of thoſe Elder Ages. In holy Scripture, we find that Beef and Mutton, in a word, Butchers Meat, was the only Food in uſe, which laſted till the *Egyptian* Captivity; for then the *Iſraelites* began to eat Fiſh. *Athenæus* obſerves in his firſt Book, that they began but late to eat it in *Greece*.

(g) To follow the Auxiliar Princes cloſe.] There is in this Exhortation a ſecret Reproach; but which is however perceivable: for 'tis all one as if *Sarpedon* had ſaid to *Hector*, 'Tis your Duty to exhort and animate continually the Leaders of the Auxiliary Troops; and, on the contrary, they are forc'd to exhort and animate You. At the ſame time, 'tis worth while to obſerve the Wiſdom

" they wou'd not ſlack their Hands, But ceaſe
" their Murmurings, and baniſh Faction."

Sarpedon's Speech touch'd *Hector* to the quick: Down from his Chariot, wholly arm'd, he leaps. (*h*) Nought he reply'd, but ran throughout the Army (A Dart in either Hand) chearing the Troops. His ſole Appearance animates the War. Aſham'd, the *Trojans* rally, and turn head; Nor did the *Greeks* prepare themſelves for Flight, But cloſing up their Ranks, the Charge attended. (*i*) As on the (*k*) ſpacious Floor, when golden *Ceres* The Winnowers aſ-

of this Precept which *Homer* gives here to Princes, who have Allies engag'd in their Quarrels.

(*h*) *Nought he reply'd.*] The more Courage a Man has, the ſilenter he is at a Reproach he has deſerv'd. *Hector* has no Anſwer to make to *Sarpedon*; he muſt juſtify himſelf by Deeds, not Words; and ſo he does. 'Tis obſervable in *Homer*, that all the Reproaches and Remonſtrances he makes, have conſtantly their Effect, πᾶς γὰρ παραινετικὸς λόγος δραστικός ἐστι παρὰ τῷ ποιητῇ, as *Euſtathius* very well ſays. *Hector* chides *Paris*; and *Paris*, who ran away before, returns to the Fight; *Sarpedon* reproves *Hector*, and *Hector* does marvellous Exploits. By which the Poet wou'd teach, that there is nothing ſo beneficial, as to reprehend Men, provided it be done pertinently.

(*i*) *As in the ſpacious Floor, when golden* Ceres.] All Nature is the Appanage of Poetry: Wherefore, *Homer*, to ſet forth all its Riches, leads his Reader into all its Treaſures. Here, to repreſent Squadrons whiten'd with the Duſt which their Horſes raiſe, he has recourſe to a Compariſon taken from a Threſhing-Floor, where Corn is winnowing; for then the Wind which bears away the light Chaff, makes of it here and there little Heaps, which appear all white with the Duſt which the ſame Wind that aſſembles them covers them with. This is very natural; and it is an Image ſo much the more agreeable, as it is borrow'd from an Art full of Gentleneſs, and very oppoſite to that of War.

(*k*) *Spacious.*] *Homer* ſays *Sacred*; and he calls it the *Sacred Threſhing-Floor*, becauſe it was conſecrated to *Ceres*, but this Epithet to me ſeems too foreign in our Language.

ſembles,

ſembles, who, aſſiſted By breezing *Zephyrs*, fan her precious Gifts, The uſeleſs Chaff dividing from the Corn; Whiten'd with Duſt, in Heaps, this Chaff is ſeen; So might you ſee the *Greeks* to Battel ruſh, All gray with Duſt, which by their Horſes Feet Was rais'd in Whirlwinds, and to Heav'n aſcended. The Chariots mix, anew the Fight begins.

Mars to th' Aſſiſtance of the *Trojans* flew, (*l*) Drawing a Veil of Darkneſs o'er the Field; From Rank to Rank he went, and to each *Trojan* Gives Fortitude, as *Phœbus* had enjoin'd him, When *Pallas* from the *Greeks* remov'd her Aid.

Whilſt *Mars* obey'd his Orders, *Phœbus* brings *Æneas* from the Fane, entirely cur'd; (*m*) The God confirms him with recruited Strength, Then Courage gives incapable of Fear. But when the Soldiers at their Head be-

(*l*) *Drawing a Veil of Darkneſs o'er the Field.*] This is ſaying in a Poetical Manner, that *Mars*, in exciting the Squadrons, raiſes ſo much Duſt, that all the Field is cover'd with it. Thus this ſame Duſt, which at firſt whiten'd the Squadrons, makes, a Moment after, a thick Cloud, to which *Homer* gives the Name of *Night*, becauſe it hides the Light of the Sun from them, and makes them fight in Obſcurity. *Homer*'s Expreſſion is remarkable, ἐκάλυψε νύκ[α, *tegit noctem*, meaning, *fudit, condenſavit.*

(*m*) *The God confirms him with recruited Strength, then Courage gives incapable of Fear.*] *Homer*, in all the Miracles he relates, never departs from Probability. *Æneas* is not only cur'd of his Wounds, but he recovers his Strength, and finds his Valour increas'd; for to God nothing is impoſſible. He reſtores Strength to the Fatigued, and he increaſes the Courage of thoſe who are the moſt dejected. *Dat laſſo virtutem, & his qui non ſunt, fortitudinem & robur multiplicat. He giveth Power to the Faint, and to them that have no Might, he increaſeth Strength*, Iſa. xl. 29.

held Their Prince alive, and all his Pow'rs entire, Tranſporting Joys reviv'd their ſick'ning Souls: (*n*) Yet ſtood they not to ask how this befel, Another ſort of Task requir'd their time, Impos'd by *Phœbus*, harmful *Mars*, and *Diſcord*.

The two *Ajaces*, *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes*, On their ſide chear'd the *Grecians* to the Fight. Nor did th' advancing *Trojans* them deject: Fearleſs, they heard their Out-cries and Bravades, And firmly ſtanding did their Charge expect. (*o*) As thoſe thick Clouds, which *Jove* ſometimes aſſembles Upon a Mountain's Top, and there retains, Whilſt *Boreas* ſleeps, and all the ruffling Winds; For when they once are rouz'd, their horrid Whilſtlings Have ſoon diſpers'd that Maſs of gloomy Vapours: So ſtood the *Greeks*, waiting the *Trojans* Onſet: While great *Atrides* coaſts about the Army, Giving Commands, and ſtirring up his Soldiers.

(*n*) *Yet ſtood they not to ask how this befel.*] This Paſſage alone might ſuffice to ſhew, that when *Homer* makes his Heroes hold a long Diſcourſe, 'tis when the Occaſion is not very preſſing, and gives them time to do it; for where the Action is ever ſo little ſharp, he very well knows how to retrench all the Speeches which wou'd be ſuperfluous or improper. After this Remark, I ſhall relate one of *Euſtathius*'s, which deſerves ſome Attention. He ſays, that *Homer* ſlightly paſſes over this miraculous Cure of *Æneas*, becauſe having no other Foundation for the Probability of it, than the Power of the Gods, and it not being juſtifiable, either by Fable or Allegory, it ought not to have been told more at large.

(*o*) *As thoſe thick Clouds, which Jove ſometimes aſſembles.*] This Image is fine and noble, and it appears in the Sequel ſo much the more juſt, as it foretels the Flight of the *Greeks*, and as the *Trojans* are compar'd to *Boreas*, and to the other ſtormy Winds, which diſſipate the Clouds.

" Shew

(*p*) "Shew yourſelves Men (my Friends) "and be couragious, And arm yourſelves with "dauntleſs Reſolution. (*q*) Let that Reſpect "you owe to one another, Oblige you in the "Fight to do your Duty. Remember, in an "Army of brave Men, More are preſerv'd "than periſh; but the Tim'rous, Beſides their "Loſs of Glory, loſe their Strength, And "fall an eaſy Victim to their Foes."

With this, he ſtrongly threw his pond'rous Spear: It reach'd *Deicoon Pergaſides*, Who bravely fought among the foremoſt Troops, *Æneas'* Friend; and no leſs dear to *Troy*, Than if he one of *Priam's* Sons had been, Becauſe he oft had bore the Brunt in Fight. Him, on the Shield, *Atrides'* Jav'lin ſtruck, And meeting ſlender Oppoſition there, It urg'd a Paſſage thro' his Belt and Belly; Down fell he, with his rattling Armour, dead.

Enrag'd at this Miſchance, *Æneas* kill'd *Orſilochus* and *Crethon*, two brave *Greeks*. They were the Sons of wealthy *Diocles*, Who in the beauteous Town of *Phera* liv'd, But fetch'd his Pedigree (*r*) from *Alpheus'* Stream, Which-

(*p*) *Shew yourſelves Men, my Friends, and be couragious.*] Theſe Expreſſions are often repeated in the Speeches which the Generals make to their Troops; for it was the *Oriental* Style. In Holy Scripture, the Chiefs exhort their Soldiers thus, *Viriliter agite, confortamini, nolite timere.*

(*q*) *Let the Reſpect you owe to one another.*] The *Greek* ſays, *have Shame for one another*; that is, *let the Shame of doing a cowardly Thing in the Preſence of one another influence you.* There is nothing more beneficial in any Thing whatever, than this Shame; for which Reaſon *Terence* ſaid, *Erubuit, ſalva res eſt.*

(*r*) *From* Alpheus's *Stream, which often overflows the* Pylian *Lands.*] The Term εὐρὺ

often overflows the *Pylian* Lands. That God was Father to *Orſilochus*, Who o'er a mighty Nation bore the Rule. *Orſilochus* begot brave *Diocles*, And he gave birth to theſe two valiant Captains, (*s*) Who, in their Prime of Youth, embark'd for *Troy*, To ſhare the Honour of *Atrides'* Quarrel; But had no Glory, but of Dying there. As two young Lions, by their Mother bred To Carnage in the Foreſt's thick Receſſes, By Fury led, deſcend into the Plain, And there deſtroy Steers, Oxen, tender Sheep, Ev'n to the Owner's Lodge bear Fright and Terror, And every where leave Tokens of their Rage; Till by the Shepherds they themſelves are ſlain: So theſe two youthful Warriors, who had ſpread Deſtruction far and wide, kill'd by *Æneas*, Fell to the Earth, and in their Fall reſembl'd (*t*) Two ſtately Fir-trees, which a Storm throws down.

At their untimely Fall, great *Menelaus* Was touch'd with Pity: to the Front he came, Shining in Arms, and threatning Death to him That ſhou'd the firſt adventure to approach.

βέει, which *Homer* makes uſe of here, is not to expreſs the Breadth of the River *Alpheus*, but to ſhew its Nature, and that it is ſubject to overflow its Banks; οὐ μένει ἀεὶ κα]ὰ χώραν, ſays *Euſtathius*, ἀλλ' ὑπερβαίνων τὴν κοί]ην εὐρύνεται, ὃ δε μέχρι καὶ νῦν φαίνεται. *It does not always remain within its Bounds, but leaving its Bed, it extends itſelf, and overflows the Fields, as even at this Day it does.*

(*s*) *Who in their Prime of Youth.*] *Homer* ſhews by this, that in *Greece* they ſent their Children betimes to the War. This likewiſe appears from ſeveral other Paſſages.

(*t*) *Two ſtately Fir-trees.*] With what Art does *Homer* paſs from one Image to another! After having given, by the Compariſon of the two Lions, an Idea of the Courage of theſe two Brothers, he gives an Idea of their Stature, by this Image of the Fir-trees.

But

(*u*) But *Mars*, by thus provoking him, ſought only To make him fall a Prey to great *Æneas*. When *Neſtor*'s Son *Antilochus* obſerv'd him, Thus bent to urge a Combat of ſuch odds, He ruſhes thro' the foremoſt Ranks to join him, Fearing ſome Miſchief might befall the King, Which might deprive them of the Victory, (*w*) And make them loſe the Fruit of all their Labours.

Already *Menelaus* was near *Æneas*, Already had they, with a threat'ning Air, Survey'd each other, and prepar'd to charge; When *Neſtor*'s Son came up.

But when *Æneas*, valiant as he was, Saw theſe two Warriors join their Force againſt him, (*x*) He thought it not improper to retire. They, profiting by his Retreat, bear off

(*u*) *But* Mars *by thus provoking him.*] *Homer* could not ſhew the Difference between the Valour of *Æneas*, and that of *Menelaus*, in a finer and more Poetical Manner. *Menelaus* wou'd have ſunk beneath *Æneas*'s Efforts if *Antilochus* had not come to his Aid.

(*w*) *And make them loſe the Fruit of all their Labours.*] For, as *Agamemnon* gave to underſtand in the 3d Book, *Menelaus* being dead, the War would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think of nothing but returning Home.

(*x*) *He thought it not improper to retire.*] This is a Paſſage which *French* Valour wou'd find it hard to underſtand, and which it will never pardon; for neither our Officers nor Soldiers are wont to run from two Men. They fight without telling Noſes. 'Tis not for me to ſpeak upon theſe Subjects; but I think that we cannot accuſe *Homer* of being ignorant of what true Valour can and ought to do, he who has ſo often deſcrib'd it in the moſt ſublime Manner. This great Poet knew that Valour ſhou'd neither be raſh nor made, and that there are Occaſions, when the braveſt Man may without Shame call Prudence to his Aid. The ancient Proverb, Hercules *himſelf is not equal to two*, *ne Hercules contra duos*, ſhews 'tis an ancient Perſuaſion, that a brave Man may without Cowardice ſhun two Ene-

The

The Corps of *Crethon* and *Orſilochus*, Who had been ſo unfortunately ſlain: And, having giv'n them to the *Greeks*, return'd Into the Fight, and gave new Marks of Valour.

On this Occaſion fell *Pylæmenes*. He led the generous *Paphlagonian* Troops. The Son of *Atreus*, valiant *Menelaus*, Who us'd his Lance with wonderful Dexterity, Struck him i'th' Throat, and laid him at his Feet.

Antilochus, on his ſide, with a Stone, Wounded *Atymnius'* Son, the valiant *Mydon*, Who drove the Chariot of *Pylæmenes*, And always near him fought: he wounded him Juſt on the Elbow, as he turn'd his Horſes: (*y*) Down drop the Reins, (*z*) and trail along the Sand. *Antilochus*, without delay, runs at him, And ſtrikes him on the Temple with his Sword. Gaſping, (*a*) brave *Mydon* from his Chariot fell,

mies, eſpecially when nothing engages him indiſpenſably to ſtand them, and that he may do better elſewhere. [The former Part of this Note, I ſuppoſe, Madam *Dacier* will think adviſable to omit in the next *French* Edition; and whether it ought not to have been put among the *Errata* of this, I leave to the *Engliſh* Reader to determine.]

(*y*) *Down drop the Reins, and trail along the Sand.*] The *Greek* ſays, the Reins *white with Ivory*. They us'd to adorn the Reins with Ivory, and at the end there were likewiſe little Ivory Sticks to hold them by.

(*z*) *And trail along the Sand.*] *Homer* paints even the Trailing of the Reins. This is what Poetry ought always to be doing; it ſhould be everlaſtingly painting.

(*a*) *Brave* Mydon *from his Chariot fell Head foremoſt, where the Sand was ſoft and deep.*] *Homer* ſo well varies all the different Attitudes (or Poſtures) of the Wounded, and of thoſe that were dying, that here he paints the Fall of a Man, who, tumbling Head foremoſt in a ſoft and deep Place, ſinks up to the Shoulders, there remains faſt, and is held erect with his Heels in the Air, by the Weight of his Armour.

Head

Head foremoſt, where the Sand was ſoft and deep; There to the Shoulders ſinking, ſtood an-end, His Heels upright: his Horſes trod him down. Theſe *Neſtor*'s Son drove off.

At this, in *Hector* flew, with mighty Uproar: The *Trojans* follow'd with undaunted Steps: Great *Mars* and ſtern *Bellona* went before them. (*b*) *Bellona* ſcatter'd Terror and Diſmay, And *Mars* was arm'd with an enormous Lance, Which with a fierce and threat'ning Air he bore: (*c*) That dreadful God of Battel ſometimes march'd Before great *Hector*, ſometimes follow'd him.

Tydides, ſeeing this, was ſeiz'd with Fear. As a raw Traveller, when he hath paſs'd Thro' ſpacious Plains, and many a Mile has gone, Meets, on a ſudden, in his way, a River, Which fiercely rolling down its foamy Torrent, Conveys its wat'ry Tribute to the Ocean; Startl'd he ſtops, and back again returns: So far'd it

(*b*) Bellona *ſcatter'd Terror and Diſmay.*] I have tranſlated the Verſe of *Homer*, as we would now-a-days ſpeak; not daring to venture the Figure he has us'd, leſt it ſhou'd ſeem too bold, or indeed, leſt it ſhou'd not be underſtood. *Homer* ſays, Bellona *had* (wore) *Terror and Diſmay*, that is to ſay, Terror and Diſmay were the Arms of *Bellona*. This Idea is grand and beautiful. The Sequel manifeſtly proves this to be the right Senſe of it. *Bellona* had for her Arms Fear and Diſmay, and *Mars* bore an enormous Lance, *&c.* this is clear. How ingenious is he to give to Arms the Name of the Paſſions which they inſpire!

(*c*) *That dreadful God of Battel ſometimes march'd before great* Hector, *ſometimes follow'd him.*] *Homer* is perpetually giving Marks of a vaſt and ſublime Wit. What a Greatneſs, what an Elevation is there, in this Elogium of *Hector*! *Mars* himſelf has no Advantage of him, if he ſometimes precedes *Hector*, he is likewiſe ſometimes preceded by him.

with

with *Tydides*, who retiring, Made this ſhort Speech, directed to his Troops: "No Wonder, "Friends, that *Hector* is ſo valiant, Who al- "ways has ſome favouring God to guard him: "Now, whilſt I ſpeak, *Mars*, in a human "Shape, Aſſociates with him, and aſſiſts his "Rage. Forbear, then, farther to attack the "*Trojans*; Retire, but keep your Faces to the "Foe; (*d*) Yield to the Gods, nor raſhly "fight againſt them."

He ceas'd; when ſtrait the *Trojans* pour upon them, And in the middle of their Squadrons, *Hector* Slew, with his Hand, *Meneſthes* and *Anchialus*, Two Leaders expert in the Art of War; They both together in one Chariot rode.

The mighty *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*, With Pity touch'd, advances to revenge them; And ſtopping at ſome diſtance from the Foe, He lanch'd his Spear, and wounded *Amphius*, The Son of *Selagus*, who dwelt in *Pæſos*, Where he in Wealth abounded; but the Fates Sent him to *Troy*, in aid of God-like *Priam*. The mortal Weapon pierc'd his Shoulder-belt, And entring deep his Belly's lower Rim, It drank his Blood: unhappy *Amphius* falls, And far the Clanking of his Arms was heard.

Ajax ran in to ſtrip him of his Arms: The *Trojans* pour upon him Show'rs of Darts, With which his ample Shield is ſoon ſtuck full: Yet he, undaunted, ruſh'd on *Amphius*' Corps, And treading on his Breaſt, pluck'd forth his Spear.

(*d*) *Yield to the Gods.*] See the Effect of the Counſels which *Minerva* gave *Diomed*; he obeys. Yet does he not fly, for *Diomed* is incapable of running away, but he fights, retreating.

Then

Then he withdrew, nor cou'd he have the Glory, To gain his beauteous Arms: he was the Butt Of all their Darts, and ſaw their Bands, compacted, And cover'd with their Shields, advancing fiercely, To ſave the Body of unhappy *Amphius*. His Prudence then prevailing on his Courage, He gave the Torrent way, and back return'd.

Whilſt thus, in ſtubborn War, both Armies toil'd, Fate puſh'd the valorous Son of *Hercules*, The big *Tlepolemus*, againſt *Sarpedon*. Soon as theſe two, (*Jove*'s Grandſon and his Son) Were near each other, ready for the Charge, Thus to *Jove*'s Son, *Tlepolemus*, firſt ſpoke: "Why "did'ſt thou, (*e*) vain *Sarpedon*, leave thy Coun- "try? What forc'd thee here, to ſhew thy "Want of Courage, And make it known, that "thou'rt not born for Battels? They lye, that "ſtyle thee Son to *Jove*, ſince *Jove* No ſuch "weak Men begot in elder Times: But ſuch "as *Hercules*, my Father; he Was *Jove*'s true "Iſſue, dauntleſs as a Lion, Untam'd by Toil, "invincible in War. (*f*) He to this Coun- "try whilom came, to fetch The Horſes of

(*e*) *Why didſt thou, vain* Sarpedon.] *Euſtathius* very well advertiſes us, that *Homer* gives here, in the Perſon of *Tlepolemus*, the Character of a vain Man, who can do nothing but deck himſelf with the Exploits of his Father; and this to ſhew us, that the Virtues of our Anceſtors are only Secondary to our perſonal Virtues, and make almoſt nothing for us. Of what uſe is all *Hercules*'s Valour to *Tlepolemus*? It does not hinder him from being kill'd by *Sarpedon*.

(*f*) *He to this Country whilom came.*] *Homer*, to divert his Reader, very naturally brings in ſeveral ancient Stories ſuitable to the ſubject. Here he tells him of the firſt Taking of *Troy* by *Hercules*, and *Tlepolemus* would thereby inſinuate to

"*Laome-*

" *Laomedon:* he came, With ſix ſmall Veſſels
" only, and few Men, And yet he fail'd not
" to deſtroy the Town, And make of *Troy*'s
" broad Streets, a frightful Deſart. But thou
" a Coward art, a very Coward; Nor canſt
" thou, with thy miſerable Troops, Afford much
" Help to *Troy*; No, tho' thou wert A Prodi-
" gy of Valour; for, this Moment, My Lance
" ſhall ſend thee packing down to Hell."

To this the *Lycian* Leader thus reply'd;
" 'Tis true, *Tlepolemus*, *Troy* once was ſack'd
" By *Hercules*, becauſe the King had wrong'd
" him: (*g*) *Laomedon* imprudently refus'd To
" let him have the Horſes he had promis'd,
" And which that Hero came ſo far to fetch.
" The perjur'd King, not ſatisfy'd with this,
" Gave him ſharp Language, and unworthy
" Treatment, (*h*) Tho' *Hercules* had done him
" ſignal Service. But as for thee, *Tlepolemus*,

Sarpedon, that if *Hercules*, with ſix Ships only, cou'd take *Troy*, it was leſs likely to reſiſt a Fleet of a thouſand Ships; and that if this City was ruin'd, for having refus'd *Hercules* the Horſes which were promis'd him, 'twas not to be doubted, but that its Fall wou'd be yet more unhappy for the Rape of *Helen*, and for having refus'd to reſtore her to her Husband.

(*g*) Laomedon *imprudently refus'd.*] *Sarpedon* cannot deny that *Hercules* took *Troy*; but he tries to detract from this Action, by ſaying, 'twas leſs owing to the Valour of *Hercules*, than to the Injuſtice of *Laomedon*. But what then will become of the *Trojans*? Will not the Injuſtice of *Priam* and his Princes be ſtill more fatal to them? *Sarpedon* knows this Conſequence, therefore inſiſts not on it, but proceeds inſtantly to Threats, *Thy Life's laſt Moment waits thee*, &c.

(*h*) *Tho'* Hercules *had done him ſignal Service.*] For *Hercules* had ſav'd his Daughter *Heſione*, by killing the Sea-Monſter to which ſhe was expos'd, and who was going to devour her. *Apollodorus*, Lib. 2.

" I

" I fore-tell, Thou ſhalt not have the Fortune
" of thy Father: Thy Life's laſt Moment
" waits thee on this Spot: Here thou ſhalt
" fall, and I the Glory boaſt, Of adding one
" Shade more to *Pluto*'s Empire."

This ſaid, their Spears at once left both their Hands: *Sarpedon*'s pierc'd quite thro' *Tlepolemus*' Neck: Death clos'd his Eye-lids with eternal Darkneſs.

The Jav'lin, which *Tlepolemus* had lanch'd, *Sarpedon*'s left Thigh hit: the greedy Point, Puſh'd with a mighty Force, enter'd the Bone, And there remain'd: *Jove* ſav'd his Son from Death.

Sarpedon's Friends from out the Tumult bear him; Extremely pain'd; the Spear ſtill in his Thigh: (*i*) For none once thought of drawing out the Shaft, Such Haſte they made to get him out of Danger.

The *Greeks*, mean while, bear off *Tlepolemus*. Magnanimous *Ulyſſes* at the Sight Was mov'd, and with himſelf debating ſtood, Whether he ſhou'd purſue the Thund'rer's Son, Or wreak his Vengeance on the *Lycian* Troops. But 'twas not fated, that the warlike Son Of *Jove* ſhou'd fall beneath *Ulyſſes*' Pow'r: (*k*) *Minerva* there-

(*i*) *For none once thought.*] This is a Thing, which, becauſe of its being very natural, ſeems to me to be likely to happen very often in Battles. *Homer*, by the Choice of Circumſtances, and different Accidents, which commonly happen in Battels, throws an admirable Variety into his Verſes, and Nature appears in every thing he ſays.

(*k*) Minerva *therefore turn'd his Arms and Anger.*] *Minerva*, without doubt, did it for this farther Reaſon; it wou'd not have been very glorious, for *Ulyſſes* to kill *Sarpedon*, whom another had already wounded.

fore

fore turn'd his Arms and Anger Againſt the *Lycians*, in the midſt of whom, He kill'd *Alaſtor*, *Chromius*, *Ceranus*, *Alcander*, *Alius*, *Prytanis*, and *Næmon*.

He in his Rage had many more deſtroy'd, But that bold *Hector* ſaw the Ravages The Hero made, ev'n in the hindmoſt Ranks. Strait he advances, arm'd with glitt'ring Steel: His threatning Mien brought Terror and Affright.

The Son of *Jove*, *Sarpedon*, ſeeing *Hector*, Was over-joy'd, and raiſing up his Voice, He in a Tone, which ſhew'd his Weakneſs, ſaid, "Leave me not, *Hector*, to the *Greeks* a Prey! "Grant me thy Aid, and ſave me from their "Hands! (*l*) Then in your City let me end "my Life, So ſhall I be content, ſince Deſtiny "Denies my Wife and tender Son the Plea-"ſure, Ever to ſee me more."

He ſpoke; but *Hector* ſtaid not to reply: Swift he paſs'd on, impatient to repulſe The *Greeks*, and drown Earth's Surface with their Blood.

The noble Friends of the divine *Sarpedon*, Place him beneath a Beech, ſacred to *Jove*. There valiant *Pelagon*, his deareſt Friend, Drew forth the Spear: (*m*) with Pain *Sarpedon* fainted: Loſt was his Sight in Darkneſs, but at length, His Soul, almoſt extinct, rekindl'd

(*l*) *Then in your City let me end my Life.*] It was not Death that made *Sarpedon* afraid, for that wou'd have been unworthy of a Hero and a Son of *Jupiter*, but the Shame of falling into his Enemies Hands, and the Indignities they wou'd have exercis'd on him.

(*m*) *With Pain* Sarpedon *fainted.*] This often happens, when Arrows are drawn out of Wounds.

in

in him: (*n*) For friendly *Boreas* flying to his Aid, With cooling Blaſts recall'd his wand'ring Spirits.

Mean while, fierce *Hector* and War's dreadful God Attack'd the *Greeks* with ſuch impetuous Fury, That they no longer cou'd ſuſtain their Shock. Yet turn'd they not their Backs to gain their Ships, Nor cou'd they ſtand it out; for *Mars*, they ſaw, Headed the Foe: ſo, fighting, they retreated.

(*o*) Whom firſt? Whom laſt did *Priam*'s warlike Son And the fierce God of Battel overthrow? The Godlike *Teuthras*, and the brave (*p*) *Oreſtes*, Generous *Ætolian Trechus*, *Ænomaus*, The Son of *Ænops*, *Helenus*, *Oreſbius*, Who always wore a Helmet oddly deck'd, And in *Bœotian Hyla*, on the Lake, *Cephiſſis* dwelt, abounding in rich Paſture, Where he to Culture ſtrongly bent his Mind.

All theſe brave Chiefs were kill'd in this Attack. But when the white-arm'd *Juno* ſaw the Loſs, Which the *Greeks* ſuffer'd in this vigorous Action, She to *Minerva* thus herſelf expreſs'd: "What do we ſee, O *Jove*'s uncon-
"quer'd Offspring? Vain will our Promiſe be

(*n*) *For friendly* Boreas *flying to his Aid with cooling Blaſts recall'd his wandring Spirits.*] What Poetry is here! to ſignify, that a freſh Breeze of Wind fetch'd *Sarpedon* out of his Swoon!

(*o*) *Whom firſt?*] *Homer* of a ſudden interrupts his Narration by this Apoſtrophe, to render his Reader more attentive to the great Exploits of *Hector*.

(*p*) *Oreſtes*——*Ænomaus*——*Helenus*.] Theſe are the proper Names of ſome *Grecian* Captains, and muſt not be confounded with *Oreſtes*, the Son of *Agamemnon*; with *Ænomaus*, Father-in-Law of *Pelops*; nor with *Helenus*, *Hector*'s Brother.

"to

" to *Menelaus*, That he ſhou'd, after ſacking
" haughty *Troy*, Return to *Greece* victorious,
" and reveng'd, If thus we ſuffer *Mars*, with-
" out Controul, To exerciſe his Rage amid the
" *Greeks*. Let's rouze ourſelves, and try what
" we can do, To ſtop his Fury, and ſupport
" the *Greeks*."

She ſpoke: nor was *Minerva* diſobedient. To loſe no Time, Dread *Juno* went herſelf, Her Horſes to prepare, whoſe braided Mains With golden Rings were ty'd.

To ſecond her Impatience, charming *Hebe* (*q*) Puts to the Chariot's iron Axle-tree The brazen Wheels, of eight concentring Spokes: The Fellies, made of ever-during Gold, Were ſhod with Braſs, and wonderfully wrought: The Naves on both ſides were of Maſſy Silver. The Chariot, ſemi-circularly form'd, Suſpending, ſway'd on gold and ſilver Braces: A ſilver Pole

(*q*) Hebe *puts to the Chariot's iron Axle-tree*, &c.] *Homer* here lets us know that there were Chariots which took to Pieces, and inſtead of ſtanding in Coach-houſes, the ſeveral Parts were lock'd up, and put together again when they were to be us'd. This agreed perfectly with the Chariots of the Gods, and ſtill more with that of *Juno*, who is nothing but the Air, as the Daughter of *Pythagoras*, the ſage *Damo*, made appear in her Commentary upon *Homer*, where ſhe explain'd all the allegorical Paſſages. 'Tis a thouſand pities that Commentary is loſt. Since therefore there were ſuch Chariots which us'd to be taken to pieces, *Homer* very naturally lays hold of this Opportunity to deſcribe all the different Parts of that Chariot of *Juno*, as if he had made it himſelf; and this is the Maſter-piece of Poetry, to be able to ſucceed in theſe ſort of Deſcriptions. That we might ſee the infinite Advantage the *Greek* Tongue has over ours [the *French*] I ſhou'd be glad ſome great Poet wou'd undertake to put into Verſe the whole Fabrick of a Chariot. We ſhou'd find a great Difference.

was faſten'd to the Carriage; On this the Goddeſs ties the golden Gears. The Chariot thus prepar'd, the Queen of Heav'n, On Blood and Slaughter ſetting all her Mind, With her own Hands put to her fiery Courſers.

Mean time, the Offspring of Almighty *Jove*, The Warrior *Pallas*, went to arm herſelf. And firſt, (*r*) her Veil the Goddeſs did unclaſp, That Veil, which by her own fair Hands was made, Extremely fine, and admirably wrought: Down on her Father's azure Pavement, waving, (*s*) The looſen'd Veil falls at the Goddeſs' Feet. (*t*) The Thund'rer's maſſy Armour ſhe claps on; Fitting herſelf for Fights and fierce Alarms: (*u*) Then on her Shoulder hangs the horrid *Ægis*, Surrounded with a hundred Tufts of Gold: (*w*) Horror and Fear the dreadful Margin fill'd:

(*r*) *Her Veil the Goddeſs did unclaſp.*] This Veil, πέπλος, was a ſort of training Mantle; a Robe which the Women of Quality wore above their Gowns, and which was faſten'd with a Claſp or Buckle.

(*s*) *The looſen'd Veil falls at the Goddeſs's Feet.*] The *Greek* Expreſſion is remarkable, *She pours the Veil at her Feet*, κατέχευεν. This Word implies not only the Fineneſs and Suppleneſs of the Stuff, but likewiſe the Manner of its falling at the Goddeſs's Feet, in ſeveral Plaits or Folds, which, as it were, flow'd like Waves.

(*t*) *The Thund'rer's maſſy Armour ſhe claps on.*] *Minerva* wears no Arms but thoſe of *Jupiter*; for ſhe herſelf is nothing but the Wiſdom of that God.

(*u*) *Then on her Shoulder hangs the horrid* Ægis.] The *Ægis* is here manifeſtly the Buckler; for, in going to Battel, the Buckler is wore upon the Shoulder. *Euſtathius* tells us, that the Ancients mark'd theſe Verſes with an Aſteriſm * a Note they aſſign'd only to that which they deem'd perfectly Elegant, and more than ordinary Bright. I am perſuaded, there's no Reader but will perceive the Beauty of them even in my Tranſlation (the *French*) without the Help of this Star.

(*w*) *Horror and Fear the dreadful Margin fill'd.*] *Homer* here paints Terror, Rout,

In

In it, around the Centre, were Contention,
And Fortitude, and terrible Purſuit; Attacks,
Rout, Fury, and diſtracted Flight; Slaughter,
and Death, with all the Train of War: And
in the middle ſtood out *Gorgon's* Head, That
monſtrous Head, whoſe very Sight is mortal;
Amazing Prodigy of wrathful *Jove!* And next
the Goddeſs puts upon her Head A Cask of
Gold ſhadow'd with four large Plumes, (*x*) It
might have been ſufficient to have cover'd The
numerous Army of a hundred Cities. Thus
ſhe the flaming Chariot mounts, near *Juno*,
And with a Force reſiſtleſs, takes a Lance,
Of Weight and Size miraculous; that Lance,
With which, when anger'd, ſhe whole Armies
ſcatters.

Juno the Horſes drove, nor ſpar'd the Whip.
(*y*) Heav'n's ample Gates on grinding Hinges,

Diſcord, &c. as Figures grav'd upon the Shield of *Jupiter*, and theſe are only the different Effects of the Power and Omnipotence of that God. What a Greatneſs is there in this Idea!

(*x*) *It might have been ſufficient to have cover'd the numerous Army of a hundred Cities.*] *Homer* ſays theſe two Lines in four Words, and theſe four Words, *Euſtathius* obſerves, may likewiſe ſignify, that *upon this Helmet were engraven the numerous Battalions of an Army.* I like the firſt Conſtruction the beſt; but take it which way we will, *Homer* by this great and noble Idea was minded to ſignify, that the Providence of God extending itſelf over all the Univerſe, the Helmet that covers his Head, might alſo cover whole Armies. Indeed the Helmet of *Jupiter* ought to be of an immenſe Size, ſince it is for a Head that governs the whole World; and a Head that governs the whole World, ought not to be a ſmall one. The Head muſt always be proportion'd to the Offices and Functions.

(*y*) *Heav'n's ample Gates*, &c.] *Homer* ſays, *the Gates of Heav'n*, meaning the Entrance of Heav'n, as the *Hebrews* us'd to ſay, *the Gates of the Earth*, for *the Ends of the Earth*, *the Entrance of the*

rung,

rung, And of their own accord flew open to her. (z) Thoſe Gates, which to the *Horæ* are committed, Who, e'er ſince Time began, have had the Watch Of high *Olympus*, and *Jove*'s glitt'ring Palace; And who, according as theſe everlaſting Gates Are either to be ſhut or ope'd, with eaſe Collect or ſcatter the thick Cloud, their Barrier. Their willing Horſes flew, and ſoon they won The higheſt Summit of th' *Olympian* Hill; Where, ſever'd from the other Gods, ſate *Jove*. Heav'n's Queen her Horſes ſtopp'd, and thus addreſs'd him: "Great *Jupiter*, the "Sire of the Immortals, Canſt thou, well pleas'd, "behold the God of War Thus raging in the "Field? art thou not mov'd, To ſee ſo many "*Greeks* thus butcher'd by him? And muſt diſ-"figuring Sorrow cloud my Brow, Whilſt *Ve-*"*nus* and *Latona*'s Son deride me, And quiet-"ly enjoy the Satisfaction Of ſetting (a) that "mad God againſt the *Greeks*? That Sot, who "owns no other Law but Force? Great *Jove!* "ſhall I incur your high Diſpleaſure, If I this "cruel Homicide oppoſe; And, wounding, "make him from the Fight retire?"

The Maſter of the Thunder thus replying:

Earth. The Prophet *Jeremiah* xv. 7. *Et diſpergam os ventilabro in portis terræ. And I will fan them with a Fan in the Gates of the Land.* All this is admirable Poetry.

(z) *Thoſe Gates which to the* Horæ *are committed.*] *Homer* here calls *Hours* (Horæ) what we call *the Seaſons*; and he ſays very well, that the Gates of Heav'n are committed to them; becauſe it is the Seaſons that open and ſhut Heav'n, either by driving away, or bringing together the Clouds.

(a) *That mad God----that Sot, who owns no other Law but Force.*] What a Portraiture is here of *Mars!*

" Goddeſs, ſaid he, (*b*) leave this to warlike " *Pallas*; For ſhe knows how to thwart him: " She, of old, Has been his Bane, and often " overcome him."

He ſpoke: Nor did Heav'n's Queen delay one Moment To execute a Thing ſo grateful to her: Urg'd with her Whip, away the Horſes flew, 'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, and leap'd at every Stroke, (*c*) As far as from a Promontory's Point In a bright Day, a Man can ſtretch his View, Along the azure Plain's immenſe Expanſion.

When the two Goddeſſes arriv'd near *Troy*, Where *Simois* and *Scamander* wed their Waves, *Juno* her Horſes ſtopp'd, and then, untying, About them ſhe diffus'd a ſable Cloud. Strait, *Simois* did, on his Banks, produce Divine *Ambroſia* for their Provender: Then, without touching Earth, the two Immortals (*d*) Mov'd, like a Pair of Doves, to aid the *Greeks*.

(*b*) *Leave this to warlike* Pallas, *for ſhe knows how to thwart him*, &c.] For nothing but Wiſdom can maſter Strength. It is not improper to obſerve here the Conduct of *Homer*. He ſets *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight *Mars*; becauſe a Battel between *Mars* and *Juno* cou'd not have been ſupported by any Allegory, to have authoriz'd the Fable; whereas the Allegory conceal'd under a Conteſt between *Mars* and *Minerva*, is ſufficiently obvious.

(*c*) *As far as from a Promontory's Point*, &c.] *Longinus*, amaz'd at the Nobleneſs and Grandeur of this Idea, has not forgot to ſet it down in the Chapter, where he treats of the Sublimity of Thoughts. *See*, ſays he, *how* Homer *aggrandizeth his Deities, meaſuring the Leaps of their very Horſes by the Breadth of the Horizon, ſo that ſhou'd theſe Horſes of the Gods take a ſecond Stretch, the World wou'd want room for a third.*

(*d*) *Mov'd, like a Pair of Doves.*] He compares the Gate of theſe Goddeſſes to that of Doves, to ſhew the Delicacy and Lightneſs of their Motion; for the An-

They

They went where they the greateſt Throng obſerv'd, And found a Number of the braveſt Chiefs, Aſſembl'd round illuſtrious *Diomed*; All look'd like Lions at a bloody Feaſt Of new-ſlain Carcaſſes; or furious Boars, Who, ſtrong beyond Encounter, keep at bay The Courage of the moſt determin'd Hunters. There *Juno* ſtopp'd, and taking the Reſemblance Of generous *Stentor*, whoſe amazing Voice Than Braſs was louder, (*e*) and who, ſingly crying With ſtretch'd-out Throat, cou'd make himſelf be heard Farther than fifty the robuſteſt Men; "Baſe, Coward *Greeks!* the Goddeſs ſtrait "exclaims; Soldiers in Name and Shape, but "not in Act! (*f*) Whilſt *Peleus'* Godlike Son "in Fight appear'd, The *Trojans* never dar'd "to ſet a Foot Without their Gates, His very "Looks they fear'd; (*g*) But now at diſtance

cients have written, that this ſort of Dove which *Homer* ſpeaks of, left no Impreſſion of their Feet behind them; and therefore the Poet ſays, *they mov'd without touching Earth* [Βάτην in the *Greek*; from βῆμι, *eo, incedo*, and alſo *aſcendo*; tho' Mr. *Barnes* and the other *Latin* Tranſlators render it by *incedo* only.]

(*e*) *And who, ſingly crying.*] This was a very valuable and neceſſary Quality, eſpecially in thoſe Heroic Times, before the Uſe of Trumpets; nor was it diſeſteem'd after the Invention of that Inſtrument. *Herodotus* obſerves, that *Darius* had, to attend him, an *Ægyptian*, who had the loudeſt ſtrongeſt Voice of any Man in that Age. *Homer* does not depart from Probability in making *Juno* ſo vocal, ſince *Juno* is nothing but the Air, and ſince Air occaſions Sound.

(*f*) *Whilſt* Peleus's *Godlike Son in Fight appear'd, the* Trojans *never dar'd*, &c.] With what Art does the Poet here extol the Valour of *Achilles*, and at the ſame time prevent his Reader from forgetting his Hero!

(*g*) *But now at diſtance from their Town they fight.*] *Strabo* makes uſe of this Paſſage of *Homer*, to prove that *Old Troy* was much farther

" from their Town they fight, Nay almoſt
" puſh the War on board your Ships."
While *Juno* thus, by ſharp Reproaches, gave
Freſh Strength and Reſolution to the Army,
Minerva went to *Tydeus'* valiant Son, Whom
ſtanding near his Steeds and Car ſhe found.
That Hero was withdrawn a little Space, To
take ſome Reſpite, and to cool his Wound;
For he, beneath the broad and heavy Belt On
which his Buckler hung, ran down with Sweat;
So faint, his Soul ſcarce gave his Body Motion.
But lifting up the Belt, he waſh'd the Wound,
And wip'd away the Blood that melted from it.
(*b*) The Goddeſs, on the Horſes Withers lean-
ing, Spoke in this ſort: " *Tydeus* indeed has
" got A Son who is not over-like his Father!
" *Tydeus* had no ſuch advantageous Stature, As
" hath his Son; but then he had a Heart! I
" never ſhall forget (*i*) when from the *Greeks*
" He ſingly went Ambaſſador to *Thebes*: Tho'

from the Sea than *New Troy*: Which was ſo near to it, that the Poet cou'd not have ſaid *The* Trojans *fought at diſtance from their Town*: Beſides, as he very well ſays, if *Old Troy* had been ſo near to the Sea, one cou'd not tell which moſt to wonder at, the Folly of the *Greeks*, or the Cowardice of the *Trojans*; the former for leaving their Camp and Fleet ſo long without any Fortification, under the noſe of ſo great an Enemy-City; and the latter for not daring to undertake any thing ſo long a time againſt an Army not intrenched; they who afterwards perform'd ſuch great things, when it was cover'd with good Intrenchments!

(*b*) *The Goddeſs on the Horſes Withers leaning.*] With what Art does *Homer* preſerve Conſiſtency! To bring in this Converſation of *Minerva*'s with *Diomed*, he takes the time when that *Hero*, withdrawn from the Fight and out of Breath, is employ'd about cooling and relieving his Wound upon the Banks of *Simois*.

(*i*) *When from the* Greeks *he ſingly went Ambaſſador to* Thebes.] *Agamemnon* recounted this Story in the prece-

" I

" I much blam'd his Boldneſs, and forbad him
" To quarrel with the *Thebans*, who were nu-
" merous, Or to inſult them with his uſual
" Fierceneſs; But, feaſting with them, ſit in
" peaceful Manner. My Orders and Precau-
" tions were in vain, Nor cou'd they bridle
" his unruly Courage; Thoſe proud *Cadmæans*
" boldly he defy'd, And foil'd them all with
" eaſe; for I aſſiſted. Nor do I leſs for thee,
" than for thy Sire, I'm always with thee, I
" protect, defend thee: (*k*) Yet when I bid
" thee go againſt the *Trojans*, Pretended Wea-
" rineſs or Fear detains thee. (*l*) Thou ſhalt
" no more be deem'd the Son of *Tydeus*, That
" *Tydeus* who in Courage ſo excell'd, That ev'n
" Myſelf cou'd not its Sallies curb!"

ding Book; and therefore *Homer* only touches it *en paſſant*, becauſe he ſuppoſes his Reader already inſtructed.

(*k*) *Yet when I bid thee go againſt the* Trojans, *pretended Wearineſs or Fear detains thee.*] I can't forbear putting in a Word here, (for the Aſſiſtance of ſuch as may need it;) It is, to ſhew the Force and Beauty of this offenſive Parallel which *Minerva* makes between *Diomed* and his Father *Tydeus*; for I'm perſuaded, ſuch Remarks may be of more uſe than any that might be made upon the Points of Antiquity. *Tydeus*, alone, in an Enemy-City, fought againſt the *Cadmæans*, notwithſtanding the Prohibition of *Minerva*, and conquer'd them: And *Diomed* at the Head of his Troops, in the midſt of a great Army, and againſt Enemies much inferior in Number, refuſes to fight, tho' *Minerva* bids him. *Tydeus* diſobeys that Goddeſs, for the ſake of Fighting; and *Diomed* diſobeys her to avoid Fighting; and diſobeys, after he had, upon a thouſand Occaſions, experienc'd that Goddeſs's Aſſiſtance. Theſe are the Turns which *Demoſthenes* ſeems to have ſo thoroughly ſtudy'd, and which he has imitated in ſo many Inſtances. *Demoſthenes* is indeed the moſt *Homerical* of all the Orators, and I'm apt to think one might explain his Art by that of *Homer*.

(*l*) *Thou ſhalt no more be deem'd the Son of* Tydeus.] This Conſequence, ſo neceſſarily and briefly deduc'd, is admirable.

The Hero, interrupting, thus reply'd; "Goddeſs, I know thee, thou *Jove*'s Offspring art; "And therefore, I, without Diſguiſe, ſhall ſpeak. "(*m*) 'Tis neither Wearineſs nor Fear detains "me, But your Commands, which bad me not "contend With any God, unleſs I *Venus* met; "Her only, you allow'd me to attack, And with "my Lance to wound: this is the Cauſe Why "thus I yield; this forc'd me to command "The *Greeks* to fight retreating; for I ſee "*Mars* domineering at the *Trojans* Head."

To this the ſage *Minerva*: "Deareſt *Diomed*, "Fear neither *Mars* nor any other God; But "for your Safety, on my Care depend, And "know, you are protected by my Shield; "Drive then thy mettl'd Horſe directly at "him; Charge home, and Hand to Hand en-"gage that Royſter; That publick Peſt ſo "hurtful to Mankind; That Rattle; That In-"conſtant, who, but lately, Promis'd both "*Juno* and myſelf to fight Againſt the *Trojans*, "and to aid the *Greeks*; And now, behold, he's "in the *Trojan* Int'reſt; And, mindleſs of his "Promiſe, fights for Them."

This ſaid, ſhe by the Hand takes *Sthenelus*, To cauſe him to deſcend from out the Chariot. He, in the inſtant, leaps to Earth; the Goddeſs, Boiling with Vengeance, vaults into his Place, And near the Son of *Tydeus* ſeats herſelf:

(*m*) *'Tis neither Wearineſs nor Fear detains me.*] There is an infinite Diſcretion in this Anſwer of *Diomed*; for it ſhews, that he has no leſs Courage than his Father, but that he is more ſubmiſſive to the Commands of the Gods.

The

(*n*) The beechen Axle groan'd beneath the Burden; So bold a Hero, and ſo great a Goddeſs! She ſnatches up the Reins, and drives full ſpeed At *Mars*, who juſt had ſlain great *Periphas*, *Ochesius'* Son, the ſtouteſt of th' *Ætolians*; War's cruel God bereav'd him of his Life. (*o*) *Pallas*, to hide herſelf from *Mars*'s ſight, Puts *Pluto*'s Helmet on. The God of War No ſooner ſet his Eyes on *Diomed*, But leaving *Periphas*, he march'd againſt him. When they were near; *Mars* firſt, at *Diomed*, Impatient to deſtroy him, reach'd a Thruſt, With his ſtrong Lance, above the Horſes Reins; But *Pallas* with her Hand, the Point averted, And ſtruck the eager Lance below the Chariot. Next, the bold *Greek* his Jav'lin did addreſs: Directed by *Minerva*, deep it went, Below his Ribs, (*p*) and piercing thro' the Truſs, Which girds the Waiſt, there, where the Corſlet ends, Gave a deep Wound, and tore his handſome Body. *Mars* drawing out the Spear, his Throat ſets up, As if Ten Thouſand Men, in Battel met,

(*n*) *The beechen Axle groan'd beneath the Burden.*] How cou'd a Chariot, made by a mortal Hand, do otherwiſe than groan beneath the Weight of a Goddeſs, a Goddeſs clad in the whole Armour of *Jupiter?*

(*o*) Pallas, *to hide herſelf from* Mars's *Sight, puts* Pluto's *Helmet on.*] As every Thing that goes into the Kingdom of *Pluto*, diſappears and cannot be ſeen, the *Greeks* borrow'd from thence this figurative Expreſſion, *to put on* Pluto's *Helmet*, meaning, *to become inviſible. Putting on* Pluto's *Helmet* was a Proverb, like that of *having* Gyges's *Ring*. *Plato* makes uſe of it in the 10th Book of his *Republick*.

(*p*) *And piercing thro' the Truſs, which girds the Waiſt, there, where the Corſlet end.*] This is that ſteel Truſs lin'd with Wool, which they us'd to gird themſelves with under the Extremity of the Cuiraſs, to ſave the Default of it. I have already mention'd it.

Had bray'd out all their Breaths in one Confuſion.

At this loud Roar, both *Greeks* and *Trojans* tremble; So dreadful was the Voice of War's fierce God. (*q*) As ſometimes, when a Southern Wind ariſes, Excited by the Dog-Star's burning Heats, A pitchy Cloud is ſeen to mount on high; So ſeem'd, to *Diomed*, redoubted *Mars*, Aſcending, in a Storm of Duſt, to Heav'n.

He, in a Moment, reach'd th' eternal Manſions; And, wrung with Pain and Grief, reſumes his Seat; Shews to *Saturnian Jove* th' immortal Blood Which iſſu'd from his Wound; then, deeply ſighing, Thus pour'd forth his Complaints: "Great *Jupiter*, Is not your "Wrath mov'd with theſe impious Actions? "Do not we Gods, as many as we are, Daily "from one another undergo A thouſand Grie-"vances to ſerve Mankind; (*r*) You are the

(*q*) *As ſometimes, when a Southern Wind ariſes*, &c.] Let us endeavour a little to unfold the Beauty and Exactneſs of this Idea. *Mars*, after a very ſharp Engagement, in the midſt of the Rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a Whirlwind of Duſt, which ſo many thouſand Combatants raiſe, flies away to *Olympus*. In theſe Circumſtances, *Homer* compares him to thoſe black Clouds, which in the Dog-Days, during a very ſcorching South-Wind, are ſometimes rais'd towards Heav'n; for then the Wind, gathering the Duſt in a Heap, forms of it an obſcure Cloud. The Heat of the Battel, the Flight of the *Trojans*, and the Duſt, which, forming a thick Cloud over the Army, ſtole *Mars* from his Enemy's ſight, furniſh'd *Homer* with this beautiful Image.

(*r*) *You are the only Cauſe of all our Conteſts.*] This I take to be the Senſe of theſe Words, σοὶ πάντες μαχόμεσθα. σοὶ, *for thee*, that is, διὰ σὲ, *becauſe of thee*; and *Mars* throws upon *Jupiter* all the Diſſenſions and Debates of the Gods, becauſe he gave an entire Licence to *Minerva*.

"only

" only Cauſe of all our Conteſts, (*s*) For you
" brought forth this mad pernicious Maid,
" Who, bent on Ill, no Juſtice knows, nor
" Rule. While we the other Gods obedient
" are, And with a due Subordinacy ſerve you;
" Her only You indulge, her only cocker: (*t*)
" You nor by Word, nor any Touch of Hand
" Ever correct her, 'cauſe ſhe's Your Creation,
" And from You only did receive her Birth.
" Hence ſhe's the only Object of your Love;
" Hence ſhe engroſſes all your Complaiſance,
" Which ſhe too ſcandalouſly does abuſe. Ev'n
" now ſhe breath'd into the raſh *Tydides* The
" Boldneſs to attack th' immortal Gods: With
" *Venus* he began, and hurt her Hand: Then
" like a Fury did ev'n Me aſſail; My Fleetneſs

(*s*) *For you brought forth this mad pernicious Maid.*] *Homer*, by this Fable, which is full of Allegory, ſhews that ſuch as are the moſt outrageous, the moſt unjuſt, and the moſt violent, accuſe of Outrage, Injuſtice, and Violence, thoſe who have the moſt Moderation and Tenderneſs. *Mars*, whom his Mother juſt before call'd *Mad God, and Sot, who owns no other Law but Force*, accuſes *Minerva* of this ſame *Madneſs*, and of *knowing neither Juſtice, nor Rule*; this Character is very well purſu'd, for what is an irrational Man? Is he any thing but a crooked Rule; making a wrong Judgment of every Thing, and ſetting awry what was the moſt ſtraight?

(*t*) *You nor by Word, nor any Touch of Hand, &c.*] *Mars* here treats *Minerva* as the *Fondling* of *Jupiter*, if it may be permitted to uſe that Word. Under theſe Fables of the Gods, as I have before obſerv'd, *Homer* deſcribes what is very uſual in the Courſe of human Life, wherein the Diviſions which prevail in Families, oftentimes proceed from a blind Affection the Parents have for one of their Children above the reſt. Our Hiſtories furniſh us with very inſtructive Examples of this. To conclude, it is manifeſt from this Paſſage, that the Fable of *Minerva*'s being born of *Jupiter* himſelf, without a Mother, is very ancient, and that *Homer* was acquainted with it.

" did with Difficulty ſave me; Elſe, there,
" among the Dead, to grievous Pain I long
" had been expos'd; or elſe, perhaps, Immor-
" tal tho' I am, I had been crippl'd With
" Showers of Darts with which I had been
" pierc'd."

(*u*) *Jove*, with contracted Brow, made this Reply: " Com'ſt thou to me with thy Com-
" plaints, thou * Villain, Thou Shatter-Brains,
" that runn'ſt from ſide to ſide! (*w*) Of all the
" Gods that dwell on high *Olympus*, Thou art
" the moſt ungrateful to my Sight: Thou only
" Diſcord, War, and Fighting lov'ſt; (*x*) On
" thee thy Mother's Spirit is entail'd, Unruly,

(*u*) Jove, *with contracted Brow, made this Reply.*] For *Jupiter*, that is to ſay, the Underſtanding, cannot be ſurpriz'd by the falſe Allegations of ſenſleſs and brutal Paſſion.

* [*Thou Villain, thou Shatter-brains, or Changeling, that runn'ſt from ſide to ſide:* The *Greek* Word, Ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, ſignifies both *Villanous* and *Inconſtant*, though Mr. *Barnes* tranſlates it by the latter only; but Madam *Dacier* uſes both, becauſe the Senſe will bear it: and this ſhe does upon all other the like Occaſions, that ſo the Mind of *Homer* may be the more completely render'd.]

(*w*) *Of all the Gods that dwell on high* Olympus, *thou art the moſt ungrateful to my Sight.*] For God, who is nothing but Gentleneſs, Tranquillity, and Peace, hates, above all Things, irregular, irrational Paſſion; as the reaſonable Part of the Soul hates the Extravagancies and Exceſſes of the unreaſonable Part.

(*x*) *On thee thy Mother's Spirit is entail'd,* &c.] *Homer* teaches here, that whatever proceeds meerly from God, partakes of his Wiſdom; whereas, that which he has created by the Miniſtry of ſecond Cauſes, and the Concurrence of Matter, has a Tang of that Spirit of Diviſion and Rebellion, which reign'd in the Primitive Confuſion, in the firſt *Chaos*; and this is what *Plato* very well comprehended, and as well explain'd. *Minerva*, born of *Jupiter* alone, is Wiſdom itſelf, and *Mars* who had a Mother, that is to ſay, who is born of Matter, and who participates, as *Plato* ſays, of both the one and the other, is a Shatter-

" ſtiff.

" ſtiff-neck'd, ſtubborn, never yielding: (*y*)
" Did not the Strictneſs of my Laws reſtrain
" her, There's nought in Heav'n or Earth but
" ſhe'd o'erturn. 'Twas thro' her Means that
" thou thus wounded art: But Care ſhall ſtrait
" be taken for thy Cure; Nor will I longer
" leave thee to thy Pain, (*z*) For I'm thy Fa-
" ther, and Thou com'ſt of me: Hadſt thou of
" any other God been born, Diſtorted as thou
" art to all that's good, Thou long ſince
" hadſt been headlong thrown to Hell; Deeper
" than that wherein I ramm'd the *Titans*."

This ſaid, (*a*) to *Pæon* he commits his Cure.

brains, a *Furioſo*. It is eaſy to ſee likewiſe, that *Minerva* repreſents the Underſtanding, the ſuperior Part of the Soul; and that *Mars* repreſents the inferior and injudicious Part.

(*y*) *Did not the Strictneſs of my Laws reſtrain her.*] For were it not for the Laws of Providence, the whole World would be nothing but Diſorder and Confuſion; and in the beſt of us, if Reaſon did not govern the Paſſions, Life wou'd be but a continued Series of Injuſtice and Guilt.

(*z*) *For I'm thy Father, and thou com'ſt of me.*] God has created all Things, the Mind as well as the Body, Reaſon as well as Paſſion. He will not therefore deſtroy and annihilate Paſſion, becauſe it is of uſe to Reaſon, who ſtands in need of it, as Princes do of their Guards, It is *Euſtathius*'s Compariſon, and pleaſes me wonderfully, τῷ ἔντι γὰρ, ſays he, προσδεῖται καὶ τοῦ ἀλόγου μέρους τῆς ψυχῆς, τοῦ θυμικοῦ, διά τι συγγενὲς, ὁ νοῦς καὶ ἡ Φρόνησις, καθὰ καὶ δορυφόρων οἱ βασιλεῖς, &c. *And indeed Reaſon and Wiſdom have occaſion for the unreaſonable Part of the Soul* (*Paſſion*) *becauſe of a kind of Kinſhip there is between them; in like manner as Princes have occaſion for Guards: Therefore Reaſon and Wiſdom chide Paſſion, correct it, keep it in Subjection, but do not ruin or utterly deſtroy it.* From hence it is perhaps, that ſome Philoſophers have borrow'd what they have ſaid of the Paſſions, that they were neceſſary, and ought only to be moderated, and kept from running to Exceſs.

(*a*) *To* Pæon *he commits his Cure.*] *Homer*, by this, very formally teaches, that the Paſſions are not cured, nor corrected, without the Help of God.

Pæon obey'd, and instantly infus'd A sov'reign Balm, which qualify'd the Pain, And heal'd the God; for Gods have nothing mortal. (*b*) As Milk, when by some Housewife's skilful Hand 'Tis mingled with coagulating Runnet, Is seen to close and thicken into Curd; So when the salutary Balm was pour'd, By *Pæon* on the Wound, the parted Sides Ran quick together, and consolidated. (*c*) *Hebe* prepar'd a Bath, and sumptuous Raiments. The God thus heal'd and gloriously adorn'd, Down by his Sire, exulting, plac'd himself.

Juno and *Pallas*, having quell'd the Rage Of murd'ring *Mars*, and driv'n him from the Battel, No longer stay on Earth; but, reascending, Soon gain high Heav'n, the brilliant Court of *Jove*.

(*b*) *As Milk*, &c.] To represent with what Expedition and Readiness a Wound heals, when the Physician of the Gods pours into it an exquisite Balm, *Homer* could not have chosen a Comparison more lively, more just, or at the same time more agreeable, than that of Milk, which coagulates by means of the Runnet that is put into it; for this paints the Thing so well, we see it before our Eyes. The Reader ought to be advertis'd, that in *Homer*'s Text, the Ancients, instead of περιςρέφεται, read it with Reason, περιτρέφεται, that is to say, *coagulates itself, turns itself to Curd, thickens*. *Eustathius* attributes this Correction to *Herodian*. [They anciently us'd, for turning their Milk, the Juice of a press'd Fig, (ὀπὸς) as now Runnet; which, by the way, may signify any other Thing us'd for curding of Milk, as well as that which we in *England* particularly call so; thus in the *West-Indies*, they sometimes use a certain dry'd Rush for their Runnet. The Word is not Runnet, *quasi* Running, as some think; but comes from the *Dutch*, *Runen*, or *Rennen*, *to curdle, to wax thick, to coagulate*.]

(*c*) Hebe *prepar'd a Bath*.] For the Gods have always Youth on their side.

Argument

Argument of the Sixth Book.

THE *Gods having left the Field, the* Greeks *prevail, and make great Havock among the* Trojans. Hector, *by the Order of* Helenus, *returns to* Troy, *and counsels* Hecuba *to go to the Temple, with the Principal* Trojan *Ladies, and pray to* Minerva, *and to promise her a Sacrifice of twelve Heifers, if she wou'd remove* Diomed *from the Fight. Mean time,* Glaucus *and* Diomed *meeting, and coming to the Knowledge of the Friendship and Hospitality which had been between their Fathers, make a mutual Exchange of their Arms.* Hector, *after having spoken with the Queen his Mother, and bid adieu to his Wife* Andromache, *returns to the Battel with his Brother* Paris.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

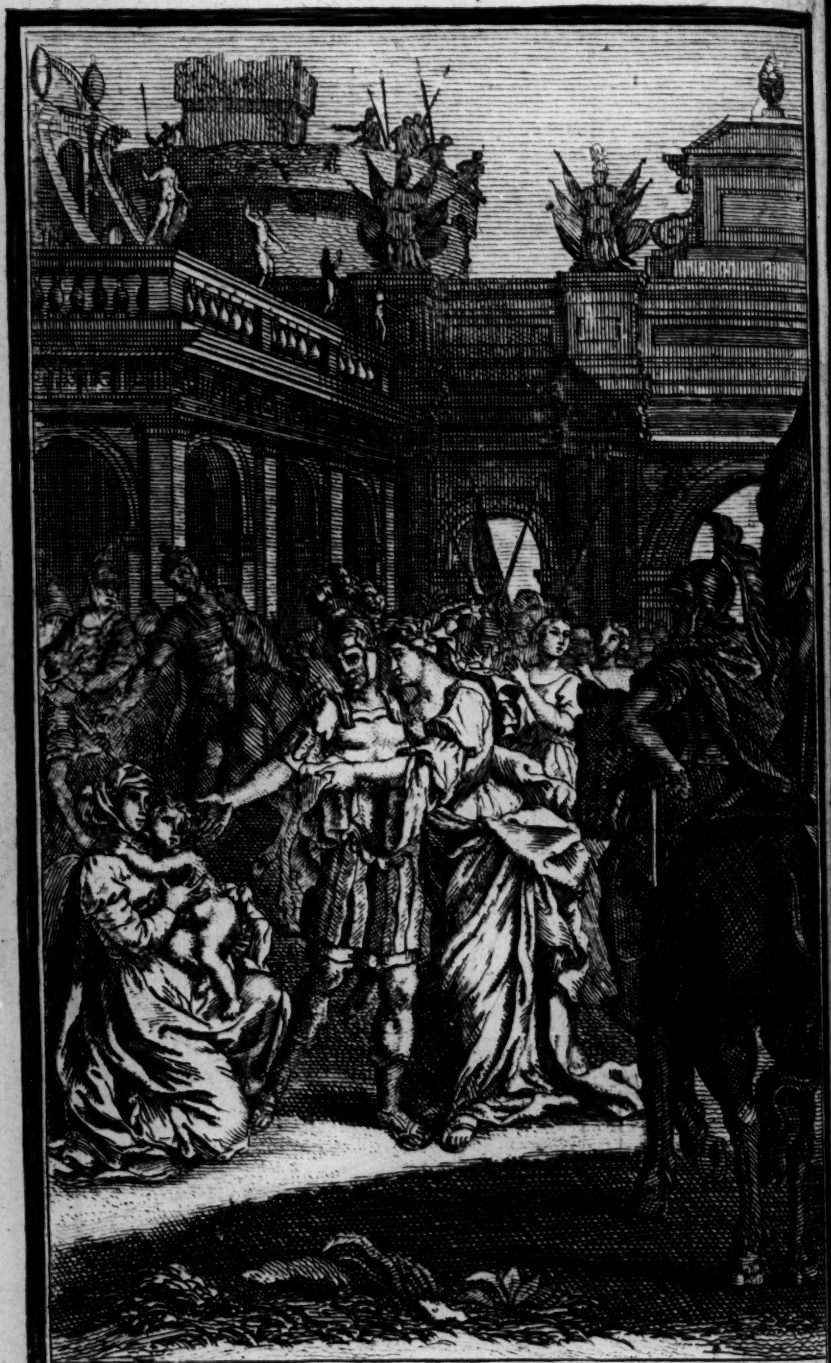
BOOK VI.

(a) BOTH Sides unaided by the Gods remain, Yet ceaſe they not the Fight; now here, now there, The reſtleſs Combat rages thro' the Field, While Storms of adverſe Spears obſcure the Sky, 'Twixt *Simois'* Streams and *Xanthus'* flow'ry Banks. Firſt, *Ajax Telamon*, his Country's Wall, Weigh'd down the Scale of Conqueſt for the *Greeks*; *Troy*'s ſtub-

(a) *Both Sides unaided by the Gods remain.*] *Homer* removes the Gods out of the Battel, that he may not tire his Reader by too long a Fable, and that he may come to ſomething natural, by making his Heroes act alone, and of themſelves.

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Hector, *coming to* Troy, *while* ye Greeks & Trojans *are engag'd, is melted with* ye *grief of* Andromache *&* ye *tears of his Son, whom he tenderly embraces before he returns to* ye *Fight.*

B. VI.

B. Picart. delin. *M. le Gucht. Sculp.*

born Ranks he broke; and, to his Friends, (*b*) Freſh Hope and Spirit gave, when, with his Hand, He ſlew huge *Acamas*, *Euſſorus*' Son, Who, of the *Thracians*, was the moſt redoubted. He ſtruck his Cask's plum'd Top with ſuch a Force, His Weapon, thro' the Forehead, pierc'd his Brain, While circumambient Darkneſs wraps his Eyes.

Then fell, by bold *Tydides*' Hand, *Axylus*, *Teuthras* his Son, who dwelt in fair *Arisbe*; Vaſt Wealth he had, and with his Wealth a Heart, (*c*) Which, to all Comers equally benign, A hoſpitable Welcome did afford. (*d*) And living near a much frequented Road, His Houſe was ev'ry Traveller's Reſort: Yet, of thoſe many whom he had oblig'd, (*e*) Not one 'twixt him and Death did interpoſe. He and

(*b*) *Freſh Hope and Courage gave.*] The Text ſays, *reſtor'd Light to his Troops*; an Expreſſion full of Force, and which the *Greeks* imitated from the *Orientals*; Holy Scripture furniſhes us with infinite Examples of it.

(*c*) *Which to all Comers equally benign, a hoſpitable Welcome did afford.*] Here is an *Aſiatic* prais'd for exerciſing Hoſpitality to all People; for in thoſe Primitive Times, this ſort of Charity was very much practis'd, and there was nothing more ſacred. Holy Scripture is full of Examples like this in *Homer*. *Abraham* went himſelf to meet Paſſengers, to deſire them to come into his Houſe; and *Diodorus Siculus* ſpeaks of one *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, who had ſeveral Inns built on purpoſe to receive Strangers, whoſe Charges he there defray'd. *Homer* therefore did not deſign to decry this Generoſity, exercis'd without Diſtinction or Choice, as ſome of the Ancients believ'd; for, on the contrary, this is the Merit of it. 'Tis Humane to do Good only to the Deſerving; but 'tis God-like to do it to every body, or, at leaſt, to be willing to do it.

(*d*) *And living near a much frequented Road.*] For *Arisbe* was on the Road to *Abydos*, a Place very much frequented. This *Arisbe* was a Colony of *Mitylene*.

(*e*) *Not one 'twixt Death and him did interpoſe.*] For in all Ages, the moſt generous, and the moſt beneficent,

his

his Charioteer *Caleſius* too Were headlong by *Tydides* ſent to Hell.

Euryalus made *Dreſus* bite the Duſt; *Opheltius* too he kill'd: nor ended there, But march'd againſt *Æſepus*, and bold *Pedaſus*, Twin-Brothers (*f*) born of a fair Water-Nymph To King *Laomedon*'s baſe Son, *Bucolion*: Tending, on *Phrygian* Plains, his Father's Flocks, He woo'd the Nymph, who Love for Love return'd: Both theſe *Meciſtheus*' Son, *Euryalus*, Depriv'd of Life and Arms.

Bold *Polypætes* kill'd *Aſtyalus*. *Ulyſſes* ſlew *Percoſian Pidytes*. *Teucer* o'erthrew the valiant *Aretaon*. The Joy of *Neſtor*, brave *Antilochus*, Purſu'd, and with his Spear *Ablerus* kill'd. The warlike *Agamemnon*, who diſcharg'd The Functions of a Captain, and a Soldier, Slew *Elatus*, who reign'd at *Pedaſus*, Near to the flow'ry Banks of rapid *Satnion*. In vain did *Phylacus* from *Leitus* fly; That Hero caught, and fell'd him at his Feet. *Melanthius* ow'd his Death to bold *Eurypilus*. Alive, *Adreſtus* fell into the Hands Of *Menelaus*; for his frighted Steeds, Hurrying impetuous, broke the Chariot's Pole, Againſt a low-grown Tamrisk's ſhrubby Trunk.

were thoſe who made the moſt Ingrates. *Homer* wou'd hereby teach, that Death ſpares no body, and that we ſhou'd not, on Earth, expect the Recompence of our good Actions.

(*f*) *Born of a fair Water-Nymph.*] *Homer* calls her, *The Nymph* Abarbarea; but this Name did not ſeem agreeable to me in our Language; and 'tis a thing ſingular enough, that a Name, which *Homer* did not think too hard for his Verſe, nor ill-form'd for the Ear, ſhou'd ſeem to me too rough for my Proſe. [For her Tranſlation is done in Proſe, as I told the Reader in my Preface]

Looſe,

Looſe, towards *Troy*, the Horſes take their way, With many more, contending all to Town, Scar'd from the Field, and dragging empty Chariots. The Shock againſt the Tamrisk was ſo rude, That headlong, to the Earth, *Adreſtus* fell: Prone, on his Face, he lay, wrapt up in Duſt; By him ſtood *Menelaus*, with his Spear, Ready to plunge it in his Breaſt: but he, Clinging about the Conqueror's Knees, begg'd Mercy: "Spare me, O *Atreus'* Son, and take a "Ranſom! O let my Life at any rate be pur-"chas'd! My Father in rich Moveables "abounds, And has great Store of Gold, and "Braſs, and Iron: His Gratitude unlimited "you'll find, When he ſhall hear I by your "Mercy live."

He ſpoke: *Atrides* with his Pray'r was mov'd, And to the Ships *Adreſtus* he had ſent, But at that Inſtant *Agamemnon* came, And in a Tone that ſhew'd his Anger, ſaid, "What mean you, "*Menelaus*? why this Pity? You have much "Cauſe indeed to love the *Trojans*, For their "Humanity and gentle Treatment! Let not a "Soul of them eſcape our Hands, (g) No, not "the Infant at its Mother's Breaſt; But let

(g) *No, not the Infant at its Mother's Breaſt.*] He does not mean *the Infant not yet born, and which is yet in its Mother's Womb*; but *the Infant which is at the Nipple*: for in the ſacking of Towns, the *Greeks* ſpar'd the Women, and carry'd them away Captive. Long after I had made this Remark, I found that *Grotius* follow'd the Senſe I rejected; for he ſays, that *Agamemnon* wou'd have them kill the Infants in the very Wombs of their Mothers, which Scripture calls *prægnantes dividere*, as in this Paſſage of the II Book of *Kings*, viii. 12. where *Eliſha* ſays to *Hazael*: *Quia ſcio quæ facturus ſis filiis Iſrael mala, civitates eorum munitas igne ſuccendes, & juvenes eorum interficies gladio, & parvulos eorum elides, & prægnantes divides.*

"them

" them all with *Troy*'s proud City periſh, And " let their juſt Correction be a Warning To " the affrighted Univerſe for ever!"

(*h*) This Admonition, full of Force and Wiſdom, Chang'd *Menelaus*' Mind; with Violence, He puſh'd th' unfortunate *Adreſtus* from him; At the ſame time, ſtern *Agamemnon* plung'd His braſſy Spear into his tender Breaſt. (*i*) The Royal Youth fell backward; and *Atrides*, Treading upon his Throat, his Spear

Becauſe I know the Evil that thou wilt do unto the Children of Iſrael; *their ſtrong Holds wilt thou ſet on fire, and their young Men wilt thou ſlay with the Sword, and wilt daſh their Children, and rip up their Women with Child.* On the Authority of ſo learned a Man, I had like to have chang'd my Mind, not doubting but I was miſtaken. But when I had examin'd this Paſſage more attentively, I ſaw that it cou'd have only the Senſe I had giv'n it. Ἐν γαςέρι Φέρειν, ſignifies two things, *to carry a Child in the Womb* (to be big) *and to carry it in one's Arms at the Pap*, which is in our Tongue, *to carry it at the Breaſt*, which ſignifies both. And to convince yourſelf, that it is here uſed in the laſt Senſe, you need only examine the Terms of the Text; for *Homer*, to take away all Equivocation from this Phraſe, and to determine it, added κοῦρον ἐόν[τα, *juvenem puerulum exiſtentem, a yet young Child*; which wou'd be ridiculous, if it were ſpoken of a Child not yet born; theſe two Words juſtify *Agamemnon*. *Homer* took care not to blacken him ſo much, as to make him capable of ſo barbarous a Cruelty. Nay, I do not think it can be found, that it was ever practis'd or thought of by the *Greeks*.

(*h*) *This Admonition, full of Force and Wiſdom.*] *Homer* praiſes this Cruelty of *Agamemnon*'s, for as there's a pernicious Pity, ſo there's a wholeſome Cruelty; ſuch unjuſt and perfidious Enemies, as the *Trojans*, deſerv'd not to be ſpar'd.

(*i*) *The Royal Youth fell backward.*] 'Tis in the *Greek*, ὅδ' ἀνε[ράπε[ο, which at firſt ſeems Equivocal, for it may be thought the Poet ſpeaks of *Menelaus*, and that to ſhew, that he not only had not the Heart to kill this young Prince at his Feet, but that he even had not the Courage to ſee him kill'd, he ſays, ὅδ' ἀνε[ράπε[ο, Menelaus *turn'd aſide his Head*. But after having

regain'd.

regain'd. Then *Neſtor*, with a Voice as audible
As he cou'd make it, thus beſpoke the *Greeks*:
" Heroes of *Greece*, and Favourites of *Mars*!
" Let no Man ſtay to gather up the Spoils,
" Nor, greedy, mind the filling of his Ships!
" (*k*) Let us now think of nought but Van-
" quiſhing! (*l*) Then you'll have Leiſure to
" deſpoil the Dead."

Theſe Words gave Strength and Courage to the *Greeks*: Then had the *Trojans* to their Walls been driv'n, And to their Foes the Victory abandon'd, Had not the Son of *Priam*, *Helenus*, By far the moſt enlighten'd of the *Augurs*, Thus ſpoke to warlike *Hector* and *Æneas*: " Since on you Two, O *Hector* and

well conſider'd this Paſſage, I ſaw that Senſe did not agree with what the Poet had juſt ſaid; Agamemnon's *Words chang'd* Menelaus's *Mind*; I have follow'd *Euſtathius*, who ſays that this is ſpoken of *Adreſtus*, and that *Homer* uſes the Word ἀναῤῥαπῆναι, for ὕπτιον πεσεῖν *to fall backward*.

(*k*) *Let us now think of nought but Vanquiſhing.*] The *Greek* ſays, *let us now think of nothing but killing our Enemies*; but I ſpeak my own Language, and this is the ſame Senſe. The Nobleneſs of this Sentiment of *Neſtor*'s ſhou'd be obſerv'd; in exhorting the *Greeks* to Battel, he ſays, *let us think*, &c. κλείνωμεν, making himſelf one of them, notwithſtanding his great Age; and in ſpeaking of the Booty, he ſays, *then you'll have Leiſure to deſpoil the Dead*, as taking no ſhare therein himſelf, but leaving it all to others.

(*l*) *Then you'll have Leiſure to deſpoil the Dead.*] This is one of thoſe Leſſons of War, which caus'd *Alexander* to eſteem our Poet ſo much, and made him ſtudy his Trade in *Homer*. He made good uſe of this in the Battel of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* was going to weaken the main Body to defend the Baggage, he ſent to him this Meſſage, *Leave the Baggage there, for if we get the Victory, we ſhall not only recover our own, but we ſhall be alſo Maſters of all that is the Enemies*. Ancient and modern Hiſtory is full of Examples of Enterprizes miſcarrying, and Battels loſt, by the Soldiers Eagerneſs for Pillage.

" *Æneas*

" *Æneas*, This Day's Succeſs entirely depends,
" And ſince not we alone, but our Allies,
" Place all our Hopes on You; not without
" Cauſe, Since you in Counſel and in War
" excel; Strait, get betwixt the *Trojans* and the
" Gate, And ſtop them in their homeward-
" bent Retreat, Before they fly for Shelter to
" their Wives, And, skulking, hide themſelves
" in their Embraces, And ſo become the Moc-
" kery of the Foe. When you have once en-
" courag'd them to turn, *Æneas* and myſelf
" will with them tarry, And, tho' fatigu'd, and
" almoſt overcome With the inceſſant Labours
" of the Day, Will undertake to ſtop the preſ-
" ſing *Greeks*: For fierce Neceſſity's the ſharp-
" eſt Spur. Whilſt this we do, (*m*) *Hector*, go
" thou to *Troy*, And having found the Queen,
" our Mother, bid her Aſſemble the moſt ho-
" nour'd *Trojan* Matrons, And let her take the
" largeſt Veil ſhe has, The fineſt wrought, and
" moſt magnificent, (*n*) And that which ſhe

(*m*) Hector, *go thou to* Troy.] *Helenus* here ſpeaks with Authority, becauſe he was an *Augur*; and this Quality render'd him very conſiderable in his Family; all his Brothers look'd upon him with Reſpect. Such a Character as this was requiſite to oblige *Hector* to take a Step which might be ſo ill interpreted; for this Turn, which *Helenus* cauſes him to take into the City out of the Battel, has the Appearance of Flight; but *Helenus*'s Character ſaves all; *Hector* is oblig'd to give way to Religion, and obey the Gods. Beſides, *Homer*, who knew that his Reader might be ſoon weary of ſo many Battels, is willing to refreſh him with ſome agreeable Stories; and that he might not offend Probability, he contrives a very natural Reaſon for removing *Hector* from the Battel; for *Hector* giving over fighting, the Battel will ſlacken, and the Poet will have Leiſure to bring in his Epiſodes.

(*n*) *And that which ſhe herſelf eſteems the beſt.*] Ho-

" herſelf,

" herſelf eſteems the beſt; Then in Proceſſion
" march to *Pallas'* Temple, (*o*) And placing on
" the Goddeſs' Knees the Veil, Vow to the
" Virgin-Deity an Off'ring Of twelve young
" Heifers that ne'er felt the Yoke, If ſhe, com-
" paſſionating *Troy*'s Condition, And touch'd
" with Pity for our Wives and Children, Will
" from our Walls remove the Son of *Tydeus*,
" That Fury, that Artificer of Flight, Who
" ſcatters Dread, and ſingly overthrows us:
" He, ſurely, all the *Greeks* outdoes in Strength;
" Nor, did we ever fear, like him, *Achilles*;
" Tho' he's a Goddeſs' Son, as Fame reports,
" He never did what *Diomed* hath done."

(*p*) *Hector* rejected not his Brother's Counſel; He lightly from his Chariot leaps to Earth, And, ſhaking in his ſtrenuous Hands two Spears, He haſtens rapidly, through all the

mer thereby teaches us, that when we offer any Thing to God, it ſhould not only be the moſt valuable and fineſt we have, but likewiſe, that which we love the beſt, and that we ſhou'd take it, not from other People, but from ourſelves; wherefore he ſays, *Let her chuſe one in her own Palace.*

(*o*) *And placing on the Goddeſs' Knees the Veil.*] *Strabo*, Lib. 13. collects from this Paſſage, that the *Palladium*, or Statue of *Minerva*, which was in *Troy*, was in a ſitting Poſture, ſince they put on her Knees the Off'rings they wou'd have put at her Feet, had ſhe been ſtanding: And he confirms this by other Statues of that Goddeſs, which were likewiſe ſitting, as at *Phocis*, at *Marſeilles*, at *Rome*, at *Chio*, and ſeveral other Places. However, he ſays, the Statue, which in his Time was at *New Troy*, was in a ſtanding Poſture. That therefore was not the ancient Statue of *Priam*'s Time.

(*p*) Hector *rejected not his Brother's Counſel.*] *Hector* obey'd his Brother, who was an Augur, and who, in that Quality, had a Right to command him; but he retires not, till he has re-eſtabliſh'd the Battel, and put his Troops in a Condition to conquer.

Troops,

Troops, Revives their Courage, and reſtores the Fight. The *Trojans* and Auxiliars, now aſham'd Of their baſe Flight, once more the *Grecians* face, And make ſuch vig'rous Efforts, that the *Greeks*, In their Turn ſhrinking, intermit the Slaughter.

At this ſo unexpected Change, they thought, (*q*) Some God was drop'd from Heav'n to ſave the *Trojans*. Then *Hector* to his Troops thus cry'd, aloud: "Brave *Trojans*, and illuſtrious "Allies, Who came ſolicited from Realms re-"mote; Now give freſh Marks of your un-"doubted Courage; Maintain the Fight, whilſt "I repair to *Troy*, And order our grave "Counſellors and Wives, To ſeek the Gods "with Off'rings, Vows, and Pray'r."

This ſaid, he left them; on his Shoulder throwing His Shield immenſe, which cover'd him entire.

At the ſame time, between both Hoſts advanc'd *Glaucus*, *Hippolochus*'s Son, and *Diomed*: Both burning with Impatience to engage: As they drew near and ready were to charge, Thus *Diomed* queſtion'd firſt his daring Foe: "(*r*) What art thou, who thus boldly durſt

(*q*) *Some God was drop'd from Heav'n.*] What an Elogium of *Hector* is here! and what a Fertility in *Homer*, after having prais'd Valour ſo often, and in ſo ſublime a Manner, to find yet new Turns, which are not inferior to the firſt.

(*r*) *What art thou.*] This long Converſation between *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, in the midſt of a Battel, has offended ſome modern Criticks, who never carry their Views beyond their own Age, and who would have had *Homer* and *Virgil* have form'd the Manners of their Perſonages upon ours: But their Cenſure has been ſo effectually anſwer'd in the Commentaries

"advance?

" advance? (*s*) For I till now ne'er met thee
" in the Fight. In Confidence, 'tis plain, thou
" doſt excel; Since thou, within the Danger
" of my Spear, Doſt thus preſent thyſelf: But
" know'ſt thou not, Thoſe Sons are born of
" moſt unhappy Parents, Who dare oppoſe
" themſelves againſt my Fury? But if thou art
" a God and com'ſt from Heav'n, I wave the
" Combat, nor will change a Spear. For
" ſtrong *Lycurgus*, Son of *Dryas*, daring To war
" on Gods, not long ſurviv'd his Raſhneſs;
" (*t*) Frantick, he *Bacchus*' Nurſes once diſ-

upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poetics, Chap. 26, that I can add nothing to what has been ſaid there. Thither therefore I refer my Reader, and am content to quote *Euſtathius*'s Remark, which is ſufficient to ſhew the Beauty of this Epiſode: " This " Poet, *ſays he*, after having " remov'd ſo dangerous a Com- " batant as *Hector*, and made " him retire from the Fight, " interrupts the Violence of " Battels, and gives his Readers " ſome Relaxation, by making " him paſs from the Trouble " and Diſorder of Action, to " the Tranquillity and Secu- " rity of an Hiſtorical Narra- " tion; for, by the happy " Epiſode of this *Glaucus*, he " finds means to caſt into " his Poem ſeveral wonderful " Things, as Fables which " contain charming Allego- " ries, and Hiſtories, Gene- " alogies, Sentences, ancient " Manners, and ſeveral other " ſuch Graces, which diverſify " his Poem, and which by " breaking, if I may ſo ſay, " its Monotony, agreeably in- " ſtruct his Reader." [*Homer* had juſt before ſaid that the Fight was intermitted, and the Slaughter ceas'd; ſo that this Converſation between *Glaucus* and *Diomed* is not at all unſeaſonable.]

(*s*) *For I till now ne'er met thee in the Fight.*] This is not to be wonder'd at. *Glaucus* undoubtedly was not long arriv'd, for the Entrance into *Troy* was always free: And by ſeveral Paſſages of *Homer* it appears, that there often enter'd new Succours. The *Greeks* did not underſtand the Lines of Circumvallation; nor did they very exactly diſpoſe Bodies of Troops around Places, to hinder the Enemy's Egreſs and Regreſs.

(*t*) *Frantick, he* Bacchus's *Nurſes once diſturb'd*, &c.] 'Tis pretended that this Fable is founded upon *Lycurgus*'s rooting up moſt of the Vines of his Country; and that his Subjects, who before drank their Wine pure, were oblig'd to

" turb'd,

" turb'd, Amidſt their *Orgies*, and with Scour-
" ges chas'd Each furious Dame o'er *Nyſſa*'s ſa-
" cred Hill: They, frightned at the impious
" King's Purſuit, Threw down their leafy
" Staves: The God himſelf Was forc'd to dive
" beneath the Sea's ſalt Waves. *Thetis* receiv'd
" him, trembling, in her Boſom. But at this
" Crime the Gods were ſo incens'd, The Son
" of *Saturn* ſtruck the Wretch with Blindneſs:
" His Death too, ſoon enſuing, was the Fruit
" Of that juſt Hate the Gods conceiv'd againſt
" him. Were this the ſole Example of their
" Vengeance, I wou'd not fight with Heav'n,
" nor tempt my Fate: But if thou'rt mortal,
" (*u*) and Earth's Fruit thy Food, Approach,
" and from my Hand thy Death receive!"

To this *Hippolochus*'s Son reply'd: " Why
" doſt thou, *Diomed*, my Race enquire? (*w*)
" As are the Leaves in Foreſts; ſo are Men

put a great deal of Water in it, which gave Occaſion to ſay, that *Thetis* receiv'd him in her Boſom. [*Homer* applies the Epithet *Frantick* to *Bacchus*, and not to *Lycurgus*; they were indeed both ſtruck with a Frenzy, the one by *Juno*, and the other by *Jupiter*.]

(*u*) *And Earth's Fruit thy Food.*] For this is what renders Men ſubject to Death, and which differences them from Gods, from Angels, and from Heroes who are diveſted of the Body.

(*w*) *As are the Leaves in Foreſts.*] *Glaucus* here anſwers *Diomed* like one not very conceited of his Birth, but perſuaded, that Men are only eſtimable for their Deeds; that they are the Sons of their own Actions; and this is a manifeſt Truth. The Compariſon which *Homer* uſes here, is conſecrated in our Holy Books, it is entirely in *Eccleſiaſticus* xiv. 18. *Sicut folium fructificans in arbore viridi, alia generantur, & alia dejiciuntur; ſic generatio carnis & ſanguinis alia finitur, & alia naſcitur. As of the green Leaves on a thick Tree, ſome fall and ſome grow, ſo is the Generation of Fleſh and Blood, one cometh to an end, and another's born.*

" Upon

" Upon this Earth; the Foreſt's verdant Ho-
" nours, Torn by autumnal Winds, decay in
" Duſt; And in their place the Spring pro-
" duces others. So 'tis with Men: One Gene-
" ration paſſes, Another comes; but if you're
" bent to know From whence I ſpring, my
" Race enough is known Throughout the
" World, nor ſhall I bluſh to trace it. At the
" Extremity of fertile *Argos*, Stands a fair Town
" call'd * *Ephyra*; where reign'd In ancient
" Times, (*x*) the wiſeſt of Mankind, Call'd
" *Siſyphus*, the Son of *Æolus*. This *Siſy-*
" *phus* begat a Son nam'd *Glaucus*, And *Glau-*
" *cus* got the brave *Bellerophon*, On whom the
" bounteous Deities beſtow'd (*y*) A lovely
" Valour and a warlike Beauty. But *Prætus*
" mighty Ills deviſ'd againſt him; *Prætus*
" then rul'd the *Argive* State, and *Jove* Had
" put *Bellerophon* within his power. The Cauſe
" of *Prætus'* Rage, in brief, was this: His
" Queen, *Anteia*, ſtung with hot Deſire
" Tow'rds this young Prince, ſolicited his
" Love, And with clandeſtine Joys to quench
" her Flame. (*z*) *Bellerophon*, who entertain'd
" no Thoughts, But what were full of Piety

* Afterwards *Corinth*.

(*x*) *The wiſeſt of Mankind.*] The *Greek* Word κέρδιστος may be taken in a good and bad Senſe, for it ſignifies *Craftſy and Cunning, Sage and Prudent.* It is here in the laſt Senſe. This *Siſyphus* was ſo wiſe, that he was ſaid to have bound Death, becauſe he always liv'd in Peace during his Reign.

(*y*) *A lovely Valour.*] Becauſe, indeed, there is a gentle Valour, which gains Love and there is a fierce one, which contracts Hatred.

(*z*) Bellerophon, *who entertain'd no Thoughts, but what were full of Piety and Wiſdom.*] Here is the Wiſdom of a Man well prais'd by a *Pagan* Poet.

" and Wiſdom, Conſents not to her infamous
" Deſires. That Princeſs, ſpited with his cold
" Contempt, Had to the blackeſt Calumny re-
" courſe; Addreſſing *Prætus*' Ear, ſhe thus com-
" plain'd: *My deareſt Lord* (and here ſhe
" pauſing wept) *Or die thyſelf, or let* Bellero-
" phon, *Who has preſum'd to lift his Eyes on*
" *Me, And wou'd have forc'd Diſhonour to thy*
" *Bed.* This Accuſation wrought with eaſy
" *Prætus*, Who ſtrait into a furious Raving
" fell; (*a*) Yet car'd he not to take his Life
" directly, Fearing t'attract the Vengeance of
" the Gods, For violated Hoſpitality: So,
" hiding his Reſentment, ſends the Prince,
" (*b*) With well-ſeal'd Letters unto *Lycia*'s
" King, His Conſort's Farther, who therein

(*a*) *Yet car'd he not to take his Life directly.*] This offended Prince wou'd not kill his Enemy, out of Reſpect to Hoſpitality, but makes no ſcruple of leaving to the King his Father-in-Law this Murder, as if the Crime were not as great. This very well deſcribes a Man, who wou'd obey his Religion, but who wou'd alſo make his Paſſions, Intereſts, and Deſigns, agree with it. [*Bellerophon* was firſt call'd *Hipponous*, but killing *Bellerus*, a great Man, of *Corinth*, he aſſum'd this Name. After he had ſlain *Bellerus*, he fled to *Argos*, and was kindly treated by King *Prætus*, &c.]

(*b*) *With well-ſeal'd Letters unto* Lycia's *King.*] *Euſtathius* pretends, that theſe Letters of *Prætus*'s were Tablets, containing, inſtead of Letters, Hieroglyphics, Signs which ſhew'd King *Jobates* the pretended Crime of *Bellerophon*, and the Vengeance he deſir'd ſhou'd be taken on him; wherefore, *Homer* calls theſe Letters σήματα, *Signs*. This Remark wou'd have ſome Foundation, if the Hiſtory of *Bellerophon* had certainly preceded the Days of *Cadmus* (who carry'd Letters into *Greece*) but this Chronology is ſo conteſted, that I do not believe any Thing certain can be eſtabliſh'd upon it. Real Letters might very well be call'd poetically *Signs*, σήματα, becauſe indeed, they are Signs and Marks of Thoughts. 'Tis plain, they had that very Name given them, for we find

" was

" was pray'd, To give the trait'rous Bearer
" ſpeedy Death.
" *Bellerophon*, conducted by the Gods, Protec-
" tors ſtill of Innocence and Wiſdom, In Safe-
" ty reaches *Lycian Xanthus'* Flood. With much
" Magnificence, the King receiv'd him, And all
" the Tokens of a real Joy. Nine Days he feaſ-
" ted him, and every Day A Bull he ſlew in
" thankful Sacrifice, For the Arrival of his
" honour'd Gueſt. (*c*) But on the Tenth, the
" King deſires to ſee The Letters his lov'd Son-
" in-Law had writ: (*d*) Which, when per-
" us'd, he firſt employs the Prince The ter-

in the Ancients,——Φοινικικὰ σήμα]α Καδμοῦ, *the* Phenician *Signs of* Cadmus; that is, *the Letters which* Cadmus *bore from* Phenicia *to* Greece.

(*c*) *But on the Tenth, the King deſires to ſee the Letters.*] This was a Point of Good-Breeding of the Ancients towards their Gueſts, not to demand of them, till the Tenth Day of their Arrival, what they came for. By asking them on the firſt Day, they wou'd have been afraid of giving them room to think they were impatient to have them gone. [*Note*, tho' ſhe tranſlates the Word ἱερεύειν, *to ſacrifice to the Gods in way of Thankſgiving*, &c. yet that Word ſignifies likewiſe, ſimply, to *kill*. The firſt Beaſts that were ſlain, were for Sacrifice only; but afterwards, when they were kill'd to be eaten, they retain'd the ſame Word.]

(*d*) *Which, when perus'd.*] *Bellerophon*, driven from his Country, by the Commands of an unjuſt King, and charg'd from him with Letters which might have been ſuſpected by him, does not fail to deliver them. What Fidelity is here! *Plutarch* very well ſays, that the ſame Virtue which fortify'd *Bellerophon* againſt the Solicitations of the Queen, likewiſe fortify'd him againſt the Vice of Curioſity: *Bellerophon*, ſays he, *did not open the Letters which were written againſt him, and forbore touching the King's Diſpatches, as he had refrain'd from touching his Wife; and this by the ſame Virtue of Continence; for Curioſity is an Incontinence, as well as Adultery.* I fear that this Prudence of *Bellerophon*'s is more contrary to our Manners, than the ſtrangeſt Thing that appears in *Homer*.

" rible Chimæra to aſſail; (*e*) A Monſter " ſprung from Race divine, not mortal: (*f*) " Before, a Lion; but behind, a Dragon: " And in the midſt, a Goat's ſhag'd Form ſhe " bore: Torrents of Fire and Flame, inceſſant, " iſſu'd From the wide-gaping Furnace of her " Throat.

" *Bellerophon*, (*g*) confiding in the Gods, " Who lent their Aid, this Monſter overcame. " (*h*) Next he againſt the *Solymi* was ſent, " Renown'd for War; theſe two the Prince " defeated, But own'd the Victory was dearly " bought. His third huge Labour was an Ex- " pedition Againſt the *Amazons*, thoſe mar- " tial Females; Here his ſuperiour Valour too " prevail'd

" The *Lycian* King, ſtill bent on his Deſtruc- " tion, Flew to cloſe Arts, ſince open Force " miſcarry'd; The ſtouteſt *Lycians* he cou'd " chuſe, were plac'd In Ambuſcade, to kill " him on his Way: But none of theſe revi- " ſited their Homes: The brave *Bellerophon* de- " ſtroy'd them all.

(*e*) *A Monſter ſprung from Race divine, not mortal.*] That is to ſay, 'twas a Monſter of an enormous Size, as the *Hebrews* ſaid, *a divine Mountain*, for *a very high Mountain*.

(*f*) *Before, a Lion.*] This *Chimæra* was a Mountain in *Lycia*, which had ſeveral Tops full of wild Beaſts; *Bellerophon* purg'd it of them, and this gave Occaſion to the Fable. See *Strabo*.

(*g*) *Confiding in the Gods, who lent their Aid.*] For the Gods never abandon Wiſdom and Virtue.

(*h*) *Next he againſt the* Solymi *was ſent, renown'd for War.*] The *Solymi* were People who dwelt near *Termeſſus* on the River *Mæander*; in *Strabo*'s Time, there was yet ſeen near that Place, the Valley of *Bellerophon*, and the Tomb of his Son *Iſandrus*, who was kill'd in the Battel.

" The

" (*i*) The King perceiving by theſe great Ex-
" ploits, That he deriv'd his Lineage from the
" Gods, (*k*) Detain'd him, and his Daughter
" made his Bride; And for her Dow'r gave
" half his Regal Honour. The *Lycians*, by
" th' Example of their Prince, Gave him a
" ſpacious Piece of Land, inclos'd; Fruitful of
" Corn and Wine, and pleaſant Groves. (*l*)
" Three Children by his Spouſe he had, *Iſan-*
" *drus*, *Hippolochus*, and beauteous *Laodamia*:
" Her *Jove* compreſs'd, and got divine *Sarpe-*
" *don*. (*m*) But, in his Rear of Life, *Bellero-*
" *phon*, Having incurr'd the Hatred of the
" Gods, Liv'd up and down in the *Aleian* De-

(*i*) *The King perceiving by theſe great Exploits, that he deriv'd his Lineage from the Gods.*] For Virtue is the true Mark of the Children of the Gods.

(*k*) *Detain'd him, and his Daughter made his Bride; And for her Dow'r gave Half his Regal Honour.*] See the Effect of Virtue. *Bellerophon* became the Son-in-Law of that King who had done all he cou'd to deſtroy him. The Hiſtory of *Joſeph* in *Egypt* has a great Relation with this of *Bellerophon*.

(*l*) *Gave him a ſpacious Piece of Land, inclos'd.*] Theſe People did not only honour *Bellerophon*, becauſe the King had honour'd him, but becauſe they had a Share in the Good he had done. They likewiſe witneſs'd their Acknowledgment to him. They gave him a great Incloſure of Ground; a common Preſent the People made to Heroes; by which, they treated them like Gods; for the Gods had alſo Lands conſecrated to them.

(*m*) *But, in his Rear of Life,* Bellerophon, *having incur'd the Hatred,* &c.] *Homer* does not ſay, in what point *Bellerophon* attracted the Hatred of the Gods. Might not the Poet thereby intend to ſhew, that 'twas eaſier for that Prince to preſerve his Innocence whilſt he was unfortunate and perſecuted, than after he was happy and plac'd on a Throne? [Being proud of his Atchievements, he attempted to aſcend Heav'n itſelf with his Horſe *Pegaſus*, which *Neptune* had given him; *Jupiter* incens'd at it, ſends a Gad-Fly to ſting *Pegaſus*, and ſo he falls into *Lycia*, &c.]

" ſarts, Gnawing his Heart, and ſhunning
" humane Converſe: Blood-thirſty *Mars* his
" Son *Iſandrus* ſlew, Fighting againſt the va-
" liant *Solymi*: (*n*) Incens'd *Diana* kill'd fair
" *Laodame*. Thus there but one remain'd of
" his Three Children, *Hippolochus* by Name,
" whoſe Son I am. To *Troy* he ſent me; and,
" at my Departure, Charg'd me, (*o*) *No Op-*
" *portunity to loſe, Whereby I might my Virtue ſig-*
" *nalize; In Valour to excel the moſt Heroic; By*
" *no mean Action to diſgrace my Birth*, Which
" ſprings from the beſt Blood that ever flow'd
" In *Ephyrean* or in *Lycian* Veins. This my
" Deſcent is; This the Stock I boaſt."

He ſpoke: *Tydides*, raviſh'd with his Words, Turn'd his Spear's Point, and ſtuck it in the Ground; Then, with the utmoſt Marks of Friendſhip, ſaid; " Our Anceſtors have been
" commutual Gueſts: (*p*) The ſacred Knot of
" Hoſpitality, Which They reciprocally ty'd,
" is binding On us their Sons, and ſo We are
" akin: For Godlike *OEneus* heretofore re-
" ceiv'd, Within his Palace, brave *Bellerophon*;

(*n*) *Incens'd* Diana *kill'd fair* Laodame.] The *Greeks* attributed the ſudden Deaths of Women to *Diana* (the Moon) and thoſe of Men to *Apollo* (the Sun.)

(*o*) *No Opportunity to loſe, whereby I might my Virtue ſignalize.*] Here are three Precepts of a wonderful Beauty, and the beſt a King cou'd give his Son, whom he ſends to the War.

(*p*) *The ſacred Knot of Hoſpitality.*] This Knot was indeed ſo Sacred, that it was prefer'd to the Tyes of Blood. Kindred fought without ſcruple againſt one another, as *Teucer* againſt the *Trojans*, tho' he was a *Trojan* originally, and next Kin to *Hector*; but People who were ally'd by the Right of Hoſpitality, tho' never ſo ancient, wou'd have fear'd being curs'd by God and Man, if they had violated it.

" And

" And there detain'd him twenty Days with
" Feaſts: And, when the Time was come of
" his Departure, They Gifts exchang'd, as
" Pledges of their Friendſhip: My Sire gave
" thine a Belt of richeſt Purple; Thine, in
" return, gave him a golden Cup. (*q*) At
" Home I left it, when I ſail'd for *Troy*; And
" 'tis from thence I learnt the Tye I ſpeak of:
" For I retain not in my Mind my Father:
" A Child I was when the brave *Tydeus* parted
" To th' *Theban* War ſo fatal to the *Greeks*.
" Each therefore has a faithful Friend to viſit:
" You, one at *Argos*; I, in *Lycia*, one: Mean
" while, let us Hoſtilities forbear; Each
" other's Spear declining when we meet:
" Enow there are amongſt the *Trojan* Bands, If
" *Jove* ſo pleaſe, to glut my Thirſt of Blood;
" You *Greeks* enow will find to ſend to Hell.
" But e'er we part, let us our Arms exchange,
" For ſign of Friendſhip, and that all may
" know, We glory in our Sires hoſpitious Rites."

Concluding thus, they both, from out their Chariots, Alight, embrace, join Hands, give Faith and take. (*r*) Now *Jove* the Mind of *Glaucus* did enlarge: He, in Exchange for

(*q*) *At Home I left it, when I ſail'd for* Troy.] For they kept, with a great deal of Care, thoſe Preſents in the Family, as durable Pledges of this Right of Hoſpitality, and they were oblig'd to tranſmit them to their Deſcendants from Age to Age.

(*r*) *Now* Jove *the Mind of* Glaucus *did enlarge.*] When in great Poets we find Paſſages which preſent a Senſe low and unworthy, we ſhou'd look if thoſe Terms, which they uſe, have not alſo ſometimes a quite contrary Signification; for by this Means, we may anſwer all the ill-grounded Criticiſms, which may be made on thoſe Paſſages. Here is a very re-

Diomed's Braſs Arms, Gave Arms of Gold: Arms worth a hundred Beeves, For Arms worth only Nine.

Hector, mean while, arriving at the Beech, And *Scæan* Gates; Women of all Conditions About him flock, eager to be inform'd, How Fathers, Brothers, Children, Husbands far'd. He not amus'd himſelf to give them Anſwer; But bad them to the Temples ſtrait repair, And deprecate the Ills that threaten'd All: This done, he haſtens on to *Priam*'s Palace. With Porticoes this Palace round was run: Fifty Pavillions at the Entrance were, Of various colour'd Stones, where *Priam*'s Sons Lodg'd with their Wives; and, oppoſite to theſe, Twelve more Pavillions for his Daughters Husbands.

markable Example of it. *Homer*, in ſpeaking of this Exchange, which *Glaucus* makes with *Diomed*, expreſſes himſelf in ſuch a Manner, that one wou'd think he ſaid, *then the Son of* Saturn *took away* Glaucus's *Prudence*. Which wou'd be unworthy of *Homer*, for he wou'd then very improperly blame *Glaucus*'s Generoſity. In the Remarks on *Ariſtotle*'s Poetics, Chap. xxvi. Monſieur *Dacier* has very well explain'd this Paſſage after *Porphyrius*, who was the firſt that ſhew'd, that the Word ἐξέλετο ſignifies not only *took away, carried away*, but likewiſe *rais'd, enlarg'd*, ἐξῃρέθη, ἐποίησεν. And this is the true Senſe of this Paſſage, which thereby becomes very beautiful; for the Poet ſhews, that *Jupiter* hinder'd *Glaucus* from falling into the baſe and ſordid Thought, that his Arms, being all Gold, were of a greater Value than thoſe of *Diomed*, which were nothing but Braſs, and obliges him to give them. In which *Glaucus* imitates, and even ſurpaſſes the Generoſity of his Grandfather, who gave to *Tydeus*'s Grandfather a golden Cup for a Purple Belt, which he had receiv'd of him; and thus *Glaucus* executes the Command his Father had given him, *To loſe no Opportunity, whereby he might his Virtue ſignalize; In Valour to excel the moſt Heroic; By no mean Action to diſgrace his Birth*. *Euſtathius* has follow'd this Explication of *Porphyrius*.

Here,

Here, *Hecuba*, as ſhe conducted home *Laodice*, the faireſt of her Daughters, Sees *Hector*; ſtrait ſhe runs to meet her Son, And preſſing hard his Hand, ſhe thus beſpoke him: "Wherefore, dear Son, have you the Battel "left? Have thoſe accurſed Children of the "*Greeks* Repuls'd the *Trojans* to our very Walls? "(*s*) And com'ſt thou hither, as the laſt Re"ſource, To lift thy helpleſs Hands to *Jove*'s "high Throne? But ſtay a Moment, till ſome "Wine be brought, That ſo to *Jove*, and all "the deathleſs Gods, Libations you may make, "and then recruit Your waſted Spirits, and "your Strength repair; For Wine's a mar"vellous Support to Men, Who have, like "You, fatigu'd themſelves with Toil."

"Bring me no Wine, good Mother (*Hector* "ſaid) (*t*) Leſt rather it impair than help my

(*s*) *And com'ſt thou hither, as the laſt Reſource, to lift thy helpleſs Hand to* Jove's *high Throne?*] *Hecuba* knew *Hector* too well, to believe he fled from the Battel; ſhe gueſſes, that he comes into the Town to implore the Help of the Gods.

(*t*) *Leſt rather it impair than help my Strength.*] Theſe two Sentiments ſeem very different. *Hecuba* ſays, that Wine is a marvellous Support for a fatigued Man; and *Hector* ſays on the contrary, that it wou'd weaken him, and take away his Strength; but there's no Contradiction in it. Wine, in aged Men, might have the Effect *Hecuba* ſpeaks of, and in a young Man, like *Hector*, already ſpent, it might very well conſume the Spirits which remain'd, after having reviv'd them for a Moment. *Didymus* relates, that ſome ancient Critics, to ſave this pretended Contradiction, explain'd this Paſſage otherwiſe, and that they ſaid *Hector* refus'd this Wine, only for fear leſt, making Libations with Hands impure and ſtain'd with Blood, he ſhou'd attract the Wrath of *Jupiter*, and leſt that God ſhou'd in Anger take away his Strength and Courage. This Sentiment is very fine; but this does not hinder the firſt Explication being true.

" Strength: Nor ſhou'd I my accuſtom'd Vi-
" gour keep, If, thus unpurify'd, I made Liba-
" tions. For, one whoſe Hands are ſoil'd with
" Duſt and Blood, Is not allow'd t'addreſs the
" King of Gods. But haſten, Mother, and with
" utmoſt ſpeed Aſſemble the moſt honour'd
" *Trojan* Matrons, (*u*) And go with the moſt
" exquiſite Perfumes To *Pallas'* Fane, put on
" that Goddeſs' Knees The largeſt, fineſt, and
" moſt coſtly Veil, And that which you your-
" ſelf eſteem the beſt. Vow to the Virgin
" Deity an Off'ring Of Twelve young Hei-
" fers that ne'er felt the Yoke, If, ſhe, compaſ-
" ſionating *Troy*'s Condition, And touch'd with
" Pity for our Wives and Children, Will
" from our Walls remove the Son of *Tydeus*,
" That Fury, that Artificer of Flight, Who
" ſcatters Dread, and ſingly overthrows us.
" Whilſt to the Goddeſs' Temple you repair, I
" will my Brother *Paris* ſeek, and try, If my
" Advice can urge him to the Field: (*w*) Ah!

(*u*) *And go with the moſt exquiſite Perfumes.*] In our Days we ſhou'd ſay, *and with Frankincenſe.* In the Time of the *Trojan* War, Frankincenſe was not known, as *Pliny* aſſures us in the firſt Chapter of the thirteenth Book. *Iliacis temporibus thure non ſupplicabatur, cedri tantum & citri ſuorum fruticum in ſacris fumo convolutum nidorem verius quam odorem noverant.* And *Arnobius* in the ſixth Book: *Nam neque in iis temporibus quemadmodum creditur & perhibetur, heroicis, quidnam eſſet thus ſcitum eſt, ſcriptoribus ut comprobatur à priſcis, quorum in libris nulla mentio ejus reperitur.* *Virgil* has however mention'd Frankincenſe in ſpeaking of *Venus*'s Temple at *Paphos*.

— Ubi templum illi centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ—

But 'tis by a Figure, call'd *Prolepſis*, or *Anticipation*.

(*w*) *Ah! that the Earth wou'd ſwallow him alive.*] Theſe Imprecations againſt

" that

" that the Earth wou'd ſwallow him alive,
" And headlong take into her yawning Gulf!
" Since *Jove* in him a Monſter has preſerv'd,
" For *Priam*'s Ruin, and for *Troy*'s Deſtruction.
" Cou'd I but ſee the Wretch to Hell deſcend,
" I ſoon ſhou'd all our Miſeries forget, And
" caſt my Load of Grief!"

He ſpoke: The Queen returns to her Apartment, Commands her Damſels forthwith to aſſemble The Dames of *Troy* moſt eminent for Virtue.

Whilſt this is doing, (*x*) *Hecuba* deſcends Into a Room perfum'd with fineſt Odours, Where many precious Moveables were ſtor'd, (*y*) Wrought by *Sidonian* Dames, whom *Paris* forc'd Thro' ſwelling Billows from their Native

Paris ariſe here very naturally to *Hector*: The Sight of ſo many unhappy Perſons, who had already loſt, or who were going to loſe, ſome their Fathers, others their Husbands, theſe their Brothers, thoſe their Children, recalls into his Mind the Cauſe of all theſe Evils, and extorts theſe Curſes from him, which *Paris* too much deſerv'd.

(*x*) Hecuba *deſcends into a Room perfum'd with fineſt Odours.*] Queens and Princeſſes had Cloſets of Cedar and Ivory, and all perfum'd, wherein they kept their Habits and precious Goods. In the *Epithalamium* of *Solomon*, the Prophet ſays to that Prince, *Myrrha & Stacte & Caſia, à veſtimentis tuis, à domibus eburneis, ex quibus delectaverunt te filiæ regum in honore tuo. All thy Garments ſmell of Myrrh, and Aloes, and Caſſia, out of the Ivory Palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.* Pſal. xlv. 8.

(*y*) *Wrought by* Sidonian *Dames, whom* Paris *forc'd*, &c.] *Paris*, when he had ſtoln *Helen*, did not return with her the ſhorteſt Way, for fear of being purſued. He coaſted along *Egypt*, and went to *Sidon*, where he bought theſe Women, or perhaps forc'd them away. The Poet, who made the Poem of the *Cypriacs*, follow'd a very different Tradition; for he ſays, *Paris* in his Return had ſo favourable a Wind, that in three Days he arriv'd from *Sparta* to *Troy*. Beſides, what *Homer* ſays here of the *Sido-*

Shores, When he from *Greece* purſu'd his fatal Voyage. From theſe, a Veil with utmoſt Care ſhe choſe, The fineſt, largeſt, and, to her, the beſt : (z) It lying undermoſt, came out the laſt : Glitt'ring with Gold, and Brilliant as the Sun. With this, before the *Trojan* Dames ſhe marches.

When they to *Ilium*'s Citadel were come, (a) The fair *Theano*, Daughter of *Ciſſæus*, And brave *Antenor*'s Wife, unlocks the Fane ; (b) Her had the *Trojans* made *Minerva*'s Prieſteſs. The Doors being op'd, all raiſe their ſuppliant Hands, With Wailings and Complaints denoting Grief ; While from the Queen, *Minerva*'s lovely Votreſs Receives the Veil, and with profound Reſpect Plac'd it upon the Goddeſs' Knees, (c) then pray'd, With elevated Voice to *Jove*'s bright Daughter : "Guardian of *Troy*,

nians, is confirm'd by the Teſtimony of our Holy Books, where we ſee that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were ſtately Cities, where Magnificence reign'd, and where were found the moſt excellent Workers in every Thing that regarded Luxury, either for Houſes, Goods, or Habits ; plain Trades-Women were there like Queens.

(z) *It lying undermoſt, came out the laſt*] For that which is moſt precious, is commonly beſt ſecur'd. *Homer* adds this Particularity, to ſhew, that *Hecuba* viſited all her Veſts one after another, and that ſhe did not leave out or forget any.

(a) *The fair* Theano, *Daughter of* Ciſſæus, *and brave* Antenor's *Wife.*] Here *Minerva* had for a Prieſteſs, not a Maid, but a Wife, and a Wife whoſe Husband was yet alive. This is worthy of Obſervation. [May not Madam *Dacier* herſelf be call'd the *Theano* of our Times, tho' not the Fair-one ? Does any of her Sex better deſerve to be High-Prieſteſs to the Goddeſs of Wiſdom ?]

(b) *Her had the* Trojans *made* Minerva's *Prieſteſs.*] We ſee by this Paſſage, that in former Times, the High-Prieſteſſes were not nam'd by the Prince, but elected by the People.

(c) *Then pray'd.*] Obſerve 'twas the High-Prieſteſs that pray'd, and not the Queen.

"O

" O venerable *Pallas!* O Goddeſs of ſuperior
" Rank in Heav'n! Break ſtern *Tydides'* Spear,
" (*d*) and let him fall Before our Gates, head-
" long, and on his Face! So, in the inſtant,
" at thy Shrine ſhall Bleed Twelve Heifers
" that ne'er felt the galling Yoke. Daughter
" of *Jove!* Vouchſafe to pity *Troy!* Her Wives
" and Children ſave, this Empire's ſole Re-
" ſource!" (*e*) Such was her Pray'r, but *Pallas* wou'd not grant it.

Whilſt thus the Queen, and all the *Trojan* Matrons, Proſtrate at *Pallas'* Feet, addreſs'd their Pray'rs; *Hector* into the Citadel reſorts, Where *Paris* for himſelf a Court had built, With all the Cunning of the ableſt Artiſts. The Structure ſtood 'twixt *Hector's* and the King's, Within a vaſt and very ſpacious Court. This *Hector* croſſing, enter'd the Apartments: He bore a Spear, *eleven Cubits long, And pointed at the Head with poliſh'd Steel, Which to the Staff a Ring of Gold did bind. Him *Hector* finds (*f*) about

(*d*) *And let him fall.*] *Theano* is not content to beg that *Diomed* may fall before the *Scæan* Gates; ſhe prays that he may fall, and fall forwards too, *i. e.* that he may be kill'd flying. How honourable this Prayer is for *Diomed!* and what a wonderful Art in the Poet to praiſe his Heroes!

(*e*) *Such was her Pray'r, but* Pallas *would not grant it.*] *Helenus* only order'd that they ſhould pray to *Minerva* to remove *Diomed* from the Ramparts of *Troy:* But *Theano* does not confine her Prayers to that. Women are not ſo moderate in the Prayers they make againſt their Enemies; ſhe prays that *Diomed* might periſh, and periſh with Shame; wherefore her Prayer is rejected, for God does not change the Laws of his Providence to gratify our Paſſions.

(*f*) *About his Armour buſy.*] Perhaps to ſhew them to his Women, and to entertain them with the great Exploits he meditated.

[* Madam *Dacier* ſays but Ten.]

his

his Armour buſy, And furbiſhing his Bow, Cuiraſs, and Buckler. Near him ſat lovely *Helen*, 'mongſt her Maids, Giving to each her Task in choiceſt Works.

Hector, with fiery Eyes, thus chides his Brother: "Ill-fated Prince, (*g*) is this a proper "time, To manifeſt your Wrath againſt the "*Trojans*, When thus beneath our very Walls "they periſh? What wait you? Is it not for "you alone, This War was kindled, and *Troy* "thus beleaguer'd? Ought not you therefore to "ſupport the Troops, To rally them, and lead

(*g*) *Is this a proper time, to manifeſt your Wrath againſt the* Trojans?] *Hector*, that he may not accuſe *Paris* too openly of Cowardice, makes ſhew that he believes 'tis nothing but his Reſentment againſt the *Trojans*, who hate him, which makes him retire. This *Addreſs* ſucceeds to *Hector*'s Wiſh. Diſſimulation often does more than Violence. This Art of *Hector*'s did not eſcape *Plutarch*, who from it has drawn a fine Precept for Manners in his excellent Treatiſe, *how to diſcern the Flatterer from the Friend*: "As a Phyſician, *ſays he*, had rather "cure his Patient by Diet "and Repoſe, than by Caſtoreum and Scamony; ſo a "good Friend, a good Father, a good Maſter, had "always rather make uſe of "Praiſe than Blame in the "Correction of Manners; for "nothing, to one who repre-"hends with Freedom and "Liberty, is ſo helpful, hurts "leſs, and profits more, than "to reprove calmly, with "Affection, and without any "Sign of Wrath. Wherefore "you ſhould never think with "Bitterneſs to convince thoſe "who deny the Fact they are "reproach'd with, nor hinder "them from juſtifying themſelves; but, on the contrary, "furniſh them dexterouſly "and prettily with plauſible "Excuſes, and ſpecious Pretexts: and when you ſee "that they themſelves go "from the ſhamefulleſt Part "of the Fact, you ſhou'd, "if I may ſo ſay, lend an "Ear to them, and give them "their way, as *Hector* does "to *Paris* in *Homer*, when "he ſays to him, *Is this a "proper time to manifeſt your "Wrath againſt the* Tro-"jans? as if his Retreat "from the Combat with *Me-"nelaus* had not been a Flight, "and a Mark of his Fear or "Cowardice, but an Effect "of his Wrath."

"them

" them to the Charge? Come forth, leſt thy " fair Tow'rs, and thoſe of *Troy*, Be burnt by " hoſtile Flames about thy Ears!"

To whom thus *Paris* modeſtly reply'd: " *Hector*, I own that your Reproofs are juſt: " Yet let me ſpeak, and give me equal Hear- " ing. (*h*) 'Tis not ſo much my Spleen againſt " the *Trojans* Makes me retire, and keep my- " ſelf thus cloſe, (*i*) As to conceal the Grief, " which gnaws my Soul. With ſweet Perſua- " ſions, *Helen*, as you enter'd, Eas'd my ſick " Mind, and urg'd me to the War, Who of " myſelf was ready to be gone: For Arms are " fickle: Conqueſt often changes: And Vic- " tory by Turns confers her Favours. Stay " then but till I arm; or go before, And I " will ſoon o'ertake thy utmoſt Haſte."

Thus he; but *Hector* deigns not to reply: Then *Helen* op'ning to her Griefs a Paſſage; Thus with a charming Sweetneſs ſpoke to *Hector*: " O Brother, tho' I bluſh to call you ſo; " (*k*) Can there on Earth be ſuch an odious " Name, But what would be, by far too good " for me, Whom all Men hate, as Authreſs of

(*h*) *'Tis not ſo much my Spleen againſt the* Trojans.] *Paris* is very glad that *Hector* furniſh'd him with this Reaſon for his Retreat. However, he partly rejects it, becauſe there was ſtill the Injuſtice in it of letting a Nation periſh through his Reſentment; a Nation which he alone had engag'd in that War, and who were ſacrific'd only for him.

(*i*) *As to conceal the Grief which gnaws my Soul.*] Becauſe he had been vanquiſh'd in the Combat with *Menelaus*.

(*k*) *Can there on Earth be ſuch an odious Name?*] *Helen* loſes no Occaſion of ſhewing her Grief and Repentance; and ſhe always does it ſo properly, and with ſo much Modeſty, that one cannot but be touch'd with it.

" their

" their Ills? O, wou'd to God, when firſt I
" ſaw the Light, A Whirlwind from my Mo-
" ther's Arms had ſnatch'd me, And bore me
" to ſome deſart Mountain's Top, Or hid me
" in the roaring Sea's deep Womb, E'er I had
" been the Cauſe of ſo much Guilt! But
" (*l*) ſince theſe Miſchiefs by the Gods were
" will'd, Why am I not ſome Man of Honour's
" Wife, (*m*) Who might have had a quicker
" Senſe of Shame, And ſeen thro' the Re-
" proaches of Mankind! But he, whom I un-
" happily have follow'd, No Feeling has, (*n*)
" nor ever can have any: (*o*) Soon therefore, I
" believe, he'll reap the Fruit Of his mean

(*l*) *But ſince thoſe Miſchiefs by the Gods were will'd.*] It ſeems that *Helen* wou'd thereby excuſe, or diminiſh her Fault, as if it had not been in her power to hinder what the Gods had reſolv'd.

(*m*) *Who might have had a quicker Senſe of Shame.*] This Paſſage is ſo much the more difficult, as it ſeems eaſy, and as at firſt one thinks one underſtands it; and I confeſs 'twas *Euſtathius* put me in the way, by advertizing me, that *Helen* ſpeaks here with reſpect to the diſguis'd and hidden Reproach which *Hector* had juſt made to *Paris*, a Reproach which *Paris* did not in the leaſt underſtand, and which *Helen* perfectly comprehended. *Helen* means, that there's nothing worſe than a Man that has no Feeling, and who cannot diſcern the Bitterneſs hidden under ſweeten'd Reproofs, often more ſhameful than Invectives themſelves.

(*n*) *Nor ever can have any.*] For the Sentiments of Honour do not often awake again, and almoſt never return to ſuch a Man as *Paris*, ſunk in Voluptuouſneſs.

(*o*) *Soon therefore, I believe, he'll reap the Fruit of his mean Spirit, and his Want of Manhood.*] There is in the Text a Decency which I did not dare to preſerve in my Tranſlation, becauſe I only gueſs'd at it. *Helen*, after having ſaid that *Paris* had no Senſe of Shame, and that he never cou'd have any, adds;

——τῷ κέν μιν ἐπαυρήσεσθαι ὀΐω.

Which is literally, *wherefore I believe he will enjoy.* It's

" Spirit,

" Spirit, and his Want of Manhood. But come,
" dear Brother, and repoſe a-while: I ſee you're
" quite exhauſted with Fatigue, By me, vile
" Woman, caus'd, and wrongful *Paris*. Un-
" lucky Day, that brought us firſt acquainted!
" (*p*) Our Names will be unfortunately fa-
" mous! Subjects for Songs in all ſucceeding
" Ages!"

" Siſter, ſaid he, deſire me not to ſit: The
" Battel calls, I muſt no longer ſtay, But fly
" to aid our Friends who mourn my Abſence.
" You, haſten *Paris* with your utmoſt Rheto-
" rick, That he may join me, e'er I quit the
" Town. I go to paſs a Moment in my Palace,
" To ſee my Wife, my Child, and Family;
" Perhaps, I never ſhall return from Fight, But
" by the *Greeks* and conqu'ring Gods be ſlain."

Hector, this ſaid, went to his ſtately Houſe: But found not there the fair *Andromache*: She, with her Son, borne in his Nurſe's Arms, Was to the Top of *Ilium*'s Turret gone, From whence with weeping Eyes ſhe ſaw the Fight.

plain, the Grammar is defective; for what will he enjoy? *Helen* means that *Paris* will ſoon enjoy the Fruits of his Cowardice, but ſhe ſtops ſhort out of Reſpect to *Hector*. Therefore to preſerve the Grace and Vivacity of this Paſſage, it ſhould have been tranſlated; *Soon therefore, I believe, he'll reap the Fruit of his —— But come, dear Brother, &c.*

(*p*) *Our Names will be unfortunately famous.*] *Homer* took pleaſure in embelliſhing *Helen*'s Character, and in giving it all the Beauty which cou'd conſiſt with the Groundwork of it. *Helen*'s Fault, as great as it was, does not hinder but that ſhe might have a great deal of Wit, Spirit and Nobleneſs, a deep Senſe of the unhappy Condition ſhe is in, and ſo ſhe might carry her View to the eternal Infamy with which her Name will be cover'd. The Contraſte of this Character, and that of *Paris*, is wonderful.

Hector

Hector not finding his fair Spouſe at home, Strait turn'd him to the Women, thus enquiring: "Say quickly, where's my Wife *Andro-*
" *mache?* (*q*) Is ſhe at any of her Siſter's
" Houſes? Or is ſhe to *Minerva*'s Temple gone,
" Among the other Ladies, to diſarm, With
" Pray'rs and Vows, the Anger of the Goddeſs?"
Then one reply'd: "She's viſiting no Siſter,
" Nor went ſhe to the Temple in the Train;
" But to a Tow'r, above the Gate, ſhe's gone:
" Hearing the *Greeks* did over-pow'r the *Tro-*
" *jans*, She to the Walls, like one diſtracted,
" flew, Attended only by her Nurſe and Son."
(*r*) *Hector*, with this, impatient left the Houſe, And took the Way which he before had trod: And having travers'd rapidly the Town, He reach'd the Gates which led into the Field. There his fair Wife, *Andromache*, he met, The Daughter ſhe of great *Eëtion*, Who kept his

(*q*) *Is ſhe at any of her Siſter's Houſes?*] The word Siſter-in-Law comprehends what the *Greeks* ſeparate in two, and which they call γάλως and εἰνάτηρ· γάλως is the Husband's Siſter, and εἰνάτηρ is the Brother's Wife. *Andromache* therefore might be at one of *Hector*'s Siſters, as at *Caſſandra*'s, *Laodice*'s; this is ἐς γαλόων, (δόμους *the Houſe* is underſtood) or at ſome of *Hector*'s Brother's Wives, as at *Helen*'s; this is ἐς εἰνατέρων· Our *Siſter-in-Law* comprehends it all.

(*r*) Hector, *with this, impatient left the Houſe*, &c.] *Hector* does not amuſe himſelf in ſeeking his Wife on the Tower of *Ilium*; the Battel calls him, he goes where he is moſt wanted. *Homer* never fails in point of Honour and Decency. In obeying theſe moſt ſevere Rules, he has the Skill to draw from them great Beauties for his Poem. Here, for Example, he has manag'd a very agreeable Surprize for his Reader, who at firſt is very ſorry that *Hector* does not find *Andromache*, and who is afterwards agreeably ſurpriz'd to ſee that Chance preſents her to him, and gives him a pleaſure which he at firſt wiſh'd for, and which he thought he had loſt.

Court

Court in *Hypoplacian Thebes*, And o'er *Cilicians* did the Scepter ſway. She runs to meet him with the little Prince, Between the Nurſe's Arms, the only Fruit Of *Hector*'s Marriage, and whoſe Beauty dawn'd, Like to a Star emerging on th' Horizon. *Scamandrius* was the Name that *Hector* gave him; (*s*) But by the *Trojans* ſtil'd *Aſtyanax*, In Honour of his Sire, the Prop of *Troy*. (*t*) Him ſeeing, *Hector* with a Smile careſſes; Whilſt fair *Andromache*, with wat'ry Eyes, Her Lord approaching, tenderly embrac'd; And thus, with Words cut ſhort by Sobs, began: "(*u*) Too valiant Prince, your "Courage will deſtroy you! No Pity for this

(*s*) *But by the* Trojans *ſtil'd* Aſtyanax.] The People, of their own Authority, often give to Princes, Names which continue to them; but they give them in relation to the Qualities of thoſe who are nam'd; whereas here, as amongſt the *Hebrews*, we ſee Names given to Children, in relation to the Qualities or Adventures of their Fathers. The Son of *Hector* is call'd *Aſtyanax*, becauſe his Father defended *Troy*; and elſewhere this Poet ſays, that *Marpeſſa* was call'd *Alcyone*, becauſe her Mother had the ſame misfortune as *Alcyone*, the Wife of *Ceyx*.

(*t*) *Him ſeeing*, Hector *with a Smile careſſes; whilſt fair* Andromache.] I think nothing can be tenderer, finer, and better deſcrib'd, than this Parting or Farewell of *Hector* and *Andromache*. What a great Number of different Beauties has this Turn of *Hector* into *Ilium* furniſh'd *Homer* with! *Euſtathius*, after having reckon'd them up, ends his Remark by this Expreſſion, which deſerves to be prais'd: Καὶ, τὸ ὅλον εἰπεῖν, εὖ πεποίηται ὁ Ἕκτωρ, ἀπελθὼν τῆς μάχης· ἱλαρύνθη γὰρ οὕτω τῆς ποιήσεως ἡ σκυθρωποτης, καὶ ἀπονιψαμένη τοῦ λύθρου τῶν πιπτόντων, τοῖς ἐπεισοδίοις διεγέλασεν. *In a word, this Departure of* Hector *is very well imagin'd; for by this means his Poetry, being diveſted of the Fierceneſs and Inhumanity of Battels, and being as it were waſh'd from Murder and Blood, is become calm and ſmiling by the Beauty of theſe different Epiſodes.*

(*u*) *Too valiant Prince.*] The Ancients remark'd, and admir'd in this Verſe, a Beauty which in our Tongue cou'd

"Child,

" Child, or me, you feel: By daring thus, too
" ſoon, alas! you'll leave A woful Widow
" me, and him an Orphan! (*w*) The *Greeks*
" againſt thy Life bend all their Strength,
" And by thy Death will ſoon revenge their
" Loſſes. Better for me it were, if you muſt
" periſh, Firſt to deſcend into the gloomy
" Grave: When *Hector* dies, no Joy on Earth
" remains, No Conſolation for *Andromache*;
" But ev'ry Day a freſh Increaſe of Grief!
" Dead are my Father and my Mother too! By
" ſtern *Achilles'* Sword my Father fell; By him
" rich *Thebes* was pillag'd, then laid waſte, And
" her brave Inmates mercileſſly butcher'd! He
" ſlew *Eëtion*, yet deſpoil'd him not: Maugre
" his Rage, his Valour he rever'd, And burnt
" him on an honourable Pile, With all his
" Arms, and rais'd a Royal Tomb, Which by
" the Mountain Nymphs (*Jove's* high Deſcent)
" Was girt about (*x*) with Shelter-giving
" Trees. Sev'n Brothers I had; in one unhap-
" py Day, They all went down to *Pluto's* ſable
" Manſions! (*y*) *Achilles*, in the Paſtures where

not be preſerv'd. *Andromache* ſpeaking to her Husband, ſays neither *Hector*, nor *Husband*, nor *Lord*; but ſhe ſays δαιμόνιε, a middle Term, which ſignifies neither Happineſs nor Misfortune, but a Mixture of both, and which in the Mouth of that Princeſs ſhews her Grief and Affliction. *Too valiant Prince*, is what I thought came neareſt to it. [Mr. *Barnes* turns it very well by *animoſe*.]

(*w*) *The* Greeks *againſt thy Life bend all their Strength.*] *Andromache* has ſo great an Idea of *Hector's* Valour, that ſhe thinks it muſt be no leſs than all the *Greeks* that can kill him.

(*x*) *With Shelter-giving Trees.*] It is in the *Greek*, *Elms*, a Tree with which Tombs were commonly adorn'd, as very ſuitable to the Dead, becauſe it is barren.

(*y*) Achilles, *in the Paſtures where they kept their Herds*, &c.] This is according to

" they

" they kept Their Herds and Flocks, bereft
" them all of Life! My Royal Mother, ſav'd
" from Fire and Sword, He with her Riches
" captive thence convey'd, And kept on board
" his Ships near yonder Camp, Till a large
" Ranſom bought her Liberty; Then to her
" Country back *Achilles* ſent her, Where ſhort-
" ly after, in my Father's Palace, (z) *Diana*
" ſhot her with a mortal Shaft! But Thou to
" me art Father, Mother, Brother. All in ſo
" dear a Husband is included. Then pity Me;
" pity our common Joy, For fear thou leav'ſt
" him a poor Widow's Charge, And to the
" dreadfulleſt of Ills expoſe us! Stay, ſtay thou
" at the bottom of this Rampart! From thence
" you may arreſt your flying Troops, And ſet
" them in Array on yonder Hill, Where the
" wild Fig-trees grow; (a) for there our Walls
" Are eaſieſt ſcal'd, and fitteſt for Surprize: And
" there the moſt redoubted of our Foes, Th'
" *Ajaces*, *Idomen*, th' *Atrides*, *Diomed*, Have

the Cuſtoms of thoſe Ages, by which we likewiſe ſee the Simplicity of the *Patriarchs* Times, as deſcrib'd to us in our Holy Books.

(z) Diana *ſhot her with a mortal Shaft.*] That is to ſay, ſhe died a ſudden Death, as I have elſewhere already obſerv'd.

(a) *For there our Walls are eaſieſt ſcaled.*] If *Andromache* ſaid this of herſelf, ſhe did not ſpeak like a Woman, but like a Soldier, which wou'd be a fault; but ſhe mentions it, becauſe the three Attacks of the Enemy had made it known to all the *Trojans*, as ſhe is going to make appear; and this is very ingenious, to give *Hector* a Pretence for ſtaying at the bottom of the Rampart without any ſhame, if he wou'd have follow'd her Counſel. [A little lower than this wild Fig-tree Hill, which nearly adjoin'd to Old *Ilium*, ſtood the great Beech-Tree frequently mention'd by *Homer*.]

" thrice

" thrice already with their utmoſt Force At-
" tempted to break in and ope their Way. (*b*)
" Whether induc'd thereto by ſome wiſe *Au-*
" *gur*, (*c*) Or whether of themſelves they had
" obſerv'd Some Weakneſs in the Place, I can-
" not ſay."

" My dear *Andromache*, reply'd brave *Hector*,
" I'm no leſs touch'd at your Alarms, than you:
" But what Diſgrace! How will the *Trojans*
" ſcoff, Both Men and Women, and aſperſe
" my Name, If, like a Coward, I decline the
" Fight! I am not proof againſt their ſharp
" Reproaches; Yet this is not the thing ex-
" cites my Courage: My very Nature prompts
" me to the War; (*d*) I am accuſtom'd to ſur-
" paſs the braveſt, And fight among the fore-
" moſt, when the Foe Invades my Father's Ho-
" nour,

(*b*) *Whether induc'd thereto by ſome wiſe* Augur.] For 'twas the Cuſtom of the *Grecians* and *Barbarians*, hardly ever to undertake any conſiderable Enterprize, without having beforehand conſulted the Divines; this was a long time practis'd among other Nations, eſpecially among the *Gauls*.

(*c*) *Or whether of themſelves they had obſerv'd ſome Weakneſs in the Place.*] This Paſſage evidently ſhews, that in the Time of the *Trojan* War, thoſe who laid Siege to Places, even the *Greeks*, were not accuſtom'd to take a View of them before-hand; 'twas only during the Courſe of the Siege, and in the divers Attacks, that they obſerv'd the ſtrong or weak Places thereof. I am amaz'd at it, for I ſhou'd think that this Precaution wou'd very naturally come into the Mind the firſt of any. However, I do not find that it was then in uſe, neither among the *Greeks*, nor other Nations; a great Proof, that the Art of War was not yet in its Perfection.

(*d*) *I am accuſtom'd.*] The *Greek* ſays, *I have learn'd*, μάθον· and by this Word, *Homer* ſhews, that he knew this Truth, that the Virtues, even Valour itſelf, may be taught, and that Uſe may form them.

" nour, or my own. (*e*) I know, a Day will
" come, when *Troy* ſhall fall, With *Priam*, and
" his People, and his Children! But, not this
" Empire's Fall, nor *Priam*'s Death, Nor *He-*
" *cuba*'s nor that of all my Brothers, (Who,
" trod by hoſtile Feet, muſt bite the Sand)
" Make ſuch a deep Impreſſion on my Mind,
" As the afflicting Thought, that ſome rude
" *Greek* Will drag Thee, weeping, Captive, to
" his Country! There, in the Eyes of all the
" *Argive* People, To a proud Miſtreſs's Diſdain
" expos'd, Thou, at a foreign Loom, for her
" muſt work! Or which is infinitely worſe, (*f*)
" be forc'd, Like to the vileſt Slave, to fetch in
" Water, From clear (*g*) *Meſſeis* or *Hyperia*'s
" Spring! This thou muſt do, however thou
" abhor'ſt: Neceſſity's a moſt imperious Miſ-
" treſs. When ſome ſhall ſay, ſeeing thy ab-
" ject State, *That's* Hector's *Wife: of all that*

(*e*) *I know, a Day will come, when* Troy *ſhall fall.*] He knew it before-hand, by ſome ancient Oracle, to which he gave more Credit than *Priam* and the other Princes. He ſays, in a looſe uncertain Manner, *a Day will come*, that he may not diſhearten the unhappy *Andromache*, already ſufficiently afflicted; for the moſt fatal Events, with which we are threaten'd, are much leſs terrifying when the Hour is uncertain.

(*f*) *To fetch in Water.*] For drawing Water was the Function of the baſeſt Slaves. This appears even by Holy Scripture, where we ſee that the *Gibeonites*, who had cheated *Joſhua*, are made Slaves, and ſubjected to draw Water. This is the Curſe which *Joſhua* himſelf pronounces againſt them, and which very well ſhews the Ignominy of that Service: *Sub maledictione eritis, & non deficiet de ſtirpe veſtra ligna cædens, aquaſque comportans*, &c. *Now therefore ye are curſed, and there ſhall none of you be freed from being Bondmen, and Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water*, &c. *Joſh.* ix. 23.

(*g*) Meſſeis *or* Hyperia's *Spring.*] *Hyperia* is a Fountain of *Argos*; and *Meſſeis* a Fountain of *Theſſaly*.

" *fought*

" *fought for* Troy, *He was for Deeds of Proweſs*
" *moſt renown'd!* This thou wilt hear each Mo-
" ment; and theſe Words Will but renew thy
" Grief, and probe thy Wound, To ſee thy-
" ſelf bereft of ſuch a Husband, The only Man
" that could have broke thy Chains, And with
" his Sword cut ſhort thy ſervile Hours! But
" e'er I hear your Cries, or ſee you dragg'd
" (*b*) May Mounds of Earth, pil'd on my
" darkſome Tomb, Stop ev'ry Senſe againſt
" thy Plaints and Plight!"

This ſaid, he reach'd his Hands to take his Son. The Infant, of his glitt'ring Arms afraid, And yet more frightned at the Agitation Of the large Horſe-hair Plume which nodded dreadful, Back to his Nurſe's Boſom clung, and cry'd. His Parents gently ſmil'd to ſee his Fear; *Hector*, to ſtill him, took his Helmet off, And laid it on the Ground, diffuſing Light; Then having kiſs'd, and danc'd between his Arms His deareſt Son, he thus beſought the Gods, Raiſing the Child tow'rds Heav'n: " Almighty
" *Jove!* And all ye other Gods, attend my
" Pray'r! Grant that this Child may tread his
" Father's Steps; Let his Renown be free from
" Stain, like *Hector*'s; Let him with Strength
" and Wiſdom be adorn'd; (*i*) Let him in
" *Ilium* reign, belov'd and fear'd; That Men
" may ſay when he returns in Triumph, And

(*b*) *May Mounds of Earth, pil'd on my darkſome Tomb.*] I have try'd to convey the Force of this Expreſſion, χυτὴ γαῖα, which ſhews the Manner in which they made the Tombs, by heaping Mounds of Earth on them.

(*i*) *Let him in* Ilium *reign, belov'd and fear'd.*] How can what *Hector* ſays here, agree with what he has already ſaid,

" ſhews

" ſhews the bloody Spoils of ſlaughter'd Foes:
" (k) *This Prince is much more valiant than his*
" *Father!* And may his Mother, Witneſs to
" theſe Praiſes, Feel all the Joy of having
" ſuch a Son!"

This ſaid: He to his Wife return'd the Child; She, with a Smile chaſtis'd with Tears, receiv'd him, And in her fragrant Boſom ſooth'd to reſt. *Hector* with pitying Eyes beheld her Grief; Then with his Hand he dry'd her ſcalding Tears, And tenderly embracing thus adviſ'd: " Grieve nōt with ſuch Exceſs, too ge-
" nerous Princeſs! No Man can die before his
" Hour is come: And when 'tis come, no
" Man can put it off; Brave or not brave, a

that he knows *Ilium* will be ſack'd by the *Greeks*? It muſt be remember'd that this is a Prayer. *Hector* in an Exceſs of Emotion and Tenderneſs for his Son, prays the Gods to preſerve *Troy*, and that his Son may reign therein. It is always permitted to pray to God to appeaſe his Wrath, and change his Decrees. How often have Prayers chang'd Deſtiny?

(k) *This Prince is much more valiant than his Father.*] *Hector* wiſhes that his Son may not only be *more valiant* than himſelf, but likewiſe *much more valiant*, and this is natural to Fathers. *Sophocles*, touch'd at the Beauty of this Prayer, has imitated it in his *Ajax*, where that unfortunate Father, taking his Son in his Arms, prays, *That he may be more happy than himſelf, but in all Things elſe alike.*

Ὦ παῖ γένοιο πατρὸς εὐ-
τυχέστερος,
Τἀ δ' ἄλλ' ὅμοιος.

Whence comes the Difference then of theſe two Prayers, ſince the laſt is form'd on the firſt? It comes from this, *Homer* makes a wiſe Father ſpeak it, and *Sophocles* puts it in the Mouth of a fooliſh one. Fools have always ſuch a good Opinion of themſelves, that they cannot think they can be ſurpaſs'd. I thought it proper to illuſtrate *Sophocles*'s Wiſdom, in the Change he has made in this Character; it may alſo be uſeful for the Manners.

" Hero or a Coward: The Moment that we're " born our Fate is fix'd. Therefore *Andro-* " *mache*, I pray go home, (*l*) And with a " Houſewife's decent Occupations Drive from " thy Mind theſe melancholy Thoughts: Ap- " ply thee to the Spindle and the Loom, And " ſee thy Maids perform their ſeveral Tasks. " War is Man's Province, leave thou that to " me, And thoſe whom I as General ſhall em- " ploy." This ſaid, he re-aſſumes his Helm, and flies againſt the Foe.

The ſad *Andromache* to Court returns, Oft looking back, and ſhedding plenteous Tears. Soon as in *Hector*'s Palace ſhe arriv'd, Her Grief fill'd all her Women with Deſpair: Nothing is heard but Sighs, and Cries, and Groans. *Hector*, yet living, is deplor'd as dead: They thought he never could return from Fight, Or poſſibly eſcape ſo many Hands Contending for his Life.

Paris, mean while, made all the haſte he could: No ſooner was he arm'd, but thro' the

(*l*) *And with a Houſewife's decent Occupations*, &c.] *Homer* always ſends the Women to their Knitting and their Diſtaff; which brings into my Mind a pretty Story told by *Herodotus*. He writes, that the Princeſs *Pheretima*, being driven from *Cyrene*, with her Son *Arceſilas*, retir'd to *Evelton*, King of *Cyprus*, of whom ſhe begg'd an Army to re-eſtabliſh her in her Kingdom. *Evelton* continually ſhifted it off, by making her every day rich Preſents. She receiv'd his Preſents, and ſtill begg'd Troops. One Morning the King of *Cyprus*, tir'd with her Importunities, ſent her a Spindle and Diſtaff, and to tell her that ſuch were the only Preſents fit for Women, and ought to be their only Occupation. I am afraid ſome People, reading this Work, and finding it far above my Capacity, will ſend me alſo to my Diſtaff and Spindle.

Town

Town He proudly ſtalk'd, confiding in his Feet. As a fair Courſer that has long been pamper'd, Tir'd with Repoſe, at length he breaks from Stable, With ample Stroke meaſuring the open Plain; Eager to bathe in ſome calm Cryſtal Flood, He cleaves the Air, and makes the Earth reſound: Haughty his Paces, and erect his Head, His Shoulders ſhaded with his flowing Mane; Preſuming on his Body's fine Compoſure, And ſtung with high Deſire, purſues his Way To wonted Paſtures and to well-known Females. So look'd the Son of *Priam*, Godlike *Paris*, Deſcending from the lofty Tow'r of *Troy*, Cover'd with Arms whoſe Beams out-ſhone the Sun's. Burning with hot Impatience for the Fight, He to the Walls directs his rapid Steps, And quickly with his valiant Brother meets, Near to the Place where he his Wife had left; Then with this ſhort Apology began: "Brother, I fear I've made "you wait too long; And that I come not by "the time you wiſh'd, To ſecond your Im-"patience for the Fight."

"Prince, reply'd *Hector*, (*m*) none can "juſtly tax you With Cowardice; for well "your Valour's known: But ſometimes you "have Humours, and are ſlothful, Becauſe "you will be ſo, and hate to ſtir. The *Tro-*

(*m*) *None can juſtly tax you with Cowardice.*] *Hector*, in making a kind of Satisfaction to *Paris* for the rough Manner, in which he had already twice ſpoke to him to excite him to fight, finds a new way to pique him in the Point of Honour, by praiſing his Courage, and telling him, that he only corrupts it by Idleneſs, a Quality very natural to thoſe who have *Paris*'s Inclinations.

" *jans*, who, I muſt confeſs, have ſuffer'd, On
" your account, much Hardſhip and Affliction,
" Speak all the Ill they can of you, in Spight;
" Which when I hear, it cuts me to the Heart.
" But come, let's go where Fame and Danger
" call: There will be time enough for Recon-
" cilement, If ever *Jove* ſhall put us in a State
" To offer up the Sacrifice of Thanks, (*n*) And
" drink the Cup of Liberty, in Joy For *Ilium*
" ſav'd, and haughty *Greeks* repell'd."

(*n*) *And drink the Cup of Liberty.*] That is to ſay, the Cup in which they made Libations to Saviour *Jupiter*, after having driven away their Enemies, and recover'd their Liberty. *The free Cup*, or *the Cup of Liberty*, is an Expreſſion borrow'd from the *Hebrews*, who in like manner ſaid, *the Chalice* or *Cup of Salvation*, *the Chalice* or *Cup of Anger*, *the Cup of Sorrow*, *the Cup of Benediction*, &c. The Expreſſion is remarkable in the Mouth of *Hector*. Moreover, there was in *Greece* a Fountain, whoſe Water was call'd ἐλευθέριον, and ἐλεύθερον ὕδωρ, *Water of Liberty*. It was in the Neighbourhood of *Mycenæ*, near *Juno*'s Temple, and it was call'd *Water of Liberty*, not only becauſe *Juno*'s Prieſteſſes us'd it for ſecret Expiations, but likewiſe, becauſe the Slaves who were ſet free drank of that Water, when they had their Liberty given them.

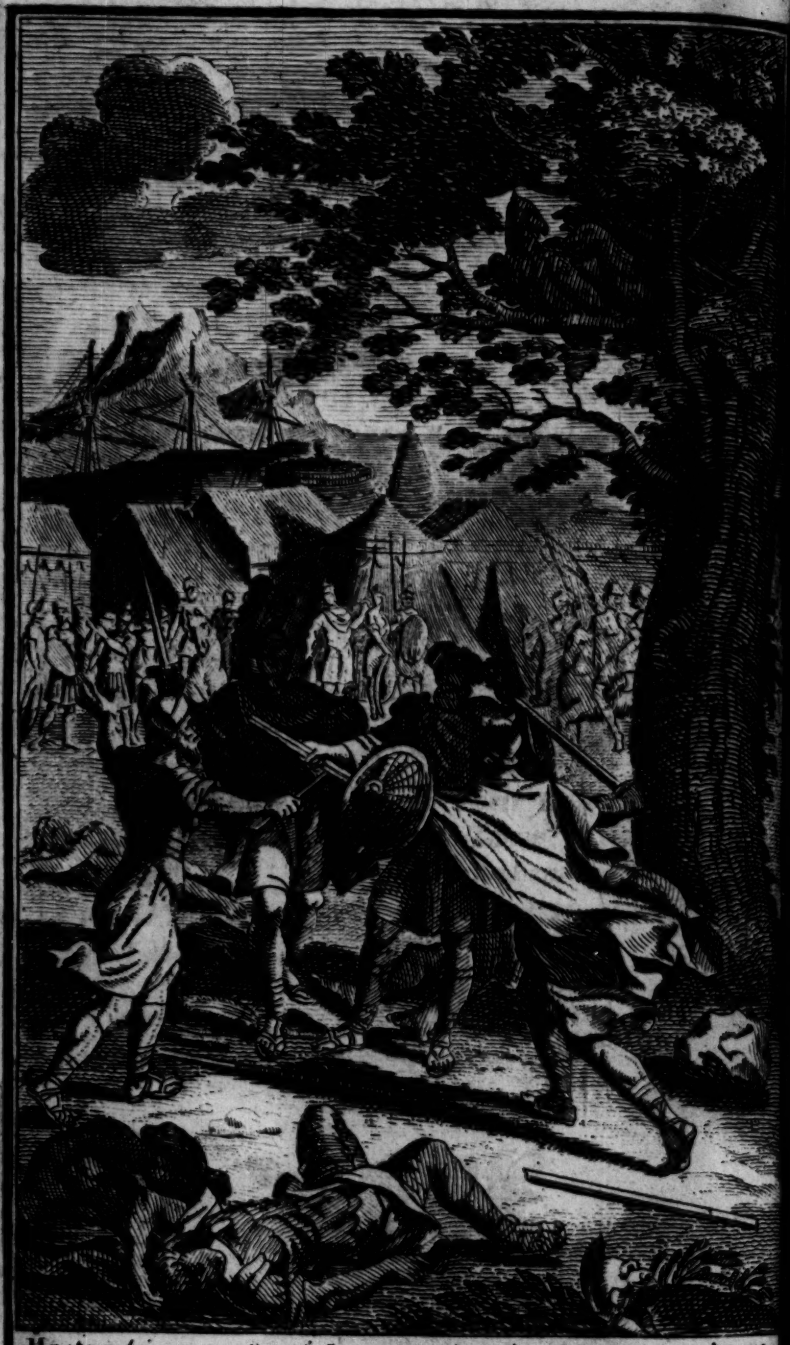
Argument

Argument of the Seventh Book.

HECTOR, *advancing from* Troy *with his Brother* Paris, *re-engages himself in the thickest of the Fight, and performs new Exploits.* Minerva, *alarm'd for the* Greeks, *descends from* Olympus; Apollo, *perceiving her Design, goes to meet her; They agree to separate the two Armies for that Day, and to induce* Hector *to challenge the stoutest of the* Greeks. Helenus, *who, as an* Augur, *had penetrated their Intention, proposes it to his Brother; who, ravish'd with the Proposition, puts back his Troops;* Agamemnon *does the same thing on his side.* Hector *advances between both Armies, and proposes the Conditions of the Combat. The* Greeks *are frightened, and make no Answer to this Challenge: At length,* Menelaus *rises, and after having reproach'd the* Greeks *for their Cowardice, is for taking Arms himself.* Agamemnon *hinders him; and* Nestor *so sharply reproves the Generals of the Troops, that Nine of them offer themselves, and contend for the Honour of fighting* Hector. Nestor *obliges them to refer it to Chance; each puts his Mark into a Helmet, and the Lot falls upon* Ajax, *according to the Wishes of the whole Army. These two Heroes enter the Lists, and after having furiously charg'd several times, are parted by their Heralds. Before they retire, they make Presents to each other.* Nestor *proposes the Burning of the Dead; and on that same Day,* Antenor *moves the* Trojans *to restore* Helen, *with all the Riches that came with her.* Paris *opposes this Motion, and offers only to restore her*

Riches, with ſome Addition, if it ſhou'd be thought proper. The next Day, Priam *ſends a Herald to make Declaration to the* Greeks, *of* Paris's *Offer, and at the ſame time, to demand a Truce for the Burning of the Dead. The Herald having deliver'd his Meſſage,* Diomed *repreſents, That they ought to have no regard to this Propoſition, nor even to receive* Helen *herſelf, tho' they wou'd reſtore her. So* Agamemnon *ſends back the Herald, and grants only the Truce. The Dead are carry'd off, and are plac'd upon the Funeral-Pile. After theſe pious Duties, the* Greeks *encloſe their Camp with a Wall, flank'd by Towers, and defended by a Ditch, beſet with Paliſades. This great Work amazes the Gods themſelves, and excites the Jealouſy of* Neptune ; *he complains thereof to* Jupiter. *That God reproaches him, for his unbecoming Jealouſy, and to comfort him, abandons to him that Wall, after the* Greeks *ſhall be departed. The* Greeks *paſs a good Part of the Night in making merry in their Camp, and the* Trojans *do the like in their Town.* Jupiter, *by Thunder and Lightning, gives them new Marks of his Wrath, and they endeavour to appeaſe him with Libations.*


BRITISH
10DE62
MUSEUM



Hector, *being returnd to y^e Camp, enters into single Combat with* **Ajax**, *after having defeated y^e most Valiant of y^e* **Greeks**. *They are interrupted by the Heralds who part them.*

B. VII.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK VII.

Engliſh'd by another Hand.

THUS ſpake illuſtrious *Hector*, and advanc'd Without the Gates, with *Paris* by his Side: Both eager for the Fight, intent on War: So much their Looks foretold. (*a*) No proſp'rous Gale Sent by the Gods to a diſtreſſed Crew, Long lab'ring againſt Wind and Tide, and tir'd With plying the ſmooth

(*a*) *No proſp'rous Gale.*] What a Greatneſs and Juſtneſs is there in this Image! And how happily fertile is *Homer* in praiſing Heroes!

Oar, was e'er more welcome, Than the wiſh'd Preſence of theſe noble Warriors To the deſiring *Trojans*, preſs'd in Battel By Numbers of the Foe. First, *Paris* ſlew Valiant *Meneſtheus*, born to *Arnas'* King, Stout *Areïthoüs*, who wielded well The maſſy Club; *Philomeduſa* was His Mother, for the Beauties of her Eyes Renown'd. Then *Hector*, with his pointed Spear, Smote brave *Eïoneus*, between the Cuiraſs And temper'd Helmet: To the Ground it fell'd him. *Glaucus*, *Hippolochus*'s valiant Offspring, Chief of the *Lycians*, darted his ſwift Jav'lin At *Dexius'* Son *Iphinous*, as he ſtood Erect, within his Chariot: on whoſe Shoulder It fell, and threw him at his Horſes Feet.

Gray-ey'd *Minerva* from *Olympus'* Top The Combat view'd, ſo fatal to the *Greeks*: And, haſting down, to *Ilium*'s Walls ſhe flew; Her *Phœbus* ſaw from *Pergamus'* dread Height, And ſped to meet her: for he lov'd the *Trojans*, And wiſh'd the Day was theirs. Both Deities Met (*b*) near the Beech; *Apollo* firſt began, And thus beſpoke *Jove*'s Offspring: "Why, O "Goddeſs, Why from *Olympus'* Mount, with "what Deſign In favour of the *Greeks*, for "whom thou labour'ſt, Art thou come down "to turn the doubtful Scale To that lov'd Side? "For well I know thou hateſt The *Trojan* Race. "(*c*) But be adviſ'd: relent, And join with

(*b*) *Near the Beech.*] Which was on the Eminence, oppoſite to the *Scæan* Gates.

(*c*) *But be adviſ'd, relent, and join with me.*] This Fiction of *Homer*'s is founded upon *Apollo*'s being the Repreſentative of Deſtiny; and *Minerva*, that is to ſay eternal Wiſdom, her repreſenting Providence, which dictates the Laws that Deſtiny is oblig'd to follow, and which it cannot violate.

"me,

" me, to ſtay the preſent Combat. Another
" Day's ſufficient for the *Greeks*, And for the
" Fate of *Troy*; ſince 'tis ordain'd (*d*) By two
" great Goddeſſes to lay this City Low in the
" Duſt, and raze its deep Foundations."

Apollo thus; and thus the Goddeſs anſwer'd:
" 'Twas on the ſame Deſign I left *Olympus*,
" And hither came, to part the doubtful Com-
" bat. Say, by what Means the two contend-
" ing Armies Shall ſtop their Fury in its high
" Career?"

To whom *Apollo*, Son of *Jove*, reply'd:
" Let us with double Strength and Rage in-
" ſpire Stout *Hector*, to propoſe in ſingle Com-
" bat Himſelf a Match to whomſoe'er the
" *Greeks* Shall chooſe his Equal; Let the Foe
" accept This Challenge, and ſelect the moſt
" approv'd Of all their Captains to engage
" with *Hector*."

He ſpoke: The Goddeſs his Deſign purſu'd. (*e*) But *Helenus*, old *Priam*'s Son belov'd, Perceiving how the Deities had fix'd Their Purpoſe, made his way where *Hector* fought; And thus adviſ'd him: " Son of *Priam*, Hear,
" Though much reſembling *Jove* in wiſe Fore-
" caſt; Yet, knowing as thou art, accept the
" Counſel A faithful Brother gives thee. Stay
" the Battel; And let both Armies ceaſe their
" mutual Rage, Whilſt thou, advancing, ſhalt
" in ſingle Combat Dare the moſt hardy of

(*d*) *By two great Goddeſſes.*] *Juno* and *Minerva*.

(*e*) *But* Helenus——*perceiving how the Deities had fix'd their Purpoſe.*] For it has been already ſaid, that *Helenus* was an Augur.

" the *Greeks* to meet thee, Engaging Man to " Man; thy deſtin'd Hour Comes not to-day, " nor can the Fates approach thee: (*f*) For " well I know the Voices of the Gods."

Thus he: His Brother, raviſh'd with his Motion, Caught the Propoſal; and inceſſant flung Himſelf between both Hoſts, and with his Spear, (*g*) Graſp'd in the Middle, forc'd the *Trojans* back: Who all obedient from the Fight retir'd, And ſtood to wait the Iſſue; *Agamemnon*, By his Example, drew the *Grecians* off, And left an Avenue between both Armies. (*h*) *Pallas* and *Phœbus* took the Form

(*f*) *For well I know the Voices of the Gods.*] *Homer*, therefore, was perſuaded, that the Gods ſuffer'd their Voices to be heard by Men. The Manner in which ſuch Voice was heard, has been very well explain'd by Monſieur *Dacier*, in the Argument of *Socrates*'s Apology, in the beginning of the ſecond Volume of *Plato*.

(*g*) *Graſp'd in the middle.*] I have already obſerv'd, that this is the natural Manner, in which an Officer makes his Troops retire, and ranges them, by puſhing them back with his Pike ſide-ways. However, I am oblig'd to take notice, that *Euſtathius* underſtands it not in this Senſe. He pretends, that to take the Spear by the middle of it, was a Signal for ceaſing the Combat; for the Ancients had neither Trumpets nor Drums, nor any other Inſtrument to give their Orders by, and ſince the Voice alone was not ſufficient amidſt the Tumult and Noiſe of a Battel; they were oblig'd to ſpeak to the Eyes by ſome viſible Sign, and ſo this Spear, taken by the middle, ſhew'd, that it was no longer us'd to fight with. But, whatever Deference I have for that learned Archbiſhop, I am perſuaded, that he's miſtaken, and that *Homer* paints *Hector* as putting back and ranging his Troops with his Pike ſideways.

(*h*) Pallas *and* Phœbus *took the Form of Vulturs, and perching on the Beech.*] The Metamorphoſes of the Gods into Birds were receiv'd in Fable long before *Homer*; ſo that he cannot be found fault with, for uſing what was generally admitted. However, 'tis not by this that I wou'd juſtify that great Poet. Whatever Liberty Fable might give him, I ſhou'd think he ought to

of

of Vulturs; And perching on the Beech, ſacred to *Jove*, Sate to behold the Combat in the midſt, Pleas'd with the fine Appearance of the Troops, Whoſe Shields, and Helmets, and reſplendent Spears Reflected Horror through the glitt'ring Plains. As when the Eaſtern Blaſts rouze the calm Ocean, And roll the Waves in Ranks, with Light and Shade Caſting alternate Horrors: So the *Trojan* And *Grecian* Hoſt appear'd, in dreadful Order; To whom ſtern *Hector* thus addreſs'd himſelf.

" Hear me, ye *Trojan* Chiefs! ye *Grecian*! " hear What *Hector*'s mighty Soul ſhall dictate. " *Jove*, Who from above all humane Things " controuls, Reſolv'd to break the Truce ſo " lately made, New Plagues againſt both Ar- " mies meditates, Nor wills the War ſhould " ceaſe, till either *Troy* Be level'd with the " Duſt, or conquer'd *Grecians* Retire, and ſeek " their Safety in their Ships. With you are " valiant Chiefs, renown'd in War: Chuſe " therefore one, if any one there be, Daring

have avoided theſe unworthy Metamorphoſes, which drew upon him the Cenſure of *Plato*; a very juſt Cenſure, if that Philoſopher had kept it in its due Bounds; but theſe Fictions of *Homer*'s ought not to be taken groſſly. Divination by the Flight of Birds was extremely in uſe in thoſe Times; *Homer* therefore feigns that *Apollo* and *Minerva* declar'd their Deſign to *Helenus*, by means of two Vulturs; and as theſe two Birds are the Meſſengers of theſe two Deities, *Homer*, by an Imagination entirely Poetical, takes them for the Deities themſelves, which they repreſent. Thus *Virgil* feign'd that the Fury, which aſſiſted *Æneas* againſt *Turnus*, chang'd herſelf into an Owl. We may likewiſe ſay, that the Raven, which help'd *Camillus* againſt the *Gauls*, was ſome Deity who favour'd that *Roman*. Theſe Freedoms are permitted in Poetry, and are very beautiful in it, when pertinently us'd.

" enough to meet me Hand to Hand, Here at
" the Army's Head. Be theſe the Terms On
" which we fight, and let great *Jove* confirm
" them: If underneath his Sword I fall, my
" Arms, His Prize, the Victor to yon Fleet
" may bear; Only my Body be to *Troy* re-
" ſtor'd, Amidſt the Tears of Old and Young;
" and there Receive its Funeral Rites: but if
" I conquer, By great *Apollo*'s Aid, his Arms
" be mine; (*i*) Which at the Shrine of the
" far-ſhooting King I'll hang up; his dead
" Corps be yours, to bear In your tall Ships
" to *Greece*, where, (*k*) on the Shore Of *Hel-*
" *leſpont*, you ſhall erect his Tomb; that when,
" In future times, the Sailors paſs that way,
" Some one may ſay, *There is the Tomb of him,*
" *Once great in Arms, whom greater* Hector *ſlew:*
" (*l*) So ſhall my Glory reach the lateſt
" Age."

(*i*) *Which at the Shrine of the far-ſhooting King I'll hang up.*] By this Paſſage it appears, that the Cuſtom of hanging up, in Temples, the Spoils of the Enemy, is very ancient.

(*k*) *On the Shore of* Helleſpont, *you ſhall erect his Tomb.*] *Homer* accommodates to his Fable all the Particulars that he was acquainted with concerning the War of *Troy*. On the Shore of the *Helleſpont* were the Tombs of the moſt famous Captains that were ſlain in this Expedition: Near the Promontory of *Sigeum* were the Tombs of *Achilles*, *Patrocles*, and *Antilochus*; and near *Rhœtia* was ſeen that of *Ajax*, with the Statue of that Hero, which *Anthony* took away to preſent to *Cleopatra*, and which *Auguſtus* afterwards reſtor'd to the *Rhœti*.

(*l*) *So ſhall my Glory reach the lateſt Age.*] Time has deſtroy'd thoſe Tombs, which were to have preſerv'd *Hector*'s Glory; but *Homer*'s Poetry, more durable than Monument, and Proof againſt Ages, will for ever preſerve it, and tranſmit it even to the remoteſt Poſterity.

Thus

Thus he: The *Greeks* all ſilent ſtood, aſham'd
To wave the Fight, nor daring to accept it.
At laſt, deep groaning in his wrathful Breaſt,
Stout *Menelaus* ſtood up, and thus upbraided
The *Grecian* Chiefs: " O Cowards, Boaſters,
" (*m*) Bullies! A Hoſt of Women, not of va-
" liant *Greeks!* Turn to your Native Dirt and
" Rottenneſs, Rather than live to bear this
" Load of Shame, Diſmay'd with Words and
" haughty Menaces. Will none meet gallant
" *Hector* in the Combat, But all ſit mute and
" heartleſs? then will I Accept his Challenge;
" (*n*) let the Gods, who order Th' Events of
" War, do with me as they pleaſe."

This ſaid, he buckl'd on his ſhining Armour,
And had that Day reſign'd his Soul to Fate,
By *Hector*'s Arm excelling far in Strength;
Had not the *Grecian* Chiefs all roſe at once,
And interpoſing ſtay'd him; *Agamemnon*,
Among the reſt, hung on his Arm, and thus
Addreſs'd him: " Raſh, imprudent Man, forbear
" Words near ally'd to Frenzy; moderate Your
" Rage; nor think you're able to encounter

(*m*) *Bullies.*] This is the true Signification of the Word ἀπειλητῆρες, which, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, ſignifies, *Men who, without Reaſon, boaſt*; or, *who by their Bravado's wou'd frighten others*, ἀπειλητῆρες, ſays he, οἱ μόνον καυχώμενοι, καὶ ἐς καινὸν αὐχοῦντες ἢ οἱ ἐκφοβοῦντες λόγοις ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ λέγεται τὸ ἀπειλεῖν.

(*n*) *Let the Gods, who order the Events of War.*] The *Greek* Expreſſion deſerves to be explain'd. *Homer* literally ſays, *the Ends of Victory are on high in the Hands of the immortal Gods.* That Poet conſiders Victory under the Idea of a Cord, the two Ends whereof are tied in Heaven, and which none but the Gods can unty in favour of him they protect. This Figure was familiar to the *Greeks*, and even to the *Latins*; but it would not be ſupportable in our Language.

" A

" A Man, whoſe Name is terrible to *Greece*,
" And its beſt Leaders; (*o*) ev'n *Achilles'* ſelf
" Diſtruſts his Valour, when with *Hector*
" match'd: And can'ſt thou with *Achilles* vye?
" for ſhame, Retire, and take your Station
" in the Ranks; The *Greeks* will chuſe ſome
" other abler Champion, To cope with *Hector*;
" and whoe'er he be, (*p*) From his great La-
" bour willingly he'll reſt, If with his Life he

(*o*) *Ev'n* Achilles' *ſelf diſtruſts his Valour, when with* Hector *match'd.*] This is not Truth, but *Agamemnon* ſays it, the better to diſſuade *Menelaus*, and to ſhew him, that, without Shame, he might avoid fighting with ſo redoubted a Man.

(*p*) *From his great Labours willingly he'll reſt.*] The *Greek* ſays, *he'll willingly bend his Knee*; which made ſome Interpreters believe, *Homer* meant that he wou'd willingly bend his Knees, to thank the Gods for ſaving him; but this Expreſſion *bend his Knee*, plainly ſignifies *to ſit down, to repoſe.* Thus in *Æſchylus*, *Vulcan* ſays to *Prometheus*, *wherefore thou ſhalt be ty'd to this frightful Rock, always ſtanding without ſleeping, without bending your Knee*, οὐ κάμπτων γόνυ, that is, *without repoſing.* And in the ſame Piece, the Ocean ſays of his *Gryphon*, that *he'll willingly bend his Knee in his Lodging.*

——ἄσμενος δὲ τ' ἂν
Σταθμοῖς ἐν οἰκείοισι ψέλσειν γόνυ.

Wherefore *Heſychius* has obſerv'd, γόνυ κάμψαι, ἀναπαύεσθαι, *to bend the Knee, to reſt.* We do not find, that the Ancient *Greeks* ever bent the Knee in their Prayers; but always pray'd, either ſtanding or ſitting; *Pythagoras* too gave this Precept, *adore ſitting.* The Cuſtom of kneeling at Prayers, was practis'd by none but the *Hebrews.* Holy Spripture ſays of *Solomon*: *Surrexit de conſpectu altaris Domini, utrumque enim genu in terram fixerat & manus expanderat in cœlum. He aroſe from before the Altar of the Lord, from kneeling on his Knees, with his Hands ſpread up to Heaven,* 1 *Kings* viii. 54. I have read ſomewhere, that the *Æthiopians* always pray ſtanding, in their Aſſemblies, except only on *Pentecoſt* Day, when they kneel to pray. The Primitive Church always pray'd kneeling, except on *Sundays*, and from *Eaſter* to *Whitſuntide.* St. *Ambroſe*, St. *Jerom*, *Tertullian.*

" Ἴcαρε

" 'ſcape from *Hector*'s Sword." (*q*) With Words like theſe, full charg'd with Reaſon's Force, The King diverts his Brother's raſh Attempt, Who, yielding to his juſt Commands, permits His Servants to unlade him of his Armour: Then *Neſtor* from the *Greeks* up roſe, and ſpake.

" Ye Gods, how low is *Grecian* Honour " fall'n? How would the Soul of the great " Hero *Peleus*, Who oft with martial Eloquence " excited His *Myrmidons* to War, and oft en- " quir'd, When firſt we ſail'd from *Greece*, " what Chiefs we had, How born, and " whence deſcended! How wou'd he Groan " inward with Diſdain, to ſee his *Greeks* Start " at a *Trojan* Name? ſo mean a Shame Wou'd " make him wiſh not to out-live the Day, " But pray the Gods to ſend him to the Shades. " Would *Jove*, and *Pallas*, and *Apollo* grant, " That I were young, as when I join'd the " Fight At *Celadon*: when *Pylians*, and *Arca-* " *dians*, Arm'd with their Darts, engag'd at " *Pheas*' Walls, On *Jordan*'s Banks; a Cham- " pion then ſtood forth, Call'd *Ereuthalion*, of " a God-like Stature: His Arms the Spoils of " *Areïthoüs*, The fam'd Club-bearing King,

(*q*) *With Words like theſe, full charg'd with Reaſon's Force, the King diverts his Brother's raſh Attempt.*] This Docility of *Menelaus*'s may ſhock the Boaſters of our Age, who will never own any to be braver than themſelves, and who therein are often more foolhardy than brave. As for me, I am charm'd with it, and I ſhou'd be glad, if in Valour, and all other good Qualities, every one wou'd own his ſtrong and his weak Side; for 'tis certain, a Man may be ſenſible of it; Pride alone hinders the ſeeing it, and acknowledging it.

" ſuch

" ſuch was his Weapon, With which he fell'd
" whole Ranks of armed Men, Diſdaining the
" long Spear and ſounding Bow. By Treache-
" ry he fell: *Lycurgus* ſlew him; For ruſh-
" ing on him in a narrow Paſs, He gored him
" with his Spear, and brought him low, Ex-
" tended on the Plain, (r) then ſeiz'd his Ar-
" mour, The Gift of hardy *Mars*: which ſtill
" in Battel He wore, and gave at laſt, op-
" preſs'd with Age, The Spoils to *Ereuthalion*,
" a fam'd Warrior, The ſtouteſt in his Train:
" Thus dreſs'd for War, The Champion dar'd
" the braveſt of our Captains, (s) Till I, the
" youngeſt then of all the Leaders, My Spirit
" prompting, forward ſtood to meet This

(r) *Then ſeiz'd his Armour, the Gift of hardy* Mars.] There is in this Place a beautiful Oppoſition, which deſerves to be noted. *Neſtor* has juſt ſaid of *Lycurgus*, that he had ſlain *Areithous*, δόλῳ οὔτι κρατεῖ γε, *not valiantly, but treacherouſly*, and that thus he gain'd his Arms by Aſſaſſination; and he ſays, of *Areithous*, *that* Mars *had made him a Preſent of theſe Arms*, that is to ſay, he had gain'd 'em in Battel. Indeed, *Mars* gives Arms to thoſe only who win them valiantly; the others win them not, they ſteal them. All this is Hiſtorical. It's known that the *Arcadians* were often at War with the *Pylians*, and that this *Lycurgus*, Son of *Aleus*, having ſucceeded his Father, never did any other Exploit than this Aſſaſſination; that his Children died before him; and that the Kingdom paſs'd to *Echemus*. See *Pauſanias*, and correct him; for he calls that Prince *Aretus*, whom *Homer* calls *Areithous*.

(s) *Till I, the youngeſt then of all the Leaders.*] This Youth of *Neſtor*'s renders his Reproaches much more lively and nipping. *Neſtor*, tho' young, dares to preſent himſelf againſt a ſort of Giant; and amongſt ſo many brave Chiefs of the *Grecian* Army, there's not one that has the Courage to preſent himſelf againſt *Hector*, who has nothing extraordinary. This Combat of *Neſtor* againſt *Ereuthalion* has a great Reſemblance with that of *David* againſt *Goliah*, whoſe Memory was yet freſh in *Homer*'s Time.

" mighty

" mighty Hero, confident in Arms; I fought,
" and, by *Minerva*'s Aid, I conquer'd; Wide
" ſtretch'd upon the Field his Carcaſs lay, Of
" mighty Bulk, and Strength proportionable.
" Wou'd I were young as then, my Strength
" not waſted! Yon Chief ſhould meet his
" Equal in the Field, Tho' not a *Greek* in all
" the Troops beſide Dar'd to oppoſe himſelf
" to *Hector*'s Rage."

(*t*) Stung with th' upbraiding Words of good old *Neſtor*, Nine of the foremoſt Leaders ſtrait up-roſe; (*u*) Of theſe, the King of Men was firſt: next him, Brave *Diomed*, *Idomeneus*, and *Ajax*, Both hardy Warriors; then *Meriones*, Inferior but to *Mars*; *Evæmon's* Son, *Eurypylus*, was next: To theſe ſucceeded *Thoas*, *Andræmon*'s Offspring, and *Ulyſſes*. All offer'd Combat to the Son of *Priam*. To them thus *Neſtor*: " Let the Lots determine Whoſe is
" the Right, and chuſe the *Greeks* a Cham-
" pion To fight their Cauſe. Eternal be his
" Glory, If he ſurvive the Fortune of this
" Day."

Thus he; Then each Commander (*w*) made his Mark, And mingled them in *Agamemnon*'s

(*t*) *Stung with th' upbraiding Words.*] Reprimands, pertinently made, always produce a good Effect, in *Homer*, who wou'd thereby ſhew their Uſefulneſs.

(*u*) *Of theſe, the King of Men was firſt.*] It had been ſhameful for the General of ſo many Kings, to have ſat and ſeen this Honour be diſputed by all theſe Princes; it wou'd have contradicted the Elogium which *Homer* gave him, of being *as valiant a Captain as a good King*.

(*w*) *Made his Mark.*] It is in the *Greek*, *they ev'ry one mark'd their Lot*; that is to ſay, each of them, upon what he gave for his Lot, and which was the firſt Thing that

Helmet;

Helmet; The Soldiers, with up-lifted Hands, to *Jove* Prefer'd their Pray'rs. This was the gen'ral Voice; " O *Jove!* Diſpoſer of all hu-
" mane Fortune, Grant (*x*) that *Mycenæ*'s
" King, or valiant *Ajax*, Or *Diomed*, may be
" our Country's Champion."

Mean while, old *Neſtor* from the Helmet drew The fatal Mark: to *Ajax* 'twas allotted, Where every Wiſh had plac'd it. The loud Herald, From Chief to Chief, (*y*) through all the Ranks convey'd The Marks, which all diſown'd; till *Ajax* ſaw And bleſs'd his Fortune; with tranſporting Joy He ſeiz'd the Scroll, ſoon as among th' Aſſembly The Herald firſt approach'd him: then diſdaining, Flung it beneath his Feet, and thus harangu'd.

" The Fates, my Friends! propitious to my
" Wiſhes, Aſſign the Lot to me: with Joy
" I take it; For much my Hopes perſuade me,
" that this Day I ſhall o'er *Hector* triumph.
" Only you Aſſiſt me with your Pray'rs to *Sa-*
" *turn*'s Son, Whilſt I in Armour dreſs me for

come to Hand, as a bit of Wood, a Shell, *&c.* made his Mark; now what Nature theſe Marks were of, wou'd be uſeleſs to enquire. I ſhall only ſay, that the Conſequence which a Scholiaſt draws from hence, *viz.* That theſe Heroes had not the Uſe of Letters, is ill founded; ſince it is certain, Letters were carried into *Greece* by *Cadmus*, above a hundred or a hundred and twenty Years before the *Trojans* War.

(*x*) Mycenæ's *King.*] This is a great Elogium for *Agamemnon*, to be join'd with *Ajax* and *Diomed*, by the whole Army; no body ever had the Art of praiſing like *Homer.*

(*y*) *Through the Ranks convey'd the Marks, which all diſown'd.*] This is a Proof, that theſe Heroes did not write their Names on theſe Lots, but that every one made a Mark according to his Fancy; for otherwiſe, the Herald, upon reading the Name, need only have proclaim'd it.

" the

" the Combat. (z) But pray in ſecret, leſt " the *Trojans* hear: Yet, if you pleaſe, be " loud; for ſhould they hear, They cannot " think it is a Coward's Voice: Nor do you " pray for one, who tamely will Reſign his " Life; whether his Foe (*a*) by Force Attack " him or by crafty Stratagem. (*b*) Not ſo I " learn'd the Arts of War and Combat, In " *Salamin*, to hardy Manhood train'd."

Thus he: The Troops to Heav'n addreſs'd their Pray'rs, And lifting up their Hands, cry'd, " Mighty *Jove!* Father of Gods and Men, " ador'd on *Ida* Author of Glory, Judge of " Victory, Let *Ajax* conquer; or if *Hector's* " Life Be much your Care, yet let him not " prevail O'er *Greece's* Champion; (*c*) but di-

(z) *But pray in ſecret, leſt the* Trojans *hear.*] *Ajax* is afraid leſt thoſe *Barbarians* ſhou'd take the Praying of the *Greeks* for a Sign of their Fear, and that it might augment *Hector's* Courage and Confidence; but ſince this Thought might look ſuſpicious, and make the *Trojans* believe, that *Ajax* himſelf is afraid of increaſing his Enemy's Courage, he preſently recalls it, and deſires them to pray aloud. There is, in this, a Delicacy becoming a Hero.

(*a*) *By Force——or by crafty Stratagem.*] *Homer* acknowledges two Parts in Valour, *Strength and Stratagem*, or rather *Experience*, for that is the proper Signification of the *Greek* Word διδρείη.

(*b*) *Not ſo I learn'd the Arts of War and Combat in* Salamin.] In this there are two Things to be obſerv'd; the firſt is, that *Homer* was perſuaded, that a Man's Country and a Habitude greatly contribute to Valour. *Hippocrates* likewiſe believ'd it, and has made a ſenſible Demonſtration of it: And the ſecond is, that great Men, far from bluſhing at their Country, when 'tis inconſiderable, rejoice, on the contrary in it, and thank it for the Good that is in themſelves. This is what *Ajax* does here.

(*c*) *But divide the Honour between both Combatants.*] *Homer* prepares his Reader for what is to happen, and at the ſame time ſhews, that the modeſteſt Pray'rs are always the moſt liſten'd to.

" vide

" vide the Honour Between the Combatants." Thus pray'd the *Greeks*.

Mean while, bold *Ajax*, harneſs'd in bright Steel, His Arms approv'd, advanc'd with lofty Pace; Wearing the Front of *Mars*, as when he ſallies (*d*) From Heav'n, by *Jove*'s Command, to pour fell War On Hoſtile Earth; deciding between Nations Engag'd in bloody Battel; with that Preſence The *Greek* appear'd, and ſtalk'd between the Armies: Gnaſhing with proud Diſdain, he ſhook his Spear, And meaſur'd out the Field with haughty Pace. The *Greeks* rejoice to ſee their Hero paſs, Whilſt Fear through ev'ry *Trojan* Soldier thrill'd; Ev'n *Hector* found within his manly Breaſt Some gentle Throbbings: but 'twas now too late, Or to retire within the armed Troops, Or to decline the Combat; ſince 'twas he Who had defy'd the *Greeks*, and *Ajax* now Approach'd him, wielding on his brawny Arm A Buckler, like ſome Turret large and maſſy, The Workmanſhip of *Tychius*, a fam'd Artiſt, Of Armourers the beſt (*e*) in *Hyla* born; Sev'n large Bull-Hides he folded in the Maſs, And with a brazen Plate enclos'd the whole.

Thus arm'd, the *Greek*, confronting *Hector*, ſtood, And thus return'd his Menaces. " Bold " *Trojan!* Soon thou ſhalt know, by dint of

(*d*) *From Heav'n, by* Jove's *Command.*] *Homer* here plainly ſhews, that *Mars* is nothing but *Jupiter*'s Miniſter.

(*e*) *In* Hyla *born.*] Others have written it, *in the City of* Hyda, but falſly, as *Strabo* has obſerv'd; for *Hyda* was in *Lydia*, and it is not likely, that *Ajax* had his Shield brought from *Lydia*; whereas he might eaſily have it in the City of *Hyla*, which was in *Bœotia*.

" mortal

" mortal Combat, Thy own Propoſal, whe-
" ther *Greece* has Leaders Who for *Achilles'*
" Abſence may atone, The Lion-like *Achilles*,
" whoſe dread Name Strikes Terror through
" your Troops: but he, retir'd, Reſenting
" *Agamemnon*'s Uſage, lies Unactive in his
" Ship; whilſt I, his Second, Enjoy the Ho-
" nour to engage with *Hector*. Come on, and
" give me Tryal of thy Valour."

He ſpake; and valiant *Hector* thus reply'd,
" Think not, moſt noble Son of *Telamon*, To
" ſcare me with big Words, as Boys are
" frighted, Or tender Women unemploy'd in
" War. (*f*) Well I have learn'd the Martial
" Game and Trade, To wield the Buckler,
" throw the well-aim'd Lance, Manage the
" warlike Steed, or elſe, on Foot, Puſh the
" cloſe Battel, and give *Mars* himſelf Diver-
" ſion that ſhall pleaſe him; I have ſeen Thy
" Valour and thy Manhood, and diſdain To
" practiſe any Stratagem on *Ajax*, Or take
" thee at an unexpected Turn; Nothing but
" open Force and fair Encounter Shall be my
" Arts; therefore defend thyſelf."

Thus he; and brandiſhing his lofty Spear, Flung it with mighty Force; which *Ajax* caught Upon his Shield; it pierc'd the plated Braſs, And thro' ſix Hides made way, but on the ſev'nth Unactive reſted. Then the *Greek* enrag'd, H's Jav'lin threw, which paſs'd thro'

(*f*) *Well I have learn'd the Martial Art and Trade.*] Here are two very different Characters. *Hector* ſpeaks of none but himſelf, whereas *Ajax* ſays nothing concerning himſelf in particular, but ſpeaks in general of all the valiant Men in the Army.

Hector's Buckler, And pierc'd his Breaſt-plate; but the active *Trojan*, Inclining forward, 'ſcap'd the fatal Wound. Then both from either's Shield drew out their Lances, And, cloſing, with impetuous Shock engag'd, Fearleſs, as ſavage Boars, or furious Lions, Contending for the Prey. *Hector* renew'd The Blow with his long Spear; But *Ajax*' Buckler Was Proof, and blunted the ill-temper'd Point: Whilſt he, collecting all his Force, advanc'd, And ſmote on *Hector*'s Shield with ſo much Rage, That it gave way: and ſtrait the *Trojan* Blood Ran down his Arms. The Hero not diſmay'd Rouz'd all his Courage, (g) and a mighty Stone, Of wond'rous Size, up-lifted, from the Field, And with it ſmote on *Ajax*' ſev'n-fold Shield;

(g) *And a mighty Stone, of wondrous Size, up-lifted from the Field.*] *Homer*'s ſaying that theſe Heroes often in their Combats make uſe of Stones of a prodigious Bigneſs, is not a Poetical Imagination, to adorn and vary the Recital of a Battel. It's drawn from Truth, that is to ſay, from the Cuſtom of the *Orientals*, who all exercis'd themſelves in lifting and throwing ſuch enormous Stones; for this Cuſtom was very ancient in the Eaſt, as we learn by this Paſſage of St. *Jerom*: *Mos eſt in urbibus Paleſtinæ, & uſque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus conſuetudo ſervatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & caſtellis rotundi ponantur lapides graviſſimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere ſe ſolent, & eos pro varietate virium ſublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros & caput, nonnulli ſuper verticem, rectis junctiſque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonſtrantes, pondus attollunt.* And thereby he admirably explains what God ſays by the Mouth of the Prophet *Zachariah* xii. 3. *Et erit in die illa ponam Jeruſalem lapidem oneris cunctis populis, omnes qui levabunt eam, conciſione lacerabuntur. And in that Day I will make* Jeruſalem *a burdenſome Stone for all People; all that burden themſelves with it, ſhall be cut in pieces.* This was alſo practis'd in *Greece*, in a manner very little different.

The

The hollow Braſs reſounded with the Blow;
But the ſtout *Greek* return'd the rude Aſſault,
And flung a Stone of more portentous Size,
Pois'd in the Air, which daſh'd on *Hector*'s
Target, And burſt the Braſs; aſtony'd with the
Blow, The Warrior backward fell, and ſpread
the Plain; There had he lain, but *Phœbus*
rais'd his Fav'rite; And now their Swords they
draw, and both prepare, With Rage renew'd,
to end the doubtful Combat: When from the
Trojan Troops *Idæus* iſſu'd, And from the *Greeks*,
Talthybius: Heralds both, For Counſel fam'd,
and as a Signal, (*b*) lifting High in the Air
their maſſy Scepters, parted The Combatants.
Firſt, wiſe *Idæus* ſpoke:

"(*i*) Enough, my Sons, your Valour has
"been try'd: Give o'er: the Armies both ap-
"prove your Manhood, And *Jove* with equal
"Favour crowns your Proweſs. The Night
"comes on, and warns you from the Combat:
"(*k*) The Night a Goddeſs is, obey her Sum-
"mons."

(*b*) *Lifting high in the Air their maſſy Scepters.*] *Homer*, in ſpeaking of the Heralds, in this Place, calls by the Name of *Scepters*, the Batoons of Command, which were the Badge of their Character, and which render'd them reſpectable, and as it were, ſacred; and they raiſe up theſe Scepters, that the whole Army may ſee them, and that at this Sight, the Combatants may pay them the Reſpect which is due to them.

(*i*) *Enough, my Sons.*] *Idæus* calls theſe two Heroes *his Sons*, by reaſon of his Character and Age; for he was old. *Homer* makes the Herald of the *Trojans*, and not that of the *Greeks*, to ſpeak; becauſe *Ajax* had ſome Advantage, and becauſe *Idæus* had no time to loſe for *Hector*'s Safety.

(*k*) *The Night a Goddeſs is, obey her Summons.*] The *Greeks* ſay, *to obey the Night*, meaning, *to ceaſe Working and take Repoſe*; and on the con-

Thus

Thus he; and thus the Son of *Telamon*:
" (*l*) Your Words, *Idæus!* and your prudent
" Counsel Should be address'd to *Hector*: He
" it was, Who first defy'd the *Greeks*; let
" him declare His Purpose to desist, and I'll
" obey."

To him, thus *Hector*: " Valiant *Greek!* thy
" Virtues, (*m*) Thy Strength, thy Courage,
" and thy Skill in Counsel, All lent thee by
" the Gods, are well approv'd, (*n*) And thou
" art number'd with the bravest *Greeks*. Where-
" fore desist, and let us stay the Combat: Some
" other Day shall end the doubtful Strife, And
" give the Victory to whom the Gods That
" Blessing have assign'd; the Night approaches,
" And let's obey the Goddess. To the Fleet
" Do you repair, among your chosen Friends,
" All glad at your Return, enjoy yourself:

trary, *to obey* Aurora, *to cease Resting, and to begin to Work*; for these are the two only Commands which these two Goddesses give, Work and Rest.

(*l*) *Your Words*, Idæus! *and your prudent Counsel shou'd be address'd to* Hector.] It appears, that *Homer* was perfectly instructed in what we at this Day call *the Point of Honour*, for he is never wanting in any Decency; 'tis not for *Ajax* to require a Cessation, 'tis for *Hector*, who is the Aggressor; and thereby *Ajax* draws from his Enemy's Mouth, as it were, a Confession of his Defeat; for he that desires first to give over the Combat, confesses himself vanquish'd.

(*m*) *Thy Strength, thy Courage, and thy Skill in Counsel, all lent thee by the Gods.*] *Homer* here acknowledges, as he has already done in other Places, that these Qualities are the Gift of God; and this is what *Plato* has very well prov'd in *Laches* and *Protagoras*, by shewing that Valour is a Science, but a Science which God alone can teach.

(*n*) *And thou art number'd with the bravest* Greeks.] *Hector* will not own that *Ajax* is valianter than himself; he only says, that he is the valiantest of the *Greeks*, and thereby he sets off himself.

" Whilst

" Whilſt I to *Priam*'s lofty Walls return, And
" with my Preſence chear the drooping *Tro-*
" *jans*, (*o*) Who, for my Safety to return their
" Thanks, Will fill the Temples, and embrace
" the Altars. But e'er we part, let us with
" mutual Preſents Witneſs each other's gene-
" rous Affection; That Men may ſay, we
" fought not for Revenge, But on a Principle
" of ſpotleſs Honour."

This ſaid, (*p*) his Sword, a coſtly Work, inclos'd In a rich Scabbard, to the *Greek* he gave; To him the Hero, in return, preſented His crimſon Belt, bright ſhining. Thus retiring, Both parted; *Hector* mingled with the *Trojans*, Who, glad at his Return, with Shouts convey'd him To *Troy*, tranſported with the Event: ſo much They fear'd his Life, and dreaded *Ajax*' Valour, (*q*) That yet they hardly cou'd believe he liv'd.

Whilſt *Ajax*, by his faithful *Greeks* conducted, Repair'd to *Agamemnon*'s Tent, and bleſs'd His Fortune; the good King, to ſhew his Welcome, To mighty *Jove* ordain'd a Sacrifice,

(*o*) *Who, for my Safety, to return their Thanks, will fill the Temples.*] 'Tis in the *Greek*, *Who, to pray on my Account, will repair to the divine Aſſembly.* *Homer* calls the Temple θεῖον ἀγῶνα, becauſe of the Statues of the Gods with which they were fill'd.

(*p*) *His Sword——to the* Greek *he gave.*] The Preſents of Enemies are commonly fatal. *Ajax* kill'd himſelf with the ſame Sword that *Hector* gave him, and *Hector* was dragg'd by *Achilles* with *Ajax*'s Belt.

(*q*) *That yet they hardly cou'd believe he liv'd.*] This is what *Homer* means by theſe Words, ἀέλπτους σόον εἶναι. For this is the Effect of unhop'd-for Happineſs; we poſſeſs it, and yet doubt it. *Homer* is wonderful, eſpecially in the Sentiments.

A Bull of five Years old; and part they offer'd,
The reſt was dreſs'd to furniſh out the Banquet,
Welcome Repaſt, after their warlike Toils:
(r) The Chine, the nobleſt Share, the *Grecian*
King To *Ajax* gave, in Honour of his Valour.
At length, amidſt their Dainties, from the
Board, *Neſtor* ſtood up, and thus beſpoke th' Aſſembly.

" Ye *Greeks*, and thou our Leader *Aga-*
" *memnon*, Since Numbers of our Slain infeſt
" the Plains, Whoſe generous Souls are gone
" to *Pluto*'s Palace, Whilſt with *Scamander*'s
" Waves their Blood is mingled; A while ab-
" ſtain from War, and (s) in our Chariots,
" Let us convey the Bodies to a Pile Erected
" at ſome diſtance from our Ships; That when
" our Soldiers ſhall return to *Greece*, Our

(r) *The Chine, the nobleſt Share, the* Grecian *King to* Ajax *gave.*] Rewards which Heroes receiv'd for their great Actions were the chief Places in Aſſemblies, and the honourableſt Portions in Feaſts. This Portion was the whole Back of the Sacrifice, as *Homer* ſays here; by which he appears to have been perfectly inſtructed in the Manners of the *Lacedemonians*, where 'twas the King's Privilege to have the Hide and entire Back of the Victims which they ſacrificed in War, as *Herodotus* tells us in his ſixth Book; τῶν δὲ θυομένων ἁπάντων τὰ δέρματα καὶ τὰ νῶτα λαμβάνειν σφέας ταῦτα μὲν τὰ ἐς πόλεμια. The *French* Tranſlator expreſs'd only *the Skins*, he was undoubtedly aſham'd to ſpeak of the Back. I know no Reaſon for it; for Things which ſhew Cuſtoms ought to be religiouſly preſerv'd. *Agamemnon* in this place treats *Ajax* like a great King.

(s) *In our Chariots let us convey the Bodies.*] He ſays *us*, becauſe they did not cauſe it to be done by Servants, or common Soldiers; they did it themſelves. The *Greek* ſays in one Word what I cou'd not ſay in leſs than ſix, κυκλήσομεν, that is, ἐπὶ κύκλων οἴσομεν; for κύκλα are the Wheels of the Chariots, and are put for the Chariots themſelves.

" Country

" Country Youth with Piety may meet The
" Aſhes of their valiant Anceſtors; One com-
" mon Tomb ſhall ſerve the numerous Dead:
" Then let us raiſe a Rampart round our Camp,
" Flank'd with ſtrong Tow'rs, with Gates
" from place to place, At which our Chariots
" may unhinder'd iſſue. Theſe Works will be
" a Safeguard to our Fleet, Round which a
" Ditch, impaſſible by Horſe Or Foot, will
" ſave our Camp from frequent Inſults, And
" guard us from the Sallies of the Town."

Thus he; the Captains his Advice approv'd. Mean while, in *Ilium*'s Fortreſs, next the Palace Of *Priam*, an Aſſembly of the *Trojans* Was held, (*t*) in which contending Parties jarr'd.

To whom, intent on Peace, *Antenor* ſpoke:
" Hear me, ye *Trojans*, and Allies to *Troy*,
" For 'tis the Gods Advice, and for your
" Good; (*u*) Without Delay, let *Helen* be re-
" ſtor'd, With all the Riches, which ſhe brought

(*t*) *In which contending Parties jar'd.*] For on the unjuſt Side, is always Trouble and Confuſion.

(*u*) *Without Delay let* Helen *be reſtor'd.*] *Herodotus* in his ſecond Book relates, That being in *Egypt* he ask'd the *Egyptian* Prieſts whether the *Trojan* War was a Fable or not? And they anſwer'd him, That their Predeceſſors had told them they had learn'd from *Menelaus* himſelf, that *Helen* was really ſtoln away; that the *Greeks* carry'd a great Army to *Ilium*; that before they began Hoſtilities, they ſent Ambaſſadors to *Priam*, of which Number was *Menelaus*, to re-demand *Helen*; that the *Trojans* anſwer'd, ſhe was in *Egypt* with King *Proteus*; that the *Greeks* took this Anſwer for a Mockery; but that after the City was taken, they found it true, and that *Helen* was indeed at *Memphis*; that *Menelaus* preſently went thither, and that ſhe was reſtor'd to him.

To this Relation of the *Egyptian* Prieſts, *Herodotus* adds this Reflection. If *Helen* had been at *Troy*, ſays he, the *Trojans* wou'd have re-

" from *Greece*, To *Atreus'* Sons; for now we
" war unjuſtly, And break the ſolemn Treaty
" which we made; Such Perfidy no good Suc-
" ceſs attends: (*w*) Then be advis'd; and end
" this hopeleſs War."

He ſaid; then from his Seat the Royal *Paris* Aroſe, fair *Helen's* Spouſe, and, with a Frown Caſt at *Antenor*, thus his Indignation vented.

ſtor'd her in ſpite of *Paris*; for *Priam*, and all the other Princes of his Family, were not Fools enough to hazard the Ruin of the Kingdom, for no other End than to preſerve his Miſtreſs: And tho' they had at firſt been reſolv'd to detain her, they would have chang'd their Mind after their firſt Loſſes, and eſpecially when two or three of *Priam*'s Sons had been kill'd in Fight. Beſides, 'twas not *Paris* was to reign after *Priam*, but *Hector*, and *Hector* wou'd not have had the Complaiſance to ruin himſelf for his Brother's Injuſtice. But the *Trojans*, adds he, cou'd neither reſtore *Helen*, nor perſuade them they had her not, Providence ordering it in that manner, that *Troy* might be ſack'd, and raz'd to the Ground, and that all Men might thereby learn, that great Wrongs, in the End, draw from the Gods great Puniſhments. This Reflection is perfectly beautiful, and very true; nevertheleſs, when we examine theſe two Traditions well, that of the *Egyptian* Prieſts, and that which *Homer* has follow'd, we ſhall find the laſt not only more proper for the *Epopea*, but likewiſe the more probable. Wou'd the *Greeks* ſtay ten Years before *Troy* in this Uncertainty? And wou'd *Menelaus*, who had aſſembled ſo many Princes and Troops to regain his Wife, would he have been ſo patient as not to have ſent preſently to *Egypt* to inform himſelf of the Truth? All Antiquity has given its Conſent to the Tradition *Homer* has follow'd. And upon that, I like the Anſwer which *Plutarch* relates of a King of *Thrace*, call'd *Poltys*. The *Trojans* and *Greeks* ſent to demand Aid of him; he refus'd the firſt, and anſwer'd their Ambaſſadors, that they were in the Wrong; that he thought *Paris* ought to reſtore *Helen*, and that, in her ſtead, he wou'd give him two handſome Women to comfort him. Plutarch's *notable Sayings of Kings*, &c.

(*w*) *Then be advis'd.*] This is the Counſel of a wiſe Man, which alone wou'd have ſav'd *Troy*, if it had been follow'd.

" *Antenor*,

" *Antenor*, I reſent thy wayward Counſel,
" And did expect a Sentence more agreeable
" From thee; (*x*) ſome fatal Frenzy, ſure is
" on thee. Me, in my Turn, let the good
" *Trojans* hear; (*y*) My Wife I ſhall not part
" with; but her Wealth, Whate'er it is, ſhall
" be reſtor'd to *Greece*, To which I'll add new
" Treaſures of my own."

Thus he; then *Priam*, meditating Peace, Stood up, for Wiſdom next the Gods renown'd, And thus with reconciling Words began.

" Hear me, ye *Trojans*, and Allies to *Troy*!
" My Counſel is, Let all the Troops repair,
" Inceſſant, to their uſual Repaſt: Then ſet the
" Guard; and with the Morning-Sun, *Idæus*
" to the *Grecian* Fleet ſhall go, And to their
" Leaders tell (*z*) what *Paris* offers, The Au-
" thor of this War: and let him farther Pro-
" poſe a Truce, till all the Slain are burnt;

(*x*) *Some fatal Frenzy, ſure, is on thee.*] *Homer* here very well deſcribes the common Effect of Paſſions, which blind Men ſo much, that they treat thoſe who give the wiſeſt Counſels as Fools.

(*y*) *My Wife.*] He calls *Helen his Wife*, to cover, in ſome manner, his Injuſtice.

(*z*) *What* Paris *offers.*] It ſeems wonderful, that ſuch a King as *Priam*, to whom *Homer* has juſt given ſuch an Elogium, that his Wiſdom was equal to that of the Gods, ſhou'd however be ſo mad as to reject *Antenor*'s Advice, which was ſo beneficial, and to adhere to that of *Paris*, which was ſo pernicious; but there is nothing in it but what is very natural, and very common. The unreaſonable Complaiſance that *Priam* had for *Paris* had entirely blinded him: Beſides, his great Age having made him loſe almoſt all his Authority, he dar'd not to expoſe himſelf, being very ſenſible that he was not the ſtrongeſt; and laſtly, the Meaſure of the *Trojans* Iniquities was full: Nothing cou'd ſave them; and *Homer* here would teach us when Injuſtice is carry'd to a certain Point, all Wiſdom is eclips'd; or, if it ſpeaks, it is not liſten'd to.

" When we again may try the doubtful War,
" Till *Jove* determines on the Victor's ſide."

He ſpake; (*a*) the Troops, obedient to his Order, Refreſh'd themſelves a while in Companies, And on the Morrow, at the Dawn of Day, *Idæus* to the Fleet repair'd, and found Their Chieftains met in *Agamemnon*'s Tent: To whom admitted, in the midſt he ſtood, And with a Herald's Voice, thus told his Charge.

" Ye Sons of *Atreus* and illuſtrious *Greeks!*
" A Meſſage from the *Trojans* and their King
" I bring, to you, I hope, agreeable. *Paris*,
" the only Author of this War, Propoſes to
" reſtore (*b*) whatever Wealth And Spoils he
" brought to *Troy* with lovely *Helen*. (*c*)
" Would he had dy'd before that fatal Voyage!

(*a*) *The Troops, obedient to his Orders, refreſh'd themſelves a while in Companies.*] The Troops did not return into their Quarters to feaſt by Houſefuls, as they ſay, but they go to their Poſts in the Camp, where they feaſt by Bands and Companies, like Troops that are upon Duty, and who wou'd paſs the Night under Arms, to avoid ſurprize. And this is the Explication of the Order that *Priam* gave them, to go to their Poſts, and to refreſh themſelves as they us'd to do, without quitting their Arms.

(*b*) *Whatever Wealth and Spoils he brought to* Troy.] This is not what *Paris* had ſaid, for *Paris* only promis'd to render what he had brought from *Argos*, thereby excepting what he brought from *Sidon* and other Places; but *Idæus*, to make the better Offer, proffers in general all that he brought to *Troy*; for he was perſuaded, that if the *Greeks* had accepted this Offer, *Paris* wou'd not have deny'd it.

(*c*) *Wou'd he had dy'd before that fatal Voyage.*] The ancient Critics have remark'd on this Paſſage, that the Herald ſpoke this low, as in Dramatick Poetry, where the Perſons often ſay Things which ſhou'd not be heard by thoſe to whom they ſpeak; but I know not whether this Remark be true; I ſhou'd rather think that *Idæus* adds this of his own Head, and aloud, to gain the Favour of theſe Princes, and to ſhew them

" To

" To theſe he'll add ſome Preſents of his own,
" But, deaf to all Intreaties, will not yield
" (*d*) The beauteous Spouſe of valiant *Mene-*
" *laus*. With this I had a farther Charge to
" offer A Truce, till on both ſides the Slain
" are buried: And then we may renew the
" hardy Strife, Till *Jove* ſhall interpoſe his
" Pow'r, and give The Victory to thoſe whom
" moſt he loves."

Idæus thus. (*e*) The *Grecians* ſilent ſate A while; then *Diomed* aroſe, and anſwer'd;

" The *Greeks* diſdain the Offer of young
" *Paris*, Nor will accept his Gifts, nor *Helen's*
" ſelf, Ev'n though he offer her; for there is
" none So ignorant, nor childiſh, but may ſee,
" That Ruin hangs o'er *Troy*; and its laſt Hour
" Is come, when *Greece* ſhall have an ample
" Vengeance."

Thus *Diomed*. With Shouts the whole Aſſembly Spoke their Aſſent, and ratify'd his Purpoſe. Then *Agamemnon* roſe, and thus began.

" Herald, thou hear'ſt the Mind of all the
" *Greeks*, And what Return they make: This

how much the *Trojans* hated *Paris*, upon account of his Injuſtice.

(*d*) *The beauteous Spouſe of Valiant* Menelaus.] The *Greek* ſays, κουριδίην ἄλοχον, that is to ſay, the Wife which *Menelaus* marry'd, when ſhe was a Maiden. We have already had this Expreſſion in the firſt Book; and it is not uſeleſs to obſerve, that 'tis the ſame our Holy Prophets uſe, who, like *Homer*, ſay, ἄνδρα παρθενικὸν, and γυναῖκα παρθενικὴν, *virum pubertatis, uxorem adoleſcentiæ*; which is the ſame as πόσις κουριδίος, and κουριδίη ἄλοχος.

(*e*) *The* Grecians *ſilent ſate.*] Why this Silence? The Princes expect what *Agamemnon* will ſay to *Paris*'s Offer, and *Agamemnon* expects to hear the Sentiments of the Princes and Troops.

" I confirm. As to the Truce, be it eſtabliſh'd " firm, And let the Dead, in Honour to their " Valour, Receive the Rites of Burial, which " foul Envy Cannot deny them. Let Almighty " *Jove*, The Thunderer, atteſt this ſolemn " Compact !"

This ſaid, (*f*) he rear'd his Scepter towards Heav'n, And ratify'd the League. *Idæus* back Return'd to *Ilium*, where he found the *Trojans* Aſſembled ſtill, all waiting for an Anſwer: To whom the Herald told his Embaſſy. Then all betake them to their ſev'ral Toils: Some bear the Slain in Chariots, others fell The Wood, and build the Piles. Mean while, the *Greeks*, Equally diligent, collect their Slain. Soon as the Sun from the calm Ocean roſe, And with his early Luſtre grac'd the World, *Grecians* and *Trojans* mingled in their Labour, And undiſtinguiſh'd wander'd o'er the Plain: Some waſh'd the Blood and Duſt from the dead Corps, And others loaded them in Chariots: Some Pil'd them on Wood, (*g*) and others kindled Fire:

(*f*) *He rear'd his Scepter towards Heav'n.*] This was the Oath, with which he confirm'd the Truce, by making all the Gods witneſs to his Intentions. He elſewhere has already ſpoken of this ſort of Oath, by lifting the Scepter.

(*g*) *And others kindled Fire.*] The *Greeks* then were not the only People that burnt their Dead, the *Trojans* burnt them too; undoubtedly they had this Cuſtom from their Anceſtors, who were ſprung from *Greece*. In ſacred Hiſtory, we ſee that the Inhabitants of *Jabeſh-Gilead* burnt the Corps of *Saul* and of his three Sons. *Et tulerunt cadavera Saül & cadavera filiorum ejus de muro Bethſham, venerunt que Jabes Galaad, & combuſſerunt ea ibi, & tulerunt oſſa eorum, & ſepelierunt in nemore Jabes, & jejunaverunt ſeptem diebus. And the valiant Men aroſe and went all Night, and took the Body of* Saul, *and the Bodies of his Sons*

All

All ſilently lamented o'er their Slain. (*h*) *Priam* forbad them Weeping. This perform'd, The Troops return'd to *Troy*; nor were the *Greeks* Leſs buſy in Attendance on their Slain: Some burnt the Bodies, others cull'd the Aſhes. Their Work perform'd, all to their Fleet return'd. Soon as the Morning chas'd the Shades of Night, The *Greeks* aſſembled round the Fun'ral Pile, (*i*) Threw up a Rampart, to de-

from the Walls of Bethſhan, *and came to* Jabeſh *and burnt them there, and they took their Bones and buried them under a Tree at* Jabeſh, *and faſted ſeven Days*, 1 *Sam.* xxxi. 12, 13. If I am not deceiv'd, this is the only Example which is found of this Practice amongſt the *Iſraelites*. But this might not be a Cuſtom, and perhaps theſe Inhabitants of *Jabeſh* us'd them ſo, leſt the *Philiſtines* ſhou'd come and take away the Bodies to act new Cruelties on them.

(*h*) Priam *forbad them Weeping.*] *Homer* by this ſhews, that *Priam* himſelf went out of *Troy* to aſſiſt at this pious Duty. This Prince forbids his Troops Weeping, leſt they ſhou'd make themſelves too tender, and leſt the next Day they ſhou'd have leſs Strength and Courage to fight.

(*i*) *Threw up a Rampart*, &c.] By this Paſſage it appears, that the Uſe of retrenching Camps is very ancient; but I know not whether or no it was practis'd in the time of the *Trojan* War. It is, at leaſt, certain, that ſuch a Retrenchment as this, of a good Wall flank'd with Towers, and environ'd with a Ditch beſet with good Paliſades, was not much known; *Ariſtotle* alſo aſſures us, that it is purely *Homer*'s Invention; for he ſays in plain Terms, that *Homer*, who made it, likewiſe deſtroy'd it, ὁ δὲ πλάσας ποιῶν, ἢ φάνισεν· but 'tis certain, that *Homer* in inventing it, only borrow'd it from what was practis'd in his Time. From whence it is eaſy to conclude, that the Art of Fortification was more advanc'd among the *Greeks*, than among other Nations. For Example, among the *Hebrews*, more expert at the Art of War than all their Neighbours, we ſee that *Ezekiah*, to defend himſelf againſt *Sennacherib*, raiſes the Walls of his Cities, builds thereon Towers from Space to Space, and to keep the Enemy farther off, he ſurrounds this firſt Wall with another outward Wall, but there is no mention any where of either Ditches or Paliſades.

ſend their Fleet Flank'd with high Tow'rs: the Gates extended wide, Capacious of their Chariots; round the Rampart They ſunk a deep wide Ditch, and guarded it With Paliſades. Thus were the *Greeks* employ'd.

Mean while, the Gods, aſtoniſh'd at this Work, Aſſembled in the Preſence of great *Jove*, To whom, with Indignation, *Neptune* ſpake:

"Dread Sire! What Mortal of the ſubject "Earth Hereafter will conſult our Oracles, Or "tell us their Deſigns, or ask our Aid? See'ſt "thou how vaſt a Mound the *Greeks* have made "Around their Fleet, and clos'd it with a Ditch, "Not asking Leave of us, nor yet atoning "Our Deities with Sacrifice? (*k*) This Work "Shall ſpread their Fame far as *Aurora* darts "Her Luſtre, whilſt that Wall which I and "*Phœbus* For good *Laomedon*, in *Troy*'s De-"fence, Erected, is forgotten and defac'd."

Thus he: Thus *Jove* reply'd with ſtern Reſentment; "Can you, ſo great, ſo powerful, "who ſhake The low Foundations of the "ſolid World, Thus injure your own Might? "Among the Gods Leſs daring, ſome inferior "Pow'r perhaps Might of this Work complain.

(*k*) *This Work ſhall ſpread their Fame.*] With what Art *Homer* heightens the Glory of this Work, and gives it an Air of Truth, by making *Neptune* himſelf jealous of it, leſt the Glory of this Wall ſhou'd be more durable than that of the *Trojan* Walls, which *Apollo* and himſelf had built for *Laomedon*; but at the ſame time, how neatly does he prepare the Deſtruction of this ſame Wall, which excites the Jealouſy of the Gods? Beſides, what *Neptune* ſays here, enfolds a ſecret *Elogium*, but an admirable one of *Homer*'s Poetry, who alone has preſerv'd the Glory of this Wall of the *Greeks*. There is a great Nobleneſs in theſe Ideas.

"Be

" Be calm ; (*l*) your Glory Is ſure, and ſhall
" ſurpaſs the World's wide Limits : And when
" the *Greeks* return from waſting *Troy*, Exert
" your Strength, and o'er this dreaded Mound
" Pour all your Waves, (*m*) and raze it to the
" Earth, That all this Glory of the *Greeks* may
" vaniſh."

With ſuch Debate, the Gods conſum'd the Day. Mean while, the Sun his Chariot downward drove, (*n*) And left the Rampart of the *Grecians* finiſh'd. This done, repairing to their Tents, they ſlew And dreſs'd their Oxen, for a ſolemn Feaſt. Amidſt their Joy, a Fleet from *Lemnos'* Coaſt Arriv'd ; (*o*) from King *Eunæus*,

(*l*) *Your Glory is ſure.*] *Jupiter* does not ſay to *Neptune*, *the Glory of the Wall you built is ſecure*, but *your Glory*, for indeed nothing can efface the Glory of a God ; but it is not ſo with his Wall, the Glory of which was already near effac'd, in that it was to be very inferior to the Wall of the *Greeks*, in all Ages The Difference of it is viſible ; *Neptune*'s Wall, that true Wall which had a real Being, laſted but a few Years, and paſs'd, as *Euſtathius* ſays, from Exiſtence to Nothingneſs ; whereas this, which was never built, and which never exiſted but in the Imagination of a Poet, has, in ſome manner, paſs'd from Nothingneſs to Exiſtence ; ſo true it is, that Poetry gives to its Works a Life more durable, than that which the greateſt Princes give to theirs.

(*m*) *And raze it to the Earth.*] *Homer* was here before-hand with Poſterity, and even his own Age, and prevents them from convincing him of a Falſity, by ſeeing no Remains of this Wall, at the Foot of which ſo many bloody Battels were fought.

(*n*) *And left the Rampart of the* Grecians *finiſh'd.*] This Wall of the *Greeks* was built in a Day, by reaſon of the great Number of Troops that work'd at it. And *Homer*, by this, likewiſe prepares his Reader to believe the more eaſily, that a Work done in ſo much haſte, and upon a Foundation of Sand, might well have been beaten down and waſh'd away, without any Remainder of the leaſt Footſtep.

(*o*) *By King* Eunæus *ſent, the Son of* Jaſon, *and Queen* Hypſipyle.] *Jaſon*, as he came

Son of *Jaſon*, And Queen *Hypſipyle*, full fraught with Wine : (*p*) A thouſand Meaſures were deſign'd a Preſent To the *Atridæ*; for the reſt, the *Greeks* (*q*) Gave in exchange, Steel, Braſs, and Hides, and Oxen, And Slaves, which they had taken in the War.

In Feaſting thus the *Greeks* conſum'd the Night. With equal Joy, the *Trojans* in the Town Refreſh'd themſelves : but *Jove* diſturb'd their Mirth And ſent the dreadful Tidings of his Wrath, In Thunder and in Lightning : they amaz'd, Try'd to atone his angry Deity, And pour'd Libations of their Wine before him. (*r*) Not one dar'd drink, before to *Jove* h'had ſprinkled. At length, retiring to their wiſh'd Repoſe, They loſt, in Sleep, the Labour of the Day.

from the Conqueſt of the golden Fleece with the *Argonauts*, went to *Lemnos*, where he had two Children by *Hypſipyle*, Daughter of King *Thoas*. *Eunæus*, who was the eldeſt Son, reign'd in that Iſland. All this very well agrees as to the Time ; for the Voyage of the *Argonauts* was not, at moſt, above forty Years before the *Trojan* War.

(*p*) *A thouſand Meaſures were deſign'd a Preſent.*] By this *Homer* ſhows, that all the reſt of the Convoy was to be ſold.

(*q*) *Gave in exchange, Steel, Braſs, and Hides, and Oxen.*] For ſilver Money was not then in Uſe, and all Purchaſes were made by Exchange.

(*r*) *Not one dar'd drink, before to* Jove *he had ſprinkled.*] In Danger, Devotion redoubles. Commonly Libations were not made till after the Feaſt ; here they are made every time they drink, or once for all before they drink ; the firſt ſeems to me moſt natural, for Fear is ingenuous and ſuperſtitious.

Argument

Argument of the Eighth Book.

JUPITER, *having aſſembled all the Gods and Goddeſſes, forbids them, under very rigorous Penalties, to give any Help either to the* Greeks *or* Trojans; *he afterwards aſcends his Chariot, and goes upon Mount* Ida; *he preſently makes the* Greeks, *who before had fought with the ſame Advantage as the* Trojans, *become weaker, and give way to them.* Iris *is ſent by* Jupiter *to ſtop* Juno *and* Minerva, *who were going to ſuccour the* Greeks, Juno *not having been able to oblige* Neptune *to do it. At laſt, Night being come,* Hector *harangues his Troops on the Field of Battle, cauſes great Fires to be kindled on all ſides, and the Soldiers paſs the Night under Arms.*



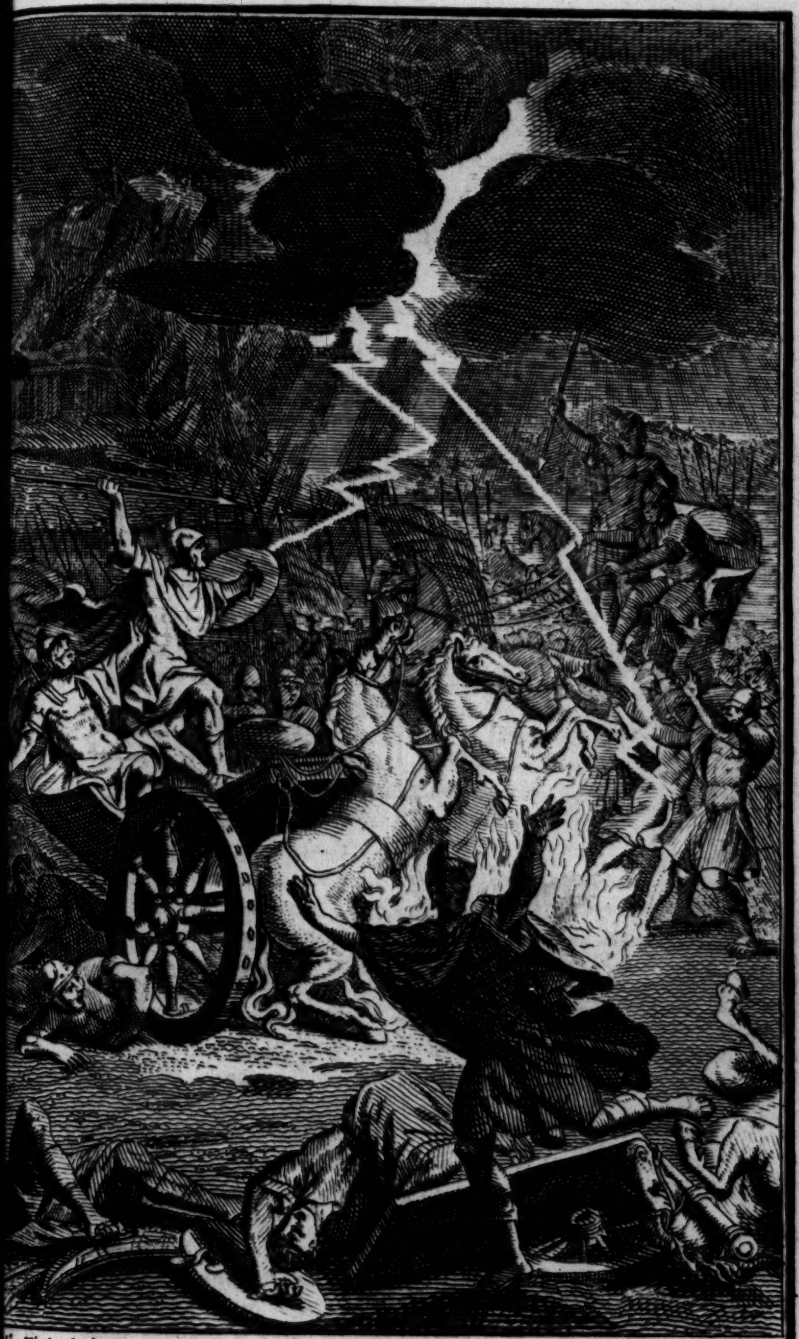
THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK VIII.

(a) THE Saffron-veſted Morn had now begun To ſprinkle o'er the Earth her golden Beams, When on the higheſt Top that crowns *Olympus*, The Thund'rer call'd a Council of the Gods. All plac'd themſelves around his Throne, and heard, With a reſpectful Silence

(a) *The Saffron-veſted Morn had now begun*, &c.] *Euſtathius* adverti ſes us, that this is the thirteenth Day of *Achilles*'s Wrath, and the ſecond Day of the Battels ſince that fatal Quarrel; but he is cer-tainly deceiv'd, he has not reckon'd right; this is the ſixteenth Day. If to the ſixteen Days you add the nine Days of the Plague, 'tis the twenty-fifth Day ſince the beginning of the Poem; but theſe nine Days ought not to be reckon'd. *Homer* recalls

Jove's



the fight being again began to y^e advantage of y^e Greeks, Jupiter *lets fall Thunder at y^e feet of* Diomed's *Horses, &* Nestor *who accompanys him, is so terrified at it, that he obliges him to quit y^e Field of Battle, of w^ch y^e* Trojans *remain Masters.*

B. VIII.

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Jove's high Will. Thus he began: " (*b*) Ye " Gods and Goddeſſes, Attend our Pleaſure " with a ſerious Ear; Let none preſume t'in- " fringe (*c*) what I ſhall ſay, Nor croſs my " Purpoſe; but let all ſubmit, That ſo, with " ſpeed, this Bus'neſs I may end, And my " (*d*) Decrees eternal execute. What God ſo-

them only as an Epiſode which precedes the Subject of his Poem; and which is neceſſary to let the Reader into the Story of it. On the Ninth Day of the Plague, and the Evening before this Quarrel, *Jupiter* went to the *Æthiopians*; he is there twelve Days; he returns, therefore, to Heaven on the eleventh Day of *Achilles*'s Wrath. *Thetis* on the ſame Day goes to make her Petition to that God. The following Night, *Jupiter* ſends the deceiving Dream to *Agamemnon*. The next Day, which is the twelfth, the War recommences with the ſingle Combat between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; and this twelfth Day, which furniſhes Matter for almoſt five Books, *viz.* the third, fourth, fifth, ſixth, and for moſt part of the ſeventh, ends with the ſingle Combat between *Hector* and *Ajax*. The Day after this Battel, which is the thirteenth, the *Trojans* ſend the Herald *Idæus* to the *Greeks* to propoſe the Truce. The next Day, which is the fourteenth, both Armies bring from the Foreſt Wood neceſſary for the Piles, and burn their Dead; in this ſad Duty, they employ the whole Day and Night; and the next Day, which is the fifteenth, the *Greeks* raiſe a Tomb to theſe Victims of *Mars*, and build their Wall to retrench themſelves. This therefore is the ſixteenth Day of *Achilles*'s Reſentment, and the fifth ſince the Battles recommenc'd; and this ſixteenth Day is all the Subject of this eighth Book.

(*b*) *Ye Gods and Goddeſſes*, &c.] *Homer*, who ſo often ſpeaks of the Gods, with the Liberty which Fable gives him, does however very often ſhew, that he had very noble Ideas of the Deity. Here he makes *Jupiter* ſpeak with a Majeſty worthy of the Maſter of the Gods and Men.

(*c*) *What I ſhall ſay.*] A more noble Expreſſion could not be expected here; *what* Jupiter *has ſaid*, is irrevocable Deſtiny, and there is none but he can change it. This is what *Horace* very well comprehended; for he calls Deſtiny, *quod ſemel dictum eſt, what has been once ſaid.*

(*d*) *My Decrees eternal.*] Which are, that the *Greeks* ſhou'd be ill-handled by the *Trojans*, and *Achilles* be honour'd.

" ever

" ever ſhall deſcend to ſuccour Or *Troy* or *Greece*,
" incurs my Indignation, Nor ſhall he his Ce-
" leſtial Seat regain, Till in moſt ſhameful ſort
" he has been treated: Or rather, I will take,
" and throw him headlong, (*e*) Down to the
" deep Abyſs of gloomy *Tartarus*; Thoſe dread-
" ful Caverns ſhut with Braſs and Iron, Where
" brooding Night and ſolid Darkneſs dwell,
" As far below the Empire of the Dead, (The
" common Hell) as 'tis from Earth to Heav'n:
" There, taught by ſad Experience, he ſhall
" know, How much I am above ye all in
" Power. Or if ye will, go to, and make a
" Tryal: (*f*) Let down a golden Chain from
" Heav'n's high Roof, One End I'll hold, the
" other you ſhall take, As many as you are,
" and ſtrain your Strengths, In joint Efforts, to
" draw me down to Earth: Your utmoſt Force
" ſhall not o'er *Jove* prevail, Nor ſtir him
" once: but, if my Pleaſure prompts, I'll pull

(*e*) *Down to the deep Abyſs of gloomy* Tartarus.] This Idea of *Tartarus* under the Earth, where the Wicked are puniſh'd, is very ancient in *Greece*. *Homer*, without doubt, took it from the Tradition of the *Egyptians*.

(*f*) *Let down a golden Chain*, &c.] *Plato* explains this Chain of *Homer*'s, as if this Poet thereby meant the Sun, which by its Circumvolution animates all Things, and which if it were ſtopp'd and ſuſpended, all Things wou'd revert to their firſt Nothing, and whole Nature remain without Action. Others have pretended, that this Chain is nothing but Deſtiny, which being the eternal Law flowing from God, ſubdues every Thing, and is ſubject to nothing. Laſtly, there have been others who pretended, that *Homer* means only by this Fiction to praiſe Monarchical Government, and to ſhew, that as Heaven and Earth obey one ſole God, Maſter of the World, ſo Men, to be happy, ought to obey one ſingle Perſon in every Government.

" You

" You up, You, and the Earth, and Sea: Then " to *Olympus'* Top I'll tie this Chain, And " Nature's ſelf ſhall there unactive hang: So " much am I ſupreme to Gods and Men, Tho' " Gods and Men were to unite their Forces."

At theſe fierce Threats the Gods look'd Thunder-ſtruck: At length *Minerva* breaking Silence, ſaid: " *Saturnian Jove!* ours and the " World's great Sire! Well we all know your " Pow'r invincible: Yet the brave *Greeks* Con- " dition we may mourn, Who now muſt fall " beneath ſo hard a Fate. We will from Fight " abſtain, ſince you command it: (*g*) But let " us aid the *Greeks* with wholeſome Counſels, " That ſo not all may periſh by your Wrath." *Jove*, pleas'd with the ſage Liberty of *Pallas*, Thus, ſmiling, ſpoke: (*h*) " Be not diſhearten'd, " Child; What I have ſaid, has no reſpect to " You: Me thou ſhalt always find a tender " Father."

This ſaid, he to his Chariot ſet his Horſes: Brazen their Hoofs, and golden were their Manes: His * golden Arms he takes, and gol-

(*g*) *But let us aid the* Greeks *with wholeſome Counſels.*] For good Counſels, wholeſome Counſels, can come from the Gods only. *Homer* here manifeſtly teaches, that Deſtiny, which never gives way to Force, gives ſometimes way to Sweetneſs, and that Wiſdom oftentimes may do a great deal towards changing its Decrees.

(*h*) *Be not diſhearten'd, Child.*] For eternal Wiſdom is not ſubject to the Laws of Deſtiny.

* Tho' Madam *Dacier* has omitted this repeated Epithet *Golden*, yet ſince this *Engliſh* Tranſlation may be expected to be more correct as coming after her, I thought fit to retain that Epithet, juſt as *Homer* has us'd it; eſpecially, ſince *Euſtathius* accounts for it in this manner: The Poet makes all about *Jupiter* to be Gold, διὰ τὸ ἀνέφελον αὐτοῦ, καὶ

den

den Whip: His Chariot then he mounts; the Laſh reſounds, The mettl'd Horſes fly 'twixt Earth and Heav'n, And leave the Winds behind them in their Courſe. The Thund'rer ſped his Way to *Ida*'s Hill, Replete with Springs and Nurſe of Beaſts untame: (*i*) Soon he reach'd *Gargarus*, *Ida*'s higheſt Summit, (*k*) Where he a Temple and an Altar had, Continually exhaling od'rous Fumes.

There *Jove*, the Father of the Gods and Men, Stops his ſwift Steeds, unties them, takes them out; And having in a Cloud of Jet involv'd them, He takes his Seat on *Gargar*'s higheſt Point; Contemplating his Pow'r, and wrapt in Glory, He views the Fleet of *Greece* and *Priam*'s famous Town.

The Warlike *Greeks*, after a ſhort Repaſt Ta'en in their Tents, ſtrait re-aſſume their Arms. The *Trojans* too, in Number tho' inferior. Not with leſs Fury for the Fight prepare: Compell'd by hard Neceſſity t' avert The Ills that did their Wives and Children threaten. Then ev'ry Gate is op'd; out Horſe

ἀληθῶς αἰθριον, for the Brightneſs and Clearneſs, τοῦ αἰθέρος, of the Sky, for which he is frequently taken, or becauſe it ruſts not; ὡς οἷα θείᾳ Φύσει πρέποντος τοῦ χρυσοῦ, διὰ τὸ ἀνίωτον καὶ ἀεὶ καθαρόν. Beſide, he is often made the ſame with the Sun, to whom that Metal is more peculiarly proper. Vid. *Ogilby*.

(*i*) Gargarus, &c.] It was the higheſt Summit of Mount *Ida*. *Strabo* writes, that in his Time it yet retain'd the ſame Name.

(*k*) *Where he a Temple and an Altar had*, &c.] We learn from Holy Scripture the *Pagan* Cuſtom of raiſing Altars on the high Places, that is to ſay, on the higheſt Mountains, and there to perform Sacrifices.

and

and Foot * Impatient ruſh, and Clamour ſcales the Skies.

Now were the Armies met, and Battel join'd: Shields joſtle Shields, and Lances Lances croſs; Strength anſwers Strength, and mighty Tumult riſes: The Victors Shouts, and Groans of thoſe that fall, Confounded mix; and Earth is drown'd with Blood. Whilſt Day's bleſt Light increas'd; whilſt yet the Sun, Preceded by *Aurora*, mounts high Heav'n; The Shafts on both ſides with ſmall Diff'rence fly, And both ſides equally deal Death around: But when the Sun had gain'd the Height of Heav'n, (*l*) Then *Jove* his golden Balances took up; In the two

* *Impatient ruſh:* (ἐκ δ' ἔσαντο.) Madam *Dacier* ſays, *went forth in good Order*; but the word ἐκσύομαι is of greater Force, if not of a different Senſe; it ſignifies *erumpo, eruo, impetu feror*, &c. and ſo ſhe tranſlates it in the firſt Line of the preceding Book, where ſhe ſays *Hector* and *Paris* did *ſortir fierement, impatiently advance* out of the Gates; which paints the Violence of their Motion; it is ill tranſlated, *egreſſus eſt*, in our vulgar *Homer*. This Author is as wonderful for *Words* as *Things*; and not more ſo in the abundance of his Words (for he contains almoſt all that are in the *Greek* Tongue) than in the Aptneſs of Applying them.

(*l*) *Then* Jove *his golden Balances took up.*] We have already obſerv'd, that the Sun repreſents Deſtiny. Whilſt the Sun riſes, that is, whilſt Deſtiny begins to ſhew and unfold itſelf, the two Armies fight with equal advantage; but when this Deſtiny is come to its higheſt Period, that is, to its Limit, then it executes its Orders, and Victory declares itſelf for one of the two ſides; but to ſhew that God is ſtill the Maſter of this Deſtiny, and that he can either haſten or delay it as he pleaſes, *Homer* feigns that it does not declare itſelf till *Jupiter* has himſelf weigh'd the Fates of the two Armies in his golden Balances; that is to ſay, till he has again interrogated his Providence and Juſtice, and ſeen the Decrees they have pronounc'd. This Idea is Great and Noble. *Homer* ſpeaks again of theſe golden Balances in the twenty-ſecond Book. Upon which, ſee the Remarks.

Scales

Scales he puts both Armies Fates: Then, by the Beam, he rais'd the Balance high With his ſtrong Hand, and moſt intently weigh'd. (*m*) The *Grecian* Scale preponderating ſinks, Low as the Earth; the other mounts to Heav'n. (*n*) Strait the fierce God his Thunder-bolts diſ-

(*m*) *The* Grecian *Scale preponderating ſinks, low as the Earth.*] The Scale which inclines towards the Earth ſhews Death, becauſe Death reigns on the Earth, and that which riſes towards Heav'n, ſhews Life, becauſe the Seat of Life is Heav'n. [Not to reflect on Madam *Dacier*, but only to do juſtice to *Euſtathius*, I muſt inform the *Engliſh* Reader, that moſt of the Notes of this *Homer* are that Learned Archbiſhop's, turn'd out of *Greek* into *French*. Madam *Dacier*, however, is very much to be commended for being the firſt (at leaſt that I know of) who has made them of general Uſe, by putting them into a modern Language. I hear there is likewiſe a *Latin* Tranſlation of *Euſtathius* now printing at *Paris*. When that is publiſh'd, the *Latin* Reader will own to be true, what I ſay of this Lady's borrowing from him the greateſt and moſt beautiful Part of theſe Notes. In the mean time, as one Proof among many, I ſhall tranſcribe *Euſtathius*'s Note upon this Paſſage of the Grecian *Scale preponderating*, &c. Τὰ κάτω καὶ πρόσγεια δυσυχίας τίθεται σύμβολα, θνητότητος γὰρ τόπος τὰ ἐπὶ γῆν· ἡ δέ γε μετέωρος πλάστιγξ εὐτυχίαν δηλοῖ καὶ ἐνηρτημένην ζωὴν, διὰ τὸ τῶν ἄνω μακρόβιον. *Earthly Things, and thoſe that poiſe that way, are Emblems of ill Succeſs and approaching Fate, Earth being the* Ubi, *or proper Place of Things periſhable; the aſcending Scale portends a happy and long-continu'd Condition, ſuch being the Life of them above, pleaſant and perpetual.* See *Ogilby.*]

(*n*) *Strait the fierce God his Thunder-bolts diſcharg'd, and on the* Grecian *Army*, &c.] *Jupiter* declares himſelf againſt the *Greeks*, by his Thunder and Lightning. This ſo poetical a Notion is drawn from Truth itſelf. Thus, in the firſt Book of *Samuel* vii. 10. *Factum eſt autem cum Samuel offerret holocauſtam, Philiſtiim iniere prælium contra Iſrael; intonuit autem Dominus fragore magno in die illa ſuper Philiſtiim, & exterruit eos, & cæſi ſunt a facie Iſrael. And as* Samuel *was offering up the Burnt-Offering, the* Philiſtines *drew near to Battel againſt* Iſrael; *but the Lord thunder'd with a great Thunder on that Day upon the* Philiſtines, *and diſcomfited them, and they were*

charg'd,

charg'd, And on the *Grecian* Army pour'd his Shafts.

The *Greeks*, aſtoniſh'd, ſee the Heav'ns on fire, And *Jove* with all his Thunder arm'd againſt them. Seiz'd with pale Fear, the Boldeſt of them ſhrink. (*o*) Nor *Idomen* durſt ſtay, nor *Agamemnon*; Nor either of th' *Ajaces* kept their Ground. (*p*) *Neſtor*, the grave Protector of the *Greeks*, Alone remain'd; nor had he ſtay'd behind, But that an Accident his Flight impeded: His Horſe receiv'd a Wound from *Paris'* Hand; The Shaft his Forehead pierc'd above the Brow, A Place where Death moſt opportunely enters. The Hurt was deadly, for it reach'd his Brain: The Horſe, tormented with the Anguiſh, riſes; Then flings about, and frights his Fellow-Steed. *Neſtor*, to free himſelf, ſtrait draws his Sword, And cuts (*q*) the Traces of the Spring-Tree Bar; But ſtaid ſo

ſmitten before Iſrael. Some Uſe may be drawn from the Conformity of theſe Ideas.

(*o*) *Nor* Idomen *durſt ſtay*, &c.] All theſe great Heroes of the *Greek* Army betake themſelves to flight, but they fly before *Jupiter*.

(*p*) Neſtor, *the grave Protector of the* Greeks, *&c.*] This Paſſage is wonderfully dextrous. *Homer*, to ſhew that the Flight of theſe Heroes was not on this Occaſion ſhameful, juſtifies *Neſtor*'s not flying like the reſt; he ſays therefore, that he ſtays *in ſpite of himſelf*, and he gives the Reaſon of it. What Art is here!

(*q*) *The Traces of the Spring-Tree Bar, or of the two Fore-Horſes.*] This is what παρηορίας ſignifies. The Chariots of the ancient *Greeks* had not only two Horſes, but ſometimes three or four; and thoſe which they join'd to the two firſt, were call'd παρήοροι, and the Traces which ty'd them παρηορίαι. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* ſome-where ſpeaks of this Cuſtom, which in his Time was left off, but was yet practis'd by the *Romans*. Theſe Fore-Horſes were ty'd with longer Straps, and had more Liberty than the Wheel-Horſes; 'tis one of theſe Horſes of *Neſtor*'s that is wounded.

long,

long, that *Hector* now drew near, Borne by his fiery Horſes thro' the Throng, And overturning all that durſt oppoſe. Then had the good old Man been ſurely ſlain, Had not *Tydides* luckily eſpy'd him, And ſeen his Danger; he, with all his Force, To call back *Laertiades* endeavour'd: (r) "Whither, *Laertes'* knowing Son, "d'ye fly? Why ſhun'ſt thou, Coward-like, "the honour'd Preſs? Beware, leſt in thy ig-"nominious Flight, Some ſwift purſuing *Tro-"jan* brand thy Back! O curſed Shame! *Ulyſſes*, "turn thee hither! Help to defend old *Neſtor* "from the Rage Of his moſt cruel Foe!"

He ſpoke; but in the Air his Words were loſt. Quicken'd by Fear, *Ulyſſes* gains the Ships. (s) Intrepid *Di'med*, tho' alone, advances Before the Steeds of old *Neleides*: "Fa-"ther, ſaid he, You wage unequal War: "Strong vigorous Youth will ſoon diſpatch Old-"Age: Your Sinews are unknit, and Strength "exhauſted: Your Charioteer is weak, your "Horſes tir'd. Aſcend my Chariot then, and "you ſhall ſee The Swiftneſs and Expertneſs "of theſe Steeds, Which I from brave *Æneas*

(r) *Whither, Laertes' knowing Son, d'ye fly.*] In this general Rout caus'd by *Jupiter* himſelf, *Diomed* is the only Man that does not fly; in which *Homer* admirably purſues the Character he had given that Hero. *Diomed*, who had already attack'd *Apollo* in the laſt Battel, and who thrice return'd to the Charge againſt that God, is not over-apt to fly; he muſt firſt make Efforts worthy of his Courage; Thunder muſt firſt fall at his Feet; and yet after that there is need of *Neſtor*'s Wiſdom to determine him to fly. All this is carry'd on with great Art.

(s) *Intrepid* Diomed, *tho' alone, advances.*] *Homer* does not forget one ſingle Stroke capable of making the Boldneſs of this Character appear; he tells us *Diomed* is alone.

"won

" won in War : None better know to ſcour
" along the Plain ; To ſhun the preſſing Foe,
" or reach the flying. Send off your Horſes ;
" and with mine we'll go Againſt the *Trojans* :
" *Hector* ſoon ſhall ſee, (*t*) How much this
" Spear can do in *Di'med*'s Hands."

Old *Neſtor* the Civility receives : With *Sthenelus*, and brave *Eurymedon*, His Steeds he left, and *Di'med*'s Chariot mounted : Taking the Reins, he drives full ſpeed toward *Hector*, Who haughtily advanc'd to meet their Fury. Strait *Diomed* ſalutes him with a Spear, Which, miſſing *Hector*, *Eniopeus* ſmote, His Charioteer, and tumbl'd dead to Earth. Scar'd with his noiſy Fall, his Steeds fly back ; *Hector*, at his unhappy Fate is griev'd, And ſearches quickly to repair this Loſs. Not long his Steeds did want a Guide ; for ſtrait Good-Fortune brought bold *Archeptolemus* ; Him *Hector* charg'd with the deſerted Reins.

(*t*) *How much this Spear can do in* Diomed's *Hands.*] I did not dare to venture the *Greek* Expreſſion, Hector *ſhall ſee if my Spear is mad in my Hands* ; Whereby *Homer* gives a Soul to the Spear ; our Language is unacquainted with ſuch bold Figures ; we muſt give them another Turn, and be content with ſomething like it. This Style of *Homer*'s, of animating in this manner the moſt inſenſible Things, as Swords, Lances, Rocks, is very conformable to that of Holy Scripture. Thus *David* animates *Jonathan*'s Arrow, and *Saul*'s Sword, when he ſays in the ſecond Book of *Samuel* i. 22. *A ſanguine interfectorum, ab adipe fortium ſagitta Jonathæ nunquam rediit retrorſum, & gladius Saul non eſt reverſus inanis.* - *From the Blood of the Slain, from the Fat of the Mighty, the Bow of* Jonathan *turned not back, and the Sword of* Saul *returned not empty.*

Tydides,

Tydides, like the God of War, proceeds; By *Neſtor* led: (*u*) and then had Slaughter rag'd, And *Troy*'s fam'd Warriors to their Walls been driv'n, And there pen'd up like Sheep, but that the Sire Of Gods and Men the threatning Danger ſaw. Again, he makes his horrid Thunder grumble, Doubles his Lightning, (*w*) hurls his burning Bolts, Directed at the Feet of *Di'med*'s Horſes. A dreadful Flame, with Sulphur mixt, aſcends Before the Chariot, from the Earth's ſinge'd Surface; The Horſes backward rear themſelves, affrighted; *Neſtor*, too weak to govern them, lets fall The Reins, and, pale with Fear, to *Di'med* ſaid: "Renown'd *Tydides*, "turn thy Steeds, and fly! See'ſt thou not, that "we're threatned from above! That *Jove* repels "our Force, and aids the Foe? To *Hector* this "Day's Honour he intends: Us, in our Turn, "when he ſees Cauſe, he'll favour. No hu-"mane Pow'r can alter *Jove*'s Decree. Then "tempt thou not his Anger, but retire!"

"Too true it is, O *Neſtor!* (*Di'med* ſaid) "Againſt us *Jove* too plainly does declare! "But then to fly! intolerable Thought! The "very Name of Flight fills me with Horror! "Shall *Hector*, 'midſt the *Trojans*, boaſting ſay "He made the Son of *Tydeus* turn his Back? "No, rather let the Earth devour me quick!"

(*u*) *And then had Slaughter rag'd*, &c.] Cou'd one expect leſs from that fierce and terrible Character which *Homer* had juſt given of *Diomed*, who cannot be frighten'd but by Thunder itſelf?

(*w*) *Hurls his burning Bolts*, &c.] What Images! What Subjects for Pictures! If the Painters wou'd ſtudy this great Poet, he would ſerve them for an inexhauſtible Source of grand and noble Inventions.

"What

" What needleſs Words are theſe? (cry'd
" Rev'rend *Neſtor*,) Tho' *Hector* ſhou'd report
" thee faint in Fight, Or ſtyle thee Coward,
" wou'd he gain Belief? Wou'd any *Trojan*
" think the Story true? Or, if they were in-
" clin'd to credit him, Wou'd not *Troy*'s nu-
" merous Widows give the Lye, Whoſe Huſ-
" bands thou haſt made to bite the Duſt?"

(*x*) He ſpoke: Nor ſtaid he for *Tydides*' Anſwer, But toward the Fleet, with Fury, drove the Steeds: A Show'r of Spears, from *Hector* and the *Trojans*, Accompany'd their Flight; Shouts rend the Skies. Then *Hector*, with his utmoſt Force, exclaim'd: " What will the *Greeks*
" (O Son of *Tydeus*) ſay, Who always held
" thee in ſuch high Eſteem, And look'd
" upon thee as ſo great a Captain? Who
" in their Feaſts gave thee the upper Place;
" The nobleſt Portion, and the biggeſt Cup?
" How will their Language and their Man-
" ners change? All their Reſpect will turn
" to foul Contempt. No Woman, ſure, was
" e'er ſo tim'rous ſeen: Away, unmanly *Di-*
" *med!* ply thy Heels! Like a young Girl,
" who at her Shadow trembles! Thou, I dare
" ſay, wilt never mount *Troy*'s Walls, With
" Sword in Hand, nor burn her lofty Tow'rs:
" (*y*) Nor carry to yon Fleet her Captive

(*x*) *He ſpoke: Nor ſtaid he for* Tydides' *Anſwer.*] *Neſtor* does very well to take this upon himſelf; for *Diomed*, even after the Thunder had fall'n at his Feet, wou'd never have conſented to fly.

(*y*) *Nor carry to yon Fleet her Captive Wives.*] For that is the Token of a complete Victory. Thus *Achilles* had brought ſo many Women from the Cities he had ſack'd. There is no likelihood, as *Euſtathius*

" Wives: This Hand ſhall ſend thee firſt ano-
" ther way: Prepare, this Inſtant, to receive
" thy Death!"

He ſpoke: *Tydides*, ſtung with this Reproach, (*z*) Debated with himſelf, and doubting ſtood, Whether to turn his Horſe and meet the Combat. (*a*) Thrice againſt *Hector* he reſolv'd to march, And thrice *Jove* thunder'd loud from lofty *Ida*, In ſign that he the Honour of that Day Had granted to the *Trojans*: *Hector* then Preſs'd cloſe the *Greeks*, and thus his Troops provok'd: " *Trojans* and *Dardans*, All my
" daring Friends! Fear nought, let each Man's
" Courage be redoubled; And now, if poſſible,
" yourſelves ſurpaſs! Auſpicious *Jove* has by
" his Back declar'd Conqueſt to us, and to the
" *Greeks* Confuſion. (*b*) Fools that they are, to

thinks, that *Hector* means here to ſet *Diomed* below *Paris*, who brought *Helen* from *Lacedæmonia*; for there is a great Difference between corrupting of Women, and carrying them away Captive after having ravag'd their Country.

(*z*) *Debated with himſelf, and doubting ſtood, Whether to turn his Horſe and meet the Combat.*] He does not add, *or whether he ſhou'd haſten his Flight*; that Word wou'd have frighten'd *Diomed* too much: He cannot reſolve with himſelf ſo much as to pronounce it.

(*a*) *Thrice againſt* Hector *he reſolv'd to march.*] As when *Achilles* deliberated in the firſt Book, whether he ſhou'd calm his Fury or draw his Sword, his Sword was already half out of the Scabbard; ſo here, *Diomed*, tho' he deliberates, yet is for going againſt *Hector*; and *Jupiter* himſelf, to hinder him, muſt come thrice to the Charge. I ſtop by the way a little, to explain the Beauty of theſe Characters, becauſe there is not one Stroke which deſerves not to be ſtudied, and becauſe this is the Part wherein Poets oftenеſt fail; a Fault occaſion'd by their not having well meditated theſe excellent Originals, which alone are capable of guiding and conducting them.

(*b*) *Fools that they are, to raiſe ſuch feeble Rampires.*] *Hector*, fluſh'd with theſe great Succeſſes, thinks nothing

" raiſe

" raiſe ſuch feeble Rampires; Which, not a " Moment, ſhall reſiſt our Strength! My Steeds, " with Eaſe, ſhall leap their ſilly Ditch; " Then, when I've ſeiz'd their haughty Fleet, " let each, With Fire in Hand, *Hector*'s Ex- " ample follow! I, with devouring Flame, their " Ships will burn, And ſacrifice each *Greek* " amidſt the Smoke!"

(*c*) Then to his Steeds he call'd, and chearing ſaid: " (*d*) O *Xanthus*, now, (cry'd he) " and thou *Podargus*, Thou *Æthon* too, and

can be capable of reſiſting him, and diſdains the Retrenchments of the *Greeks*, which will give him more trouble than he's aware of. I forgot to mention, as to theſe Retrenchments, that *Homer* has been accus'd of offending againſt Probability, by making them be rais'd ſo late, as in the tenth Year of the Siege; if the *Greeks* had been ſo long without them, how came it into their Heads to raiſe them at the End of the War? This Objection is eaſily anſwer'd. Before *Achilles*'s Quarrel with *Agamemnon*, the *Greeks* had no need of theſe Intrenchments; *Achilles* alone was a ſtronger Rampart for them; and *Homer* took care, in a preceding Book, to let his Reader know that the *Trojans* never dar'd to go out of *Troy*, whilſt *Achilles* fought. Thus theſe Intrenchments ſerve to heighten *Achilles*'s Glory, ſince they were not neceſſary till *Achilles* had renounc'd fighting.

(*c*) *Then to his Steeds he call'd*, &c.] Fable, which makes Beaſts ſpeak, may likewiſe juſtly allow the Liberty of ſpeaking to them, as to rational Creatures. But, without ſeeking to excuſe theſe Licences by Fable, Fury and Enthuſiaſm ſuffice to juſtify them; for, in thoſe Circumſtances, there's nothing a Man does not ſpeak to. In an Age leſs remote from our Manners, than that of the Siege of *Troy*, *Virgil* makes *Turnus* ſpeak to his Lance, and gives Reaſon and Underſtanding to a Horſe.

(*d*) *O* Xanthus, *now*, (*cry'd he*) *and thou* Podargus, *thou* Æthon *too, and* Lampus, *dear to* Hector.] I think nothing is more frivolous, or ill-grounded, than the Diſpute of ſome ancient Criticks upon this Verſe, whether *Hector*'s Chariot had two, or four Horſes; for ſome have pretended, that of theſe four Words, there were but two proper Names, and two Epithets. But one

" *Lampus*, dear to *Hector*! Now ſhew your
" Gratitude, and pay the Love, Which my
" *Andromache* ſo oft has ſhewn ye; (*e*) When
" ſhe, ſtill ſerving you before myſelf, Did for
" your Food ſet pureſt Wheat and Wine:
" How oft has ſhe, to viſit you, left *Hector*?
" The Horſes of the Gods ſcarce fare ſo well!
" Now, therefore, uſe your ſwifteſt Speed,
" ſtrain hard, That we old *Neſtor*'s Shield our
" Prize may make, (All maſſy Gold, whoſe
" Fame to Heav'n aſcends) And from *Tydi-*
" *des*' Shoulders ſtrip the Armour, The won-

d'rous

need only read the Verſe, to ſee that nothing cou'd be worſe imagin'd. Who ever ſaw Epithets put with Conjunctions? This Chariot of *Hector*'s has certainly four Horſes; nor muſt it be thought ſtrange. Had not *Neſtor*'s Chariot four Horſes in like manner, ſince *Homer* tells us, that one of thoſe Horſes, when he fell, frighten'd the others in ſtruggling? Does not *Homer* too ſpeak of Chariots with four Horſes in the *Odyſſe*, when he ſays, ὡς ἐν πεδίῳ τετράορες ἵπποι; Thoſe who have read Holy Scripture will make no doubt that Chariots with four Horſes were made uſe of in Battles. There are a thouſand Examples of it. In *Iſaiah*, when God foretels to *Jeruſalem* that ſhe ſhall be deſtroy'd by the *Aſſyrians*, the Prophet ſays: *Et erunt electæ valles tuæ plenæ* quadrigarum, *& equites ponent ſedes tuas in porta*, Iſa. xxii. 7. The Prophet *Nahum* ſays to *Nineveh*, which was then ready to be laid waſte by the *Chaldeans*; *Vox flagelli & vox impetus rotæ, & equi frementis, &* quadrigæ *ferventis, & equitis aſcendentis, & micantis gladii, & fulgurantis haſtæ, & multitudinis interfectæ*, &c. Nah. iii. 2, 3.

(*e*) *When ſhe, ſtill ſerving you before myſelf*, &c.] There is in this a hidden Beauty, which thoſe who are not well acquainted with *Homer* will not perhaps underſtand. The Poet deſcribes a Princeſs, who, tenderly loving her Husband, always took care, every time he came from the Battel, to go and meet him; and who, raviſh'd to ſee him again, runs to his Horſes, and gives them Bread and Wine, in teſtimony of her Acknowledgment to them for bringing back her Husband, and who likewiſe goes to viſit them every Day, as it were to beg of them more ſuch Service.

" d'rous Workmanſhip of lab'ring *Vulcan*.
" (*f*) If we theſe glorious Spoils can take, I
" doubt not, The *Greeks* this very night will
" hoiſt up Sail, And in their ſhatter'd Ships
" *Troy*'s Coaſt forſake."

Thus ſpoke he, with Preſumption full of Boldneſs. *Juno* his ranting Language cou'd not reliſh: (*g*) She, on her Throne, her ſacred Body ſhook, And with her Motion made *Olympus* tremble: Then thus to mighty *Neptune* did complain: " O *Neptune*, Ruler of the ample
" Ocean! Art thou not touch'd to ſee the
" *Greeks* thus periſh? Thoſe *Greeks*, who have,
" (*h*) at *Helice* and *Ægæ*, Loaded thy Altars
" with ſuch rich Oblations? If ſtill thou doſt
" thy wonted Love retain, Let us not wiſh,
" but boldly take their Part, Repulſe the Foe,

(*f*) *If we theſe glorious Spoils can take*, &c.] Not that the Fortune of the *Greeks* depended on *Neſtor*'s Buckler, or *Diomed*'s Corſlet, but becauſe he cannot gain either of them without the Death of thoſe two Heroes; and ſo the *Greeks*, weaken'd by theſe two great Loſſes, could no longer think of any thing but Flight. This is what *Homer* means.

(*g*) *She, on her Throne, her ſacred Body ſhook.*] *Juno*, in this place, by the Motion of her whole Body, does no more than what *Jupiter* in the firſt Book did by the ſole Motion of his black Eye-brows. *Homer*, by giving to the inferior Gods what ſuits their Character, has the Art to preſerve to the Maſter of the Gods and Men the Majeſty agreeable to him. And this is what caus'd one of the Ancients admirably to ſay, *That* Homer *was the only Poet that ever ſaw the Gods, or made them be ſeen.*

(*h*) *At* Helice *and* Ægæ.] Two Cities of *Achaia*, twelve *Stadia* from the Gulph of *Corinth*. In each of thoſe two Cities there was a Temple and Statue of *Neptune*. Two Years before the Battel of *Leuctra*, *Helice* was deſtroy'd by an Earthquake, which open'd a Paſſage for the Sea; its very Foundations were ſwallow'd up. *Homer* elſewhere ſpeaks of another City call'd *Ægæ*, which was in *Eubœa*.

" and *Jove*'s Intention croſs. (*i*) If we, who " favour *Greece*, wou'd join our Pow'rs, Soon " ſhou'd we ſee that God, in Diſcontent, Sit- " ting alone upon Mount *Ida*'s Top, Mourning " his Weakneſs and abated Glory."

Neptune, at her Audaciouſneſs incens'd, Made this Reply: " *Juno*, thy Counſel's raſh: *Nep-* " *tune* ſhall ne'er be one that ſtrives with *Jove*. " (*k*) Tho' all the Gods ſhou'd league them- " ſelves againſt him, I'd not rebel: for we " ſhou'd have the worſt: His ſingle Strength " is more than ours conjoin'd."

Whilſt thus among themſelves theſe Gods diſcours'd, *Hector*, by *Jove* conducted, had repuls'd The fugitive *Greeks* beyond their very Trenches: (*l*) Shut up between their Ditch and Wall they croud; So ſtruck with Dread, he might have burnt their Ships, If *Juno* had not *Atreus*' Son inſpir'd To go himſelf, and once more animate His fainting Army, and renew the Fight. From Tent to Tent, from

(*i*) *Soon ſhou'd we ſee that God, in Diſcontent.*] This is the common Language of thoſe who enter into Conſpiracies; their Party is always very ſtrong; the People are ripe, and only want the Standard of Rebellion to be ſet up; the Prince in a Moment will be abandon'd, &c.

(*k*) *Tho' all the Gods ſhou'd league themſelves againſt him*, &c.] This Anſwer of *Neptune*'s is what every wiſe Man ſhou'd make to them that propoſe to him to enter into a Conſpiracy againſt his Prince.

(*l*) *Shut up between their Ditch and Wall they croud.*] The Verſe 213 is only to ſhew the Space that was between the Paliſades of the Ditch and the Wall; all this Space was crouded with Men and Horſes, who in the Confuſion ran away, and whom *Hector* had repuls'd. *Hector* has not yet paſs'd the Ditch. This Remark is neceſſary for what follows.

Ship

Ship to Ship he runs, (*m*) Bearing a Robe of Purple in his Hand. He at *Ulysses'* well-calk'd Veſſel ſtops, Which in the middle of the Navy lay; From whence his Voice to *Ajax Telamon'*, And brave *Achilles'* Quarter might be heard. Theſe two, confiding in their Strength and Courage, Were poſted at the Navy's two Extremes. Here *Agamemnon* with his utmoſt Force, Exclaiming, chid the *Greeks*: "Ah, "foul Diſgrace! White-liver'd *Greeks!* Sol-"diers in Shape and Dreſs, But not in Act! "meer Outſides! very Women! (*n*) Where "are the mighty Promiſes we made? Where "the big Words we ſpoke (*o*) in *Lemnos'* Iſle? "When, ſate at Table, drinking full-crown'd "Cups, We boaſting ſaid, that each of us "would fight A hundred or two hundred daſ-"tard *Trojans*? Yet now we all before one "*Hector* run, Who preſently will horrid Fire "apply, And in our Sight reduce our Fleet to "Aſhes. Didſt thou, O *Jove*, e'er perſecute "a King With ſo much Rage, as thou haſt "Wreched Me, Or raviſh from his Hands ſo

(*m*) *Bearing a Robe of Purple in his Hand.*] *Agamemnon* takes this Robe, that he might attract, by the Novelty of the Sight, the Eyes of the *Greeks*, who otherwiſe, in the Diſorder and Confuſion they were in, wou'd not have much heeded him, nor hearken'd to what he had to ſay to them.

(*n*) *Where are the mighty Promiſes* We *made?*] He ſays *We*, to ſoften the Reproach by making it general, and by taking ſhare in it himſelf, for fear of diſobliging the Troops, if he had ſaid, *You made.*

(*o*) *In* Lemnos' *Iſle.*] *Lemnos* was famous for its good Wines. We have ſeen at the End of the preceding Book, that the *Greeks* ſent for all the Wine they wanted from that Iſland.

" great a Glory? (*p*) Yet have I not the leaſt
" of all thy Altars Unhonour'd paſs'd, ſince
" firſt I ſail'd from *Greece*; But with a con-
" ſtant Fire the Fat of Beeves To Thee have
" burnt before all other Gods, And begg'd thy
" Aid againſt this faithleſs People. Deign
" now, Almighty *Jove*, to hear my Pray'r!
" O let this Remnant of the *Greeks* eſcape,
" With Life, at leaſt, from ſuch inglori-
" ous H ds, Nor totally by *Trojans* be de-
" ſtroy'd!

He ſpoke: *Jove*, with his Tears and Sorrow touch'd, Grants to his Pray'rs the Safety of his People: The God from Heav'n's high Roof diſpatch'd an Eagle, Of Birds the nobleſt, and for Aug'ry ſureſt. (*q*) A Hind's young Fawn he in his Talons bore, And dropp'd his Burden at the Altar's Foot, Where the good *Greeks* were paying their Oblations (*r*) To *Saturn*'s Son, the God of Oracles.

(*p*) *Yet have I not the leaſt of all thy Altars unhonour'd paſs'd.*] This is a Thing remarkable enough. *Agamemnon* boaſts, that in a long Voyage, he has not paſs'd by one of *Jupiter*'s Altars, without ſacrificing on it.

(*q*) *A Hind's young Fawn he in his Talons bore.*] The Eagle ſignify'd *Hector*, who was *Jupiter*'s Inſtrument. The Fawn ſignify'd the *Greeks*, whom *Hector* had repuls'd, and whom he already had as it were in his Hands; and this Fawn being dropp'd at the Foot of *Jupiter*'s Altar, ſhews that the Protection of that God, whom they had juſt then invok'd, wou'd ſave them.

(*r*) *To* Saturn's *Son, the God of Oracles.*] The *Greeks* by giving to *Jupiter* the Surname of παν̓ομφαιος, wou'd ſignify, that tho' the inferior Gods preſided over Oracles and Auſpices, yet that it was under *Jupiter*'s Direction, who was the true Maſter of them.

No

(*s*) No ſooner did the *Greeks* perceive the Bird Which *Jove* had ſent, but with their former Vigour They haſte to leap the Ditch and fight the *Trojans*. Not one there was (amongſt the many Captains, Whom martial Ardour led againſt the Foe) Cou'd boaſt of having ſooner leap'd the Ditch, Than the intrepid Son of haughty *Tydeus*. He firſt among the *Trojan* Squadrons flew. Brave *Agelaus* ſoon his Fury felt, The Son of *Phradmon*; who, to ſhun his Fate, His Chariot turn'd, and fled; but th' ardent *Di'med* Between his Shoulders plung'd his braſſy Spear. Pierc'd thro' and thro', the *Trojan* from his Chariot Tumbles to Earth; his pond'rous Arms reſound.

Th' *Atridæ* next addreſs themſelves to fight: And after them the two *Ajaces* march With veh'ment Strength endu'd, and wondrous Boldneſs: Then brave *Idomeneus*, and his Squire *Mars*-like *Meriones*, the Trenches quit: And next *Eurypilus*, *Evæmon*'s Son. *Teucer* was ninth, who at his Bow excell'd; Him *Ajax* ſhelter'd with his ſev'n-fold Shield; Which being held aſide from time to time, *Teucer* advanc'd, then look'd his Object out: And having let his Arrow fly, retir'd (*t*) Behind his Brother's Shield; like a young Child, Who to its Mother's Arms

(*s*) *No ſooner did the* Greeks *perceive the Bird.*] The Sign that *Jupiter* ſent them was ſo plain, that all the *Greeks* preſently underſtood it, without the Help either of Augur or Interpreter.

(*t*) *Behind his Brother's Shield, like a young Child,* &c.] How many agreeable Ideas does *Homer* preſent under this one Image! He varies the Face of the Battel by this Singularity, which has not been yet touch'd upon. He ſhews the Tenderneſs *Ajax* had for *Teucer*, whom he covers with his Shield; and at

for Succour flies. How many valiant *Trojans* ow'd their Deaths To *Teucer*? firſt the brave *Orſilochus*; Then *Ormen*, *Opheleſtes*, *Dætor*, *Chromius*: Then *Lycophon*, and *Hamapaon* ſprung From *Polyeimon*'s Line, and *Menalippus*. All theſe on Heaps he tumbl'd, dead, to Earth.

When *Agamemnon* ſaw the Execution He with his Bow amongſt the *Trojans* made, He to him came, and thus beſpoke: "Dear *Teucer*! "Brave Son of *Telamon*, ſo ſpend thy Shafts! "And with freſh Courage us forlorn inſpire! "Go on, and be the Saviour of the *Greeks*, "And Comfort of thy Sire, who, from thy "Childhood, Maintain'd thee as his own, (*u*) "tho' baſely born: He, though remote, yet "ſhares in all your Glory. Increaſe it then, "and I this Promiſe make, And will perform, "if *Jove* and ſage *Minerva* Grant me to ſack "old *Priam*'s haughty Town, (*w*) You, next "to me, ſhall ſhare the nobleſt Prize; A Tri-"pod, or two Horſes with their Chariot, Or "ſome fair Dame that may aſcend thy Bed, "And recompence thy Labours with her "Love."

the ſame time ſets off the Superiority of *Ajax* over *Teucer*, and makes that Hero, who as yet does no Exploit, appear greater than *Teucer*, who kills ſo many brave Captains.

(*u*) *Tho' baſely born.*] He was the Son of *Telamon*, and the Princeſs *Heſione*, *Priam*'s Siſter, whom *Hercules* had taken Captive, and given to *Telamon*, who made her his Concubine. We ſee by this Paſſage, that Illegitimacy of Birth was not look'd upon as ſcandalous; for *Agamemnon* wou'd not, by ſo ſenſible an Affront, have giv'n Offence to a Man with whom he was ſo well pleas'd.

(*w*) *You, next to me, ſhall have the nobleſt Prize.*] *Agamemnon* ſays *next to me*, to preſerve his Dignity, and, at the ſame time, to render his Promiſe more credible.

To this the noble *Teucer* made Reply:
" Wherefore doſt thou, illuſtrious *Agamemnon*,
" Spur *Teucer* up, who of himſelf is free?
" Not idly I my Strength and Skill employ,
" Who, ſince we rally'd, have not ceas'd to
" kill, Eight mortal Shafts already I've diſ-
" charg'd: Of eight brave *Trojan* Youths
" they've drank the Blood: * *Hector* alone
" eſcapes me; him I've miſs'd, With all my
" Aim, as often as I've ſhot."

Teucer, this ſaid, another Arrow takes; And, aiming it at *Hector*, lets it fly: For he, with ſtrong Deſire to wound him, burnt. The fatal Shaft the Hero miſs'd, but ran Thro' brave *Gorgythion's* Breaſt, the Son of *Priam*; Born to the King by beauteous *Caſtineira*: *Æſyma's* Town was honour'd with her Birth: For Form and Wiſdom like Celeſtial Breed. As a tall Poppy in a Garden ſet, And nouriſh'd by the Spring's moſt tender Dew, Hangs its proud Head, o'er-burden'd with a Shower, Or the firſt rude Attack of bluſt'ring *Boreas*: So did the young *Gorgythion's* Head incline, Unable to ſupport his Helmet's Weight.

But *Teucer*, not diſcourag'd, from his Quiver Took a new Arrow, and to *Hector* ſent it. This Shaft too miſs'd, (*x*) by *Phœbus* turn'd aſide: Yet not in vain it left him, for it pierc'd

* Hector *alone eſcapes me.*] *Homer* ſays, *That mad Dog.*

(*x*) *By* Phœbus *turn'd aſide,*] 'Twas neceſſary for *Homer* to mention this Act of *Apollo's*; otherwiſe it wou'd have been ſurprizing, that ſo able an Archer as *Teucer* cou'd have miſs'd *Hector* ſo often. All this Poetry ſimply means no more, than that it was not *Hector's* Deſtiny to be ſlain by *Teucer*, and that *Archeptolemus's* laſt Hour was come.

Near to the Pap, brave *Archeptolemus*, *Hector*'s bold Driver, rushing to the Fight; Lifeless he tumbles at his Horses Feet: Back flew the Steeds, affrighted at his Fall.

Hector at his unhappy Fate was griev'd, But left his Corps, unable to secure it. To his sad Brother, *Cebrio*, that was nigh, *Hector* assign'd the Guidance of his Chariot. Then on a sudden, *Hector* leaps to Earth, And strait a mighty Stone up-lifting high, And horribly exclaiming, makes at *Teucer*, To dash him, with the weighty Mass, to pieces. *Teucer*, mean while, from out his Quiver chooses The keenest Arrow, puts it to the String, But stood so long to draw and aim aright, The Stone from *Hector* did the Shaft prevent, And 'twixt the Neck and Shoulder *Teucer* smote, Upon the Channel-Bone, a dangerous Place: So rough the Blow was, that it broke the Nerve. His Arm without or Strength or Motion hung; And, sinking on his Knees, he dropt his Bow.

Ajax neglected not his wounded Brother; But forward stept, and sav'd him with his Shield, Till two of *Teucer*'s most belov'd Companions, *Mecistheus*, *Echius*' Son, and brave *Alastor*, Convey'd him off the Field, dismay'd and groaning.

Now *Jove* again the *Trojans* Courage raises: Again they drive the *Greeks* to their Intrenchments. Amongst the foremost, *Hector* still appears; Conspicuous for his Warlike Mien, and Armour, But more conspicuous for his high Atchievements. As when a generous Dog, to Hunting bred, Pursues a Lion, or a Sylvan Boar,

And

And preſſes him ſo cloſe, he digs his Teeth In ſome poſterior Parts, his Hanch or Side; Yet, marking when he turns, then backward ſhrinks, Bold of his Feet, and then renews the Chace; So *Hector* did the flying *Greeks* purſue, And whoſoe'er was hindmoſt, him he kill'd.

But when the *Greeks* their Trenches had repaſs'd, With Loſs of many Troops by *Trojans* ſlain; Near to the Ships at length they ſtop, and there They comforted each other all they cou'd, And to the Gods for Aid, their Hands extended; For Aid, which now their Strength no longer lends. *Hector*, mean time, on all ſides drives his Steeds, To ſeek a Place where Entrance might be made: With *Mars*'s Eyes he look'd, and dreadful *Gorgon*'s.

Juno with ſoft Compaſſion view'd the *Greeks*, And, griev'd at their Diſtreſs, to *Pallas* ſaid: "O thou the Thunderer's immortal Daughter! "Muſt we no more the fainting *Grecians* aid? "Shall we in this Extremity ſit ſtill? Muſt "they all periſh thus by one Man's Violence? "Nothing can ſtop the Son of *Priam*'s Rage, "Which, by Succeſs provoked, ſtill higher "grows."

To which the Blue-ey'd Goddeſs made Reply: "This furious *Hector* long e'er now had "dy'd, By *Grecian* Valour he his Life had loſt; "(*y*) But that my Sire, ſtill reſolute and cruel, "Has not thoſe Sentiments he ought to have. "By Counter-plots my Will he always croſſes,

(*y*) *But that my Sire, ſtill reſolute and cruel.*] This Diſcourſe of *Minerva*'s againſt her Father, very well ſhews what power Paſſion ſometimes has over Wiſdom itſelf.

"And

" And of my Labour's Fruit ſtill diſappoints
" me. He has forgot how oft I ſav'd his
" * Son, Engag'd in dangerous Toil by ſtern
" *Euryſtheus*. (z) To an inevitable Death ex-
" pos'd, With Tears he Heav'n's Aſſiſtance did
" implore; And *Jove* in Pity ſent me to his
" Succour. Ah! had my Fore-ſight reach'd this
" Day's Event, Had I but known as much as
" now I know, When by that Tyrant, to the
" Depths of *Erebus*, Inexorable *Pluto*'s darkſome
" Realms, His Son was ſent to fetch (*a*) the
" dreadful Monſter That guards the Adaman-
" tine Gates of Hell, He had, for Me, till
" this time ſtaid below, Nor e'er repaſs'd the
" dreadful Waves of *Styx*. Now, as a Recom-
" pence for this, *Jove* hates me: *Pallas* is ſcorn'd,

* *Hercules.*

(z) *To an inevitable Death expos'd, with Tears he Heav'n's Aſſiſtance did implore.*] There is in this a ſevere Satire againſt *Hercules*. *Minerva*, to ſhew that that Hero was not capable of getting out of ſo many Dangers without her Help, feigns that he begg'd for Aid with Tears, which is unworthy of a Hero, who ought never to weep in Danger. *Hercules* was ſo far from this Weakneſs, that when the Flames, which devour'd him in the laſt Moments of his Life, forc'd him to cry out and ſhed ſome Tears, tho' they were Tears of Pain, and not of Fear, he groan'd with very Madneſs for having wept. Wherefore *Sophocles* makes him ſpeak thus,

—ὅς τις ὥςε παρθένος
Βέβρυχα κλαίων, καὶ τόδ' ὀυδ' ἂν εἷς τοῖὲ
Τόνδ' ἀνδρα φαίν πρόσθ' ἰδεῖν δεδρακοτα
Αλλ' ἀςένακ|ος ἀιὲν ἐστόμην κακοῖς.

Have pity on me, who have howl'd and wept like a Girl, a Weakneſs wherein no Man ever ſaw me fall before; for I ſuſtain'd the greateſt Ills without one Sigh, and without ſhedding one Tear.

(*a*) *The dreadful Monſter that guards the Adamantine Gates of Hell.*] *Homer* calls *Cerberus*, ſimply *the Dog of terrible* Pluto. In his Time 'tis likely that Dog had not yet the Name of *Cerberus*.

" and

" and *Thetis* only heard, Who came to kiſs his
" Knees, and ſtroke his Chin, That ſo with
" Honour he might crown her Son, Whoſe
" Arm ſo many Cities has deſtroy'd. But
" there will come a Day, when he again Shall
" call me his *Glaucopis*, and his *Darling*. Mean
" time, without Delay, prepare your Chariot,
" Whilſt to *Jove's* Hall, to arm myſelf, I go.
" Soon we ſhall ſee if *Hector* will rejoice, Mad
" as he is, to meet Us in the Fight. (*b*) Some
" ſlaughter'd *Trojan's* Fat ſhall ſurely feaſt The
" Dogs and Vulturs, near the *Grecian* Ships."

She ſpoke: Dread *Juno*, raviſh'd with her Words, Strait went herſelf her Horſes to prepare, Whoſe braided Manes with golden Rings were ty'd. Mean time, the Offspring of Almighty *Jove*, The Warrior *Pallas*, went to arm herſelf. And firſt her Veil the Goddeſs did unclaſp, Extremely fine and admirably wrought. Down on her Father's Azure Pavement, waving, (*c*) The looſen'd Veil falls at the Goddeſs' Feet. The Thund'rer's maſſy Armour ſhe claps on; Fitting herſelf for Fights and fierce Alarms. Then ſhe the flaming Chariot

(*b*) *Some ſlaughter'd* Trojan's *Fat*, &c.] She means *Hector*, who, in all likelihood, was fat and large.

(*c*) *The looſen'd Veil*, &c.] *Homer* repeats here ten or a dozen Verſes, which he before had us'd; and this is pretty common with him. *Homer*, as *Euſtathius* has very well obſerv'd, wou'd thereby ſhew, that when one has hit upon any thing which is very good, one ſhou'd not ſearch for any Thing elſe, to avoid Repetitions. We Moderns have, in this reſpect, a Niceneſs, which I think rather a Diſtemper, than a Sign of a right Taſte. The *bon gouſt* receives with Pleaſure two or three times over the ſame Image, and in the ſame Terms,

mounts

mounts near *Juno*; And with a Force reſiſtleſs takes a Lance Of Weight and Size miraculous; that Lance, With which, when anger'd, ſhe whole Armies ſcatters. *Juno* the Horſes drove, nor ſpar'd the Whip. Heav'n's ample Gates, on grinding Hinges, rung, And of their own accord flew open to her. Thoſe Gates which to the *Horæ* are committed, Who, e'er ſince Time began, have had the Watch Of high *Olympus*, and *Jove*'s glitt'ring Palace; And who according as theſe Gates eternal Are either to be ſhut or op'd, with Eaſe Collect or ſcatter the thick Cloud their Barrier. Out at theſe Gates th' impatient Goddeſs drives; The rapid Chariot leaps th' immortal Threſhold.

Jove, who from *Ida*'s lofty Top perceiv'd them, Highly incens'd, diſpatch'd Heav'n's Meſſenger, The ready *Iris*, with the golden Wings. "*Iris* (ſaid he) go, ſtop thoſe Goddeſſes; Oblige them to return the Way they "came, Nor ſuffer them to meet the Rage of "*Jove*. 'Tis an unequal Match 'twixt them "and me. This I declare, and it ſhall ſurely "be, If they proceed, (*d*) their Horſes I will "lame; Themſelves I'll headlong hurl, and "break their Chariot; Nor ten revolving "Years ſhall cure the Wounds My Lightning "makes, where-ever it ſhall touch them; "That *Pallas* ſo may by Experience find What

(*d*) *Their Horſes I will lame.*] *Homer*, by this Image, wou'd ſhew the abſoute Empire the ſupreme God has over all Nature, which he can confound and overthrow as he pleaſes.

"'tis

" 'tis againſt her Father to rebel. (e) At *Juno* " I am leſs provok'd; for ſhe Is wont to " thwart me, and oppoſe my Will."

He ſpoke: and *Iris*, ſwifter far than Tempeſts, From *Ida* takes her Flight, and ſoars to Heav'n; Near to the ſacred Portals of *Olympus* The Goddeſſes ſhe met, and thus began: " Whither " d'ye tend? What Madneſs has poſſeſs'd ye? " You muſt not aid the *Greeks* in any wiſe: " *Saturnian Jove* forbids it, and declares, If, " diſobedient, you contemn his Orders, And " venture on, your Horſes he will lame; Your- " ſelves he'll headlong hurl, and break your " Chariot: Nor ten revolving Years ſhall cure " the Wounds His Lightning makes, where- " ever it ſhall touch ye: Then, *Pallas*, you will " by Experience find, What 'tis againſt a Fa- " ther to rebel: At *Juno*, he is leſs provok'd; " for ſhe Is wont to thwart him, and oppoſe " his Will. But 'tis the Heighth of Boldneſs " and Temerity In thee, O deſperate Maid, " to lift a Lance Againſt thy Father, Maſter, " and thy God."

She ſpoke; and back with Diligence retura'd. Then *Juno* ſighing, thus to *Pallas* ſaid: " Dear *Pallas*, let's give o'er, nor longer ſtrive, " For any Mortal's ſake, with Heav'n's high " King. Let them, whoſe Lot it is, or fall or " ſtand: Let *Jove* on *Greeks* and *Trojans* work

(e) *At* Juno *I am leſs provok'd, &c.*] *Jupiter* in this place very well makes appear, that Anger is one of the Paſſions which is occaſion'd by Surprize; for a Man is not angry at a common Thing, and to which he is accuſtom'd. For this Reaſon, the Dearer thoſe are to us, who put us in a Paſſion; the more violent is the Paſſion.

" his

" his Will, And, as his Fancy bids, diſpoſe
" their Fates."

This ſaid; ſhe turns her beauteous Steeds about: The *Horæ* ope the Gates, unteam the Carr, To their *Ambroſial* Stalls the Horſes tie, And ſet the Carr beneath Heav'n's Cryſtal Walls. Both Goddeſſes, with diſcontented Minds, Entring the Court, reſume their golden Thrones.

Then *Jove*, with Light environ'd, mounts his Chariot, Drives from the Top of *Ida*, up t' *Olympus*, And at th' Aſſembly of the Gods arrives. (*f*) *Neptune* receiv'd him, and his Steeds unharneſs'd; (*g*) Then in the brilliant Stable place'd the Chariot, And round about it precious Linen caſt. Mean while, the Thund'rer mounts his golden Throne, And vaſt *Olympus* ſhook beneath his Feet. *Juno* and *Pallas* next each other were, At diſtance from th' Imperial Seat

(*f*) Neptune *receiv'd him*, &c.] This Fiction, that *Neptune* himſelf unharneſſes *Jupiter*'s Horſes, is founded upon this; *viz.* the Air, which is nothing but *Jupiter*, extends from the Heavens to the Sea, where it repoſes itſelf.

(*g*) *Then in the brilliant Stable plac'd the Chariot.*] I did not dare venture this Paſſage literally, becauſe it is too ſingular, and too remote from our way of Speaking. I ſhall content myſelf with explaining it in this Remark. *Homer* ſays, ἅρμαἀα δ' ἀμβωμοῖαι τίθει. *He puts his Chariot on its Pedeſtal.* The Word βωμοὶ, does not only ſignify *Altars*, but likewiſe *Baſes*, *Pedeſtals*, on which they put Veſſels, Statues, &c. and 'tis undoubtedly in imitation of the *Greeks*, that the *Latins* call'd by the Name of *Aras*, *Altars*, certain Rocks appearing in the Sea. Wherefore then is *Jupiter*'s Chariot put on a Baſe, on a Pedeſtal, inſtead of being put in a Coach-houſe? 'Tis to ſhew, that the Air, which is the true Chariot of that God, has no other Seat than the Earth itſelf, which is the Baſis, whereon it reſts in the midſt of the Univerſe. This is *Homer*'s Idea, a great and noble Idea, which our (the *French*) Language cannot expreſs.

of

of *Jove*; Silent they ſate, nor upwards turn'd their Eyes.

But *Jove*, who knew what gall'd them, thus began: "Why ſo dejected, Goddeſſes? (ſaid "he) 'Tis not by lab'ring in the bloody Fight, "And killing *Trojans*, Objects of your Hate. "Be not ſo vain, to think that Your two "Pow'rs, No, nor the Hoſt of Gods, can me "controul, Or ſtop my vow'd Inflictions on "the *Greeks*. Ev'n You, with all your Menaces "and Pride, Did you not ſhake with Fear? "were not your Limbs, Your goodly Limbs, "poſſeſs'd with coward Dread, E'er you be-"held the Fight, much leſs the Slaughter? "But wiſely you retreated: for, I tell ye, If "farther you had puſh'd your mad Deſign, "Your Chariot never ſhou'd have brought "you back To Heav'n again, the Seat of the "Immortals: My Lightning ſhou'd have pu-"niſh'd your Preſumption."

Juno and *Pallas*, who ſate next each other, Deviſing mighty Miſchiefs to the *Trojans*, Murmur'd, with Lips compreſs'd, at *Jove*'s Diſcourſe. *Pallas*, tho' much provok'd at what ſhe heard, Yet curb'd her ſwelling Choler, and was ſilent; But *Juno*, not being able to with-hold The Tranſport of her Fury, thus broke out; "What means this Speech, O cruel Son of "*Saturn*? We too well know thy Pow'r in-"vincible: Yet the brave *Greeks* Condition "we may mourn, Who now muſt fall beneath "ſo hard a Fate. We ſhall from Fight ab-"ſtain, ſince you command it; But let us aid "the *Greeks* with wholeſome Counſels, That "ſo not all may periſh by thy Anger."

The

The Maſter of the Thunder thus reply'd:
" * Dread Queen, to-morrow, with thoſe ſplen-
" did Eyes, If thou ſo pleaſe, thou ſhalt be-
" hold me making Still greater Havock in the
" *Grecian* Army; For *Hector* ſhall not his Ex-
" ploits give o'er, Till he has rouz'd the ter-
" rible *Achilles*; And the bold *Trojans* ſhall
" the *Greeks* conſtrain To fly ev'n to their
" Fleet, *Patroclus* kill'd. Thus Fate decrees:
" I not regard thy Rage: Tho' to the World's
" Extremity thou go'ſt, (*b*) There where *Iäpetus*
" and *Saturn* lie, Near to profoundeſt *Tartarus*,
" bound in, On ev'ry Side, with everlaſting
" Night; Nor by the Sun refreſh'd, nor cool-
" ing Winds. Thither tho' you with loud
" Complaints repair, And try to raiſe that Em-
" pire up againſt me, Or whether here you
" practiſe ſecret Miſchief, I ſcorn your feeble
" Malice, and with Eaſe, Your inſolent De-
" vices will confound." He ſpoke; and *Juno* dar'd not to reply. Mean while, the Sun did to the Ocean haſten: Drawing Night's ſable Curtain o'er the Earth. The *Trojans* griev'd to

* *Dread Queen.*] The *Greek* ſays πότνια, *veneranda, Adorable,* from πίτω, *cado, to fall*; becauſe People are us'd to fall proſtrate before thoſe they adore. And in this Senſe, I ſuppoſe, the Word *Dread,* in the modern Addreſſes to the Kings and Queens of *England,* is generally underſtood. But if we look nearer into the Word, it has no ſuch terrible Meaning. For 'tis but a Corruption of the old *French* Law-Word *Droit, Rightful, Lawful,* and in that Senſe was apply'd to the Kings and Queens of *England* by our Forefathers.

(*b*) *There where* Iäpetus *and* Saturn *lie.*] That is to ſay, Tho' you go to the Bottom of *Tartarus* to ſolicit the *Titans,* and oblige them again to come and war with me, as heretofore they did. You need only ſee the firſt Book of *Apollodorus.*

ſee

ſee the Day deſcend. Not ſo the *Greeks:* They wanted Night's Relief, And more than once had pray'd for its Approach.

Illuſtrious *Hector* leads his warlike Troops, Far from the Fleet, near to the gulphy Stream; A Place not ſoil'd with Blood, and free from Dead. There all the *Trojans* from their Carrs deſcend, And about *Hector* throng to hear his Orders: He bore a Spear, eleven Cubits long, And pointed at the Head with poliſh'd Steel, Which to the Staff a Ring of Gold did bind; On this he lean'd, and thus harangu'd the Troops: "Hear me, ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and "Allies! I thought this Day t' have given to-"tal Ruin Both to the *Grecian* Army and "their Fleet; And hop'd I ſhou'd have enter'd "*Troy* victorious: But Night has ſtopt my "Arm, and ſav'd the Foe. Then let us pay "Obedience to the Goddeſs, And prudently, "the Time ſhe gives us, uſe. Let all the Sol-"diers take a due Repaſt: Let them untie their "Steeds, and give them Food; Let Beeves and "Muttons from the Town be brought, With "Wine and Bread, and Quantity of Wood, "That all the Night, till wiſh'd *Aurora* riſes, "Fires may be made, whoſe Flames ſhall light "the Shore, And, with aſcending Brightneſs, "gild the Skies, Leſt in the Dark, the *Greeks* "Advantage take, And, reimbarking, cleave "the Sea's broad Back: Let them not part in "Peace, and unaſſaulted: But, as they make "Retreat, let each Man bear A Wound with "him, to cure when he gets home, Giv'n by a "*Trojan* Shaft, or ſharpen'd Spear: That

"other

" other Nations may from them take Warning,
" And fear to vex the *Trojan* Shore with War.
" Strait let our Heralds to the Town repair,
" Proclaiming, (*i*) That the Youth, unfit for
" Arms, And Old-Men, paſt their Labour,
" mount the Tow'rs; * And let the Women
" make before their Houſes Great Fires all
" Night: let the whole City wake: For fear
" whilſt thus 'tis naked left of Troops, The
" Foe, by ſome Surprize, ſhou'd Entrance gain.
" Let what I ſay be punctually obſerv'd; To-

(*i*) *That the Youth, unfit for Arms.*] *Hector* does not exempt any Age from rendering Service to their Country. The Children (that is, thoſe who are but twelve or thirteen Years old, and whom for that reaſon he calls πρωθήβας, ſuch as are juſt entring upon the Age of Puberty) and the old Men ſhall keep watch on the Towers, and the Women ſhall light Fires in all the Streets.

* *And let the* Women, *&c.*] *Homer*'s Term here for *Women* is too remarkable, not to be taken notice of. Madam *Dacier* omits it; perhaps ſhe thought it might have reflected upon the fair Sex, to have explain'd it: and ſo indeed it does, if the Account which the *Greek* Scholiaſt gives of it be true. *Homer*'s Word is Θηλύτεραι, not in the Poſitive, but Comparative Degree; as if, inſtead of *Fœminæ*, I ſhou'd uſe *Fœminiores*, for *Women*. They who underſtand *Latin* will know what I mean. But the *Engliſh* Reader cannot be ſo well made ſenſible of it, without fetching a greater Compaſs. *Homer*'s Expreſſion, *And let the* Θηλύτεραι, &c. is as much as if he had ſaid, *Let thoſe Creatures who are more Femaliſh than other Female Creatures*, &c. meaning the *Women*. Upon which the *Greek* Scholiaſt has made, in my Opinion, a very ρασκαλλει Obſervation, and very diſhonoueable to the Ladies. His Words are theſe: I take them out of *Barnes*. Θηλύτεραι] Αἱ πρὸς τὰ ἀφροδίσια καλαφορώτεραι ὡς πρὸς σύγκρισιν τῶν ἀλόγων ζώων. Τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλογα ὡρισμένον ἔχει καιρὸν, ἐν ᾧ μίγνυνται· αὗται δὲ διηνεκῶς πλεισιάζουσι.

Which in plain *Engliſh* is this:

Βεκαυσε θελαδιες αρε μορε ινκλεινδ το θατ σαμε, θαν θε βρυλε βεας, κομπαραλιφλει σπεακινγ· φορ θε βρυλε βεας δο θε θινγ ατ σομε σαλεδ τιμες ωνλει, βυτ θε λαδιες δο ιτ ελερναλλει.

" morrow

" morrow, valiant Friends, when Morning
" dawns, I'll farther Orders give, and hope
" that *Jove*, And all the other Gods, touch'd
" with my Pray'rs, Will grant me to deſtroy
" theſe curſed Dogs, Brought by ill Deſtiny to
" *Trojan* Coaſts. Let us this Night keep ſtrong
" and careful Guard; And with the early
" Dawn prepare to fight; On board their very
" Ships I'll ſtir the War; Then ſhall I Tryal
" make, if ſtrong *Tydides* Will from their
" Fleet repulſe me to their Trenches; Or whe-
" ther, with this Steel, I him can pierce, And
" bear his bloody Spoils in Triumph home.
" His Valour ſhall be put to Proof to-morrow,
" If he dares ſtand th' Encounter of my Lance.
" I hope, th' aſcending Sun ſhall find him
" dead, And many of his proud Companions
" round him, Devoid of Breath, extended on
" the Strand. Ah! that I were as ſure to live,
" immortal, And feel no Frailties of increaſing
" Years, Exempt from Age, and evermore re-
" main (*k*) Ador'd by Men like *Pallas* or
" *Apollo*, As I am confident, that Heav'n's next
" Light Shall be the laſt the *Greeks* will e'er
" behold."

(*k*) *Ador'd by Men like* Pallas, *&c.*] *Hector* has given his Orders with a great deal of Wiſdom, and like a Soldier; but preſently after, Pride, occaſion'd by the Succeſs of that glorious Day, makes him talk in a Language full of raſh Preſumption. He imagines that the *Greeks* will run away, or that, if they dare ſtay till Morning, *Diomed* will be ſlain by him; after which, his fooliſh Vanity carries him to deſire even the Honours which are render'd to the Immortals only. This is very natural to Men; great Proſperity makes them forget they are Mortal, and puts them upon equalling themſelves with the Gods. *Alexander* is a Proof of it.

Thus

Thus *Hector* ſpoke; and all the *Trojans* ſhouted. Then every one his ſweating Steed takes out, And to his Chariot's Back with Head-ſtalls ties: Some to the Town are ſent for Beeves and Sheep, And Bread, and Wine, while others fetch in Wood. * *Full Hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods.* The Winds transfer'd the Savour to the Skies: *But the immortal Pow'rs partook not of it; They lik'd it not, becauſe they hated* Ilium, *And* Priam, Ilium's *King; and* Priam's *People.*

* *Full Hecatombs are offer'd,* &c.] 'Tis fit I ſhould acquaint the Reader why this Line, and the three others below, are in *Italick.* Let him know then, that they are not in Madam *Dacier*'s Tranſlation, nor in any other Edition or Tranſlation that I know of, except in Mr. *Barnes*'s late *Latin* one. As no Man underſtands *Homer* better than that Gentleman, and as this preſent Tranſlation is intended to be the moſt exact of any that has yet appear'd in *Engliſh*, I was willing to inſert the four Verſes above recited; and will give Mr. *Barnes*'s Reaſon for ſo doing: *Addo & lego, ex Platone,* Ἔρδον, &c. *Hos quidem verſus Homero perquam dignos, & huic loco apprime congruos, ſuſtulit, ut puto, Ariſtarchus; quòd vel barbarorum pietati invideret, vel quòd Deo paſſiones imputare videantur; ut Plato ibidem objici à nonnullis fatetur; quamvis ipſe dextre locum interpretatur. Et noſtræ Literæ teſtantur, malorum hominum ſacrificia Deo eſſe abominationi,* Solomon, *Prov. c.* xv. *v.* 8. *& c.* xxi. 27. *Reſtituendos utcunque ſummo poetæ exiſtimavi, & lectionem priſtino nitori.* "I add theſe "Verſes out of *Plato:* They "are every way worthy of *Ho-* "*mer,* and perfectly ſuitable "to this Place. They were "expung'd by *Ariſtarchus,* as "I ſuppoſe; either becauſe he "envied the Piety of the *Bar-* "*barians,* or becauſe the Ver- "ſes ſeem to impute Paſſions "to God, as *Plato* confeſſes "to have been objected by "ſome; tho' he very hand- "ſomely interprets the Place. "Even our holy Books teſti- "fy, *That the Sacrifices of* "*the Wicked are an Abomi-* "*nation to God,* Solomon, "*Prov. c.* xv. *v.* 8. *& c.* xxi. "27. I thought fit, there- "fore, to reſtore the Verſes "to this Prince of Poets, "and the Reading to its an- "cient Beauty."

With

With Minds elate, and of Succeſs aſſur'd,
The Troops ſpent all the Night in open Field,
Sitting in warlike Form, and under Arms. (*l*)
As when the Night's chaſte Queen, (*m*) with Fire renew'd,
Travels thro' Heav'n upon her Silver Chariot,
Whilſt Winds are ſilent, and the Air ſerene,
And Stars conſpicuous all around her ſhine,
Steep Mountain-Cliffs and elevated Capes,
And Vales and Foreſts are with eaſe diſcover'd;
The brilliant Light of thoſe immortal Lamps
Strikes thro' th' immenſe Expanſion of the Air,
Unveiling Heav'n and Earth (a beauteous Scene!)
The Swain rejoices in the uſeful Light:
So ſeem'd upon the Plain the *Trojan* Fires
(Betwixt the Navy and *Scamander's* Banks)
Chaſing the Dark, and ſpreading Light around.

(*l*) *As when the Night's chaſte Queen.*] This ſo noble and fine Compariſon is only to ſay, that the Fires, which the *Trojans* made in their Camp, enlighten'd all the *Trojan* Plain, even to the Shores of the *Helleſpont*. What Poetry is this, which changes the Earth almoſt into a ſtarry Heaven!

(*m*) *With Fire renew'd.*] So φαεινὴν muſt be explain'd, according to *Euſtathius*, who, with Reaſon, ſays, that the Poet means here the Moon in the firſt Quarter; for when it is at Full, the Stars, far from appearing ſo bright, are obſcur'd, as *Sappho* ſays in theſe Verſes:

Ἀστέρες μὲν ἀμφὶ καλὰν
Σελάναν
Ἀψ' ἀποκρύπτουσι φαεινὸν
εἶδος
Ὁπότ' ἂν πλήθοισα μάλι-
ςα λάμπῃ γᾶν.

The Stars their Brightneſs loſe around their Queen,
When ſhe with all her Glory lights the World.

Some ancient Critics, as *Apion* and *Herodotus* relate, in order to find this Senſe, corrected the Word φαεινὴν, by dividing it into two; for they ſay *Homer* writ φάει νὴν, for φάει νίαν, *lumine novam, beginning to kindle.* This Correction is more ſubtle than neceſſary. It may very well be let alone.

A thouſand Fires made bright the *Trojan* Camp, And at each Fire ſate Fifty valiant Warriors. On Corn and pureſt Rice the Horſes feed. All, near their Chariots, with Impatience waited, Till fair *Aurora* did the Day reſtore.



Argument

Argument of the Ninth Book.

AGamemnon, *deſpairing of the Safety of his Army, ſummons a Council of the* Greeks, *and adviſes to retire.* Diomed, *riſing up, ſtrenuouſly oppoſes this Advice; and* Neſtor, *who ſpeaks after him, commends him for the prudent and bold Manner in which he had ſpoke to the King. He then declares what he thought proper ſhou'd be done; and, in purſuance of his Advice, they ſend* Ulyſſes, *and* Ajax *the Son of* Telamon, *to* Achilles, *to endeavour to pacify him; and* Phœnix *is deſir'd to accompany them. They all three make very ſtrenuous and moving Speeches. That Hero rejects all their Prayers, and anſwers them with Roughneſs: He, however, detains* Phœnix *in his Tent.* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes *return to give an Account of their Embaſſy, and the Troops go to repoſe themſelves.*



THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK IX.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Brome.

(a) THUS on their Guard all Night the *Trojans* ſtood Watchful before the Fires, which through the Gloom Shone beamy, and illumin'd

(a) *Thus on their Guard all Night the* Trojans *ſtood.*] We have juſt ſeen, that at the End of the preceding Book, the Night of the 16th Day of *Achilles*'s Wrath takes Beginning; this Night takes up all that *Homer* recounts in the two following Books, and we ſhall find it to be a Night very well employ'd. This Book is perfectly fine. *Euſtathius* made a right Judgment of it, in ſaying, πάνυ δὲ ἐναγώνιος, &c.] *This Book is very lively, full of Action;* all



The Greeks astonish'd at their Defeat, send Ulysses, Ajax & Phœnix, *to* Achilles, *to beg him to return to the Camp. He haughtily rejects their prayers, & dismisses them roughly.*

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all the Plain: (*b*) But *Jove*, incens'd againſt the *Grecian* Pow'rs, Dealt foul Diſmay, and Rout, on trembling Fear The ſure Attendant, thro' the *Grecian* Hoſt. As when two Winds afflict the boiling Deep, *Boreas* and *Zephyr*, which (*c*) from froſty *Thrace* Blow ſtormy, and torment the foaming Waves, The Ocean heaves, and the tumultuous Billows Riſe mountainous, and inſult the brighten'd Shores. Such Horror, ſuch Confuſion held the Chiefs, Doubting amid the fluctuating Hoſt.

and contains a Strength of Eloquence admirable in the judicial Way, in what the Embaſſadors ſay to Achilles, *and in* Achilles's *Anſwer*; *and* Homer *never better ſhew'd, than in this Book, the Force of his miraculous Art in politic Diſcourſes.*

(*b*) *But* Jove, *&c.*] *Homer* is not willing that his Reader ſhou'd in the leaſt forget, that this Flight of the *Greeks* is cauſed by *Jupiter* himſelf; wherefore, he does not ſay barely, Φύζα, *Flight*, but θεοπροπίη Φύζα, that is to ſay, ἐκ θεοῦ πεσοῦσα, *cauſed by* Jupiter.

(*c*) *From froſty* Thrace *blow.*] Among the Ancients, *Eratoſthenes*, and among the Moderns, ſeveral great Men have charg'd *Homer* here with Ignorance, for ſaying, that *Zephyrus*, which is the Weſtern-Wind, comes from the Climates of *Thrace*; but they are very much deceiv'd, and their Criticiſm very unjuſt. They ought to be put in mind, that *Homer* is one of the greateſt and exacteſt Geographers that ever was. Tho' he has mention'd the moſt remote Countries, he has not committed one ſingle Fault. In this place he is exactly true; for he does not ſay abſolutely, that the Weſtern-Wind blows from *Thrace*, but he ſays it with reſpect to *Troy*, and the *Ægean* Sea. The ancient Geographers agree, that *Thrace* is in the Form of a *Sigma* or *C*, the North-Wind blows from the upper Point of this *C*; and the Weſt-Wind from the lower Point going to *Troy*. You need only look upon the Map, together with *Strabo*'s Remark upon his firſt Book of *Geography*, and the Commentary of the learned *Caſaubon*. The Sea therefore here mention'd, is the Heighth of the *Ægean* Sea, where are *Lemnos*, *Samothrace*, &c.

And now, oppreſs'd with deep corroding Care, *Atrides* thro' the Ranks impatient ran, And bad the Heralds, (*d*) without Noiſe or Clamour, Summon a general Council of the *Greeks*. The *Greeks* aſſembled; on their thoughtful Brows Sate Diſcontent, and Care, and gloomy Sorrow. Then in the Council *Agamemnon* roſe; (*e*) Weeping he roſe: and as the ſtreaming Fountain Pours forth its Waters from a rocky Height; So ſhed the Chief a plenteous Flood of Tears, And to th' Aſſembly, ſighing, thus he ſpoke.

" O Friends, O Chiefs, and Rulers of the " *Greeks*, The heavy Hand of *Jove* afflicts me " ſore, That cruel Deity, who with a Nod " (*f*) Had promis'd me, that I ſhou'd con- " quer *Troy*, (*g*) But now perfidiouſly defeats " my Hopes, And bids me to return inglorious " home; Now, when I've loſt ſo many of my " Forces, In fierce Aſſault; ſuch is the Will " of *Jove*, Who has o'erthrown ſo many For-

(*d*) *Without Noiſe.*] He wou'd have the Heralds ſummon the *Greeks* without crying with a loud Voice, becauſe of the Night, and of the Enemy who were near at hand, and might take advantage of the Conſternation and Diſorder of the *Greeks*.

(*e*) *Weeping he roſe.*] Here you ſee a Circumſtance, where Tears are not only allow'd, but becoming in a Hero, occaſion'd not by any Apprehenſion for himſelf, but Care for his People.

(*f*) *Had promis'd me, &c.*] The Aim of this Diſcourſe is the ſame with that of the ſecond Book. *Agamemnon* only tries to give the Generals of the Troops good Reaſons to contradict him, that the *Greeks* may take Courage again. See the Remarks thereon.

(*g*) *But now perfidiouſly defeats my Hopes.*] *Agamemnon* proceeds even to Blaſphemy, to ſhew to the Troops, that he only ſpeaks through Tranſport and Exceſs of Paſſion, which renders what he ſays leſs credible; for what ſound and compos'd Mind wou'd accuſe *Jupiter* of Perfidiouſneſs? This admirably ſerves the Turn of *Agamemnon*.

" treſſes,

" treſſes, (*h*) And will ſo many more o'er-
" throw hereafter, For he is pow'rful, and his
" Arm Almighty. Abandon then, my Friends,
" the bootleſs Project, And, haſt'ning to your
" Ships, regain your Country; (*i*) For we ſhall
" ne'er be Maſters of proud *Ilium*."

He ſpoke; and (*k*) Silence held th' Aſſembly mute; With Sorrow and Amazement, mute they ſate, Till *Di'med*, brave in Battel, thus reply'd.

" (*l*) The firſt I'll be, *Atrides*, to oppoſe

(*h*) *And will ſo many more o'erthrow hereafter.*] And conſequently will overthrow that of *Ilium* likewiſe, eſpecially ſince he has promis'd it.

(*i*) *For we ſhall ne'er be Maſters of proud* Ilium.] But all he has ſaid, proves that he ſhall take it, and that *Jove* is infallible.

(*k*) *Silence held th' Aſſembly mute.*] The *Greeks* dare not ſpeak what they think; for they ſuſpect, that *Agamemnon*'s Speech is only to ſound them, and feel their Pulſe, as he before had done.

(*l*) *The firſt I'll be*, Atrides, *to oppoſe*, &c.] If this Speech of *Diomed*'s were taken literally, it wou'd ſeem improper, very groſs, and very unreaſonable. In effect, how comes it that *Diomed*, who did not anſwer *Agamemnon*, when that Prince tax'd him with Cowardice, and who even corrected *Sthenelus* for anſwering him, ſhou'd here take it in his Head to rail at the King, who is in the moſt deplorable Condition that Man can be in, and almoſt beſieged by the *Trojans*? 'Tis taking his Time very ill. It may perhaps be ſaid, that in the laſt Battle he did unheard-of Exploits, which he makes advantage of on this Occaſion, to revenge himſelf of the Injury the King did him. But 'tis unworthy a Hero, to lay hold thus of a publick Calamity to reſent his particular Wrong. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* has perfectly well made appear the Cunning of this Diſcourſe, by ſhewing, that this violent Accuſation of *Agamemnon* is, on the contrary, the Defence of that Prince, and a ſure means of making his Deſigns ſucceed. The Liberty *Diomed* takes, and the injurious Language he gives, only ſerve to deceive the Troops the better, who thinking him really angry, will not fail to be on his ſide. Theſe Injuries, adds *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, are Nuts to *Agamemnon*.

" So raſh a Scheme; (*m*) and ſince this Place
" allows Boldneſs in Speech, O King, I'll
" boldly ſpeak. Thou firſt, and thou alone
" in Terms opprobrious, (*n*) Didſt brand me
" with the hateful Name of Coward, Openly,
" in Face of all the *Grecian* Warriors. To
" them I truſt my Cauſe, and let Them ſpeak
" My Strength in Battel, and my Worth in
" Arms. The Son of *Saturn*, the Almighty
" *Jove*, (*o*) Gave thee a Scepter, made thee
" King o'er Kings; But left thee deſtitute of
" manly Courage, (*p*) The far more noble and
" illuſtrious Empire. Miſtaken Prince! How

(*m*) *And ſince this Place allows.*] King *Agamemnon* might command what he pleas'd, without aſſembling the Council; but when this Council was aſſembled, they had a Right to contradict him, and nothing cou'd paſs without the Peoples Conſent; for as I have already elſewhere ſaid, it was a Mixture of Monarchy and Democracy.

(*n*) *Didſt brand me*, &c.] In the fourth Book. Five or ſix Days ago.

(*o*) *Gave thee a Scepter*, &c.] There is a great deal of Art here methinks. On one ſide, he was oblig'd to acknowledge the Authority of *Agamemnon*, to whom God has given a Scepter ſuperior to other Scepters; and on the other ſide, he was oblig'd to weaken this ſame Authority, to hinder the Troops from obeying the Order that Prince gave for retreating. *Diomed* ſays therefore, that certainly *Agamemnon*, as King of Kings, ought to be reſpected and honour'd, but that God has not given him the Valour he has given to other Chiefs, the Empire of which is greater, eſpecially in War, than that of Scepters. From whence it follows by a neceſſary Conſequence, that the Troops ought not to obey an Order, which proceeds rather from Fear, than from Reaſon and Experience.

(*p*) *The far more noble*, &c.] This is the Language of a brave Man, to affirm and ſay boldly, that Courage is above Scepters and Crowns. Scepters and Crowns were, indeed, in former Times, not hereditary, but the Recompence of Valour. With what Cunning and Haughtineſs *Diomed* ſets himſelf indirectly above *Agamemnon!*

" cou'dſt

" cou'dſt thou think the *Greeks* Such Daſtards,
" ſo unman'd, as to embrace Schemes ſo un-
" worthy, Projects ſo inglorious? But if, im-
" patient to behold thy Country, Thou'rt fixt
" on Flight, and bent upon Return; Depart,
" the Way is free! thy Squadron ſtands (*q*) Moſt
" opportunely neareſt to the Sea. But think
" not All will fly, the reſt will ſtay, Till we
" have *Priam*'s well-built City ſack'd: But
" ſhou'd They too, like Thee, deſert the War,
" (*r*) Yet here wou'd I and *Sthenelus* maintain
" Alone the Fight, (*s*) till we have found the

(*q*) *Moſt opportunely neareſt to the Sea.*] As being the laſt drawn on Shore, and conſequently nigheſt the Sea, the firſt being more advanc'd towards the Plain. This likewiſe includes a very ſharp Stroke of Satire againſt *Agamemnon*, as if he put his Ships laſt and nigheſt the Sea, that they might be farther from the Enemy, and readier for flight.

(*r*) *Yet here would I and* Sthenelus, *&c.*] What a Greatneſs is there in this Character of *Diomed!* and how well it is carry'd on! No Obſtacle diſcourages *Diomed*; *Jupiter* cou'd hardly make him retire, the whole Army is afraid, the General himſelf commands to draw off, he remains intrepid, and will ſtay only with *Sthenelus*.

(*s*) *Till we have found the Day,* Troy's *fated Day.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves here a wonderful Decency in this Character of *Diomed*, as fiery as he is. When he thinks that all the *Greeks* will ſtay, he ſays, *Till we have* Priam's *well-built City ſack'd*; and when he adds, that if the others go, *Sthenelus* and he will remain alone to continue the Siege, he was cautious of ſaying, that *they would fight, till they had* Ilium *ſack'd*; for what likelihood is there, that two Men cou'd hope to do what a whole Army cou'd not? But he ſays; *Yet here would I and* Sthenelus *maintain alone the Fight, till we have found the Day,* Troy's *fated Day*; which is an equivocal Expreſſion, and equally ſignifies, *till we have taken* Ilium, and *till* Ilium *be freed, and we ſlain under its Walls*; for both its Taking and Deliverance are *its fated Day*. This Remark ſeems to me very ſolid and very ſenſible.

" Day, *Troy*'s fated Day ; (*t*) for not without
" the Order Of God himſelf, came we to
" *Ilium*'s Shore."

He ended; and with loud applauding Shouts,
The *Grecian* Chiefs approv'd the Hero's Words.
Then *Neſtor* from his Seat aroſe, and ſpoke.

" (*u*) O *Diomed*, O Great approv'd in Arms,
" Prudent, tho' Young, and wiſer than your
" Years ; No *Greek* will contradict or diſap-
" prove What you advance, ſince prudently
" advanc'd ; (*w*) But yet unfiniſh'd, unex-

(*t*) *For not without the Order of God himſelf came we to* Ilium's *Shore.*] The *Greek* ſays, *for we are come hither with God*; and therein may be ſeen the Style of Holy Scripture, where 'tis ſaid that they come with God, or that they are not come with God, or that they are not come without God, meaning they did not come without his Order: *Numquid ſine Domino aſcendi in terram iſtam?* ſays *Rabſhekah* to *Hezekiah*, in *Iſaiah* xxxvi. 8. This Paſſage ſeems to me very beautiful *Homer* adds it, to ſhew, that the Valour of *Diomed*, that Boldneſs which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* ſhall be gone, is not a raſh and mad Boldneſs, but a reaſonable one, and founded on the Promiſes of God himſelf, who cannot lye.

(*u*) *O* Diomed, *&c.*] This Speech of *Neſtor*'s is not ſuch as it ſeems, as *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* has very well obſerv'd. That wiſe old Man admirably well makes uſe of *Diomed*'s Speech, but for another end. *Diomed* only tries to encourage the Army, and diſpoſe it to fight; and *Neſtor*'s Aim is different. He praiſes the Liberty with which that Prince has ſpoken to *Agamemnon*, and afterwards ſhews the Effect which that Liberty ought to produce; 'tis not to fight on the next day, but preſently to uſe all the means neceſſary to appeaſe *Achilles*; for that is the only way to repulſe the *Trojans*. *Neſtor* therefore adds to this Diſcourſe of *Diomed*'s what is wanting in it; and he adds it, as if it were *Diomed*'s Thought. Thus *Neſtor*, to diſpoſe the King to do what he wou'd have him, lays hold on the Applauſes they had given *Diomed*, and ſlips in his Advice, as an Advice already prais'd and applauded.

(*w*) *But yet unfiniſh'd*, &c.] *Neſtor* thereby inſinuates, that what he is going to ſay, is nothing but *Diomed*'s Advice

" plain'd

" plain'd the Thought, Which you propoſe,
" remains. Tho' wiſe, your Youth Wou'd
" ſpeak you, if my Son you were, my young-
" eſt. And yet, with Boldneſs, Rulers you re-
" prove, And blame ev'n Kings with Praiſe,
" becauſe with Wiſdom. But I, whom Length
" of Days and Years mature Have taught Ex-
" perience, will ſpeak my Thoughts, Speak
" boldly, and compleat what you propos'd.
" Tho' boldly, ſo as none ſhall diſcommend
" My Words diſtaſteful; no, nor e'en *Atrides*.
" (*x*) Unjuſt, unnatural, inhumane, he That
" loves a War, horrid, inteſtine War! But let
" us, ſince the Seaſon of the Night To kind
" Repaſt invites, and ſoft Repoſe, With
" Wines and Food the weary'd Hoſt refreſh,
" Weary'd with Toils and Labours of the Day.

laid open and fully explain'd. *Diomed* has ſaid, they ſhould ſtay and fight; and *Neſtor* adds the Precautions neceſſary to be taken before fighting, that they may fight ſafely. Thus *Homer* preſerves the Characters of an Old Man and a Young.

(*x*) *Unjuſt, unnatural, inhumane, he.*] This general Maxim is for *Agamemnon* in particular, in order to diſpoſe him to give *Achilles* neceſſary Satisfaction; and ſince the Terms are a little harſh, he took care to ſay that he ſpoke with his uſual Freedom, and prepares the Prince for his Liberty. I have adapted this Paſſage to our way of Speaking; *A Man muſt be without Relations, without Friends*, &c. The *Greek* ſays (Verſe 63.)

Ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιστος, ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος.

Theſe three Terms are borrow'd from the publick Excommunications, which were us'd to be pronounc'd againſt the Wicked. Ἀφρήτωρ, one that was excluded all Commerce with his Kindred, Φρατρίαν οὐκ ἔχων Ἀθέμιστος, one who was baniſh'd from religious Aſſemblies, and made incapable of partaking in the Sacrifices. Ἀνέστιος, one who was not allow'd to remain in his own Houſe, or to entertain any Perſon at his Table.

" And let a Strength of Guards ſecure the
" Ground, And take their Stand (*y*) between
" the Ditch and Wall. (*z*) Be this the Duty
" of our youngeſt Leaders. Be it thy Task,
" O mighty Son of *Atreus*, To iſſue thro' the
" Hoſt thy dread Commands; For thou art
" pow'rful, thee all *Greece* obeys. (*a*) Aſ-
" ſemble to thy Tent the oldeſt Leaders, (*b*)
" And feaſt the hoary Warriors at thy Board.
" With Choice of various Wines thy Tent
" abounds, (*c*) Rich *Thracian* Wines, which
" thence thy Navy brings Daily, well loaded
" with a precious Freight. Let each give Coun-
" ſel, and do thou aſſent (*d*) To his mature Ad-
" vice, who gives the Beſt. Let All be there,
" the weighty Cauſe requires The Preſence of

(*y*) *Between the Ditch and Wall.*] That is to ſay, upon the Banks of the Ditch without the Wall.

(*z*) *Be this the Duty of our youngeſt Leaders.*] *Neſtor* opens this Advice, by ſending theſe young Officers. Thereby he provides for the Guard of the Camp, and ſpares *Agamemnon* the Shame of ſeeing himſelf reprov'd, for his Injuſtice, in their Preſence. For this reaſon, *Neſtor* puts off giving his Advice, till he is in *Agamemnon*'s Tent after Supper.

(*a*) *Aſſemble to thy Tent the oldeſt Leaders.*] When *Homer* ſpeaks of the old Captains, this Epithet, *Old*, is not to ſhew Age only, but likewiſe Experience and Diſtinction.

(*b*) *And feaſt*, &c.] *Neſtor* propoſes, that *Agamemnon* ſhall give the Officers a Supper, becauſe the *Greeks* were perſuaded, that the Mind being warm'd with eating and drinking, was put in condition to ſuggeſt good Counſels: Wherefore the *Perſians* deliberated at Table, and determin'd Faſting.

(*c*) *Rich* Thracian *Wines, which thence thy Navy brings.*] Not only from the Iſlands near to *Thrace*, but from *Thrace* itſelf, where the *Greeks* caus'd Lands to be till'd during the Siege, as in the *Cherſoneſus*.

(*d*) *To his mature Advice, who gives the Beſt.*] With what Art *Neſtor* prepares the King to receive his Advice, as the only wholeſome one!

" them

" them All, their utmoſt Wiſdom; For near " our Fleet the *Trojan* Fires blaze dreadful; " Sight horrible, and hateful! (*e*) Ah! what " Pleaſure Can *Grecian* Eyes enjoy, when ſuch " a Proſpect Strikes them beholding, when this " Night deſtroys, (*f*) This fatal Night de- " ſtroys or ſaves our Hoſt?"

Thus *Neſtor* ſpoke, and they the Sage obey'd. Strait iſſu'd forth the Guard, in Arms array'd, Bold *Thraſymedes*, *Neſtor*'s valiant Son, *Aſcalaphus*, and brave *Ialmenus* March'd forward, and with them the fierce *Merion*, Bold *Apharæus*, and *Deipurus*, And God-like *Lycomedes*, *Creon*'s Son. Theſe ſeven Chiefs, ſev'n hundred valiant Men, Gallant in Arms, attended to the Field; They fixt between the Ditch and Wall their Guard, Their Fires they lighted, and prepar'd their Banquet.

Th' experienc'd Chiefs *Atrides* to his Tent Embody'd led, and made a Royal Feaſt. (*g*) When they had eat and drank to Satisfaction, *Neſtor* up roſe, whoſe Wiſdom in Debate Had oft been try'd, and often been approv'd, And ſpoke in Terms that well became his Wiſdom.

(*e*) *Ah! what Pleaſure can* Grecian *Eyes*, &c.] It is ſo literally. That is to ſay, *Who is there that wou'd not be very much afflicted and terrify'd?*

(*f*) *This fatal Night deſtroys or ſaves our Hoſt.*] *Neſtor* ſhews the preſſing Neceſſity there is to follow the beſt Advice that ſhall be given, and to follow it immediately, and without delay.

(*g*) *When they had eat.*] *Homer* does not amuſe himſelf to deſcribe this Repaſt, as he wou'd have done on another Occaſion; the Time preſſes, and good Chear is not the Buſineſs, but Deliberation, and good Counſel.

" O Son of *Atreus*, glorious King of Na-
" tions, To thee both firſt and laſt will I direct
" My Voice; for thee, of mighty Realms ſu-
" preme, Nations obey: To thee *Saturnian*
" *Jove* Commits his Scepter and his Laws,
" that thou (*h*) Mayſt govern Realms accord-
" ing to their Rules. Therefore on thee, Thee
" chiefly 'tis incumbent, (*i*) To give Advice
" thyſelf, and hear it giv'n: And whenſoever
" others ſhall propoſe Projects conducive
" to the Publick Good, T' embrace 'em, and
" promote the juſt Deſigns. For tho' to Others
" the Advice be owing, (*k*) Thine it becomes
" whene'er thou follow'ſt it. Therefore I ſpeak
" what ſeems to me the Beſt, Nor ſhall a better
" Scheme than this be laid, (*l*) Which long

(*h*) *Mayſt govern Realms according to their Rules.*] For the Scepter has its Rules; Laws are its Rules; good Kings follow them, and the others violate them.

(*i*) *To give Advice thyſelf, and hear it giv'n.*] This is a Leſſon very important for Kings; they ſhould know how to ſpeak, to hear others, and to yield without Paſſion or Jealouſy to the beſt Advice.

(*k*) *Thine it becomes whene'er thou follow'ſt it.*] *Euſtathius* thought that *Homer* ſaid this, becauſe in Councils, as in the Army, all is attributed to the Princes, and becauſe all the Honour is given to them; but this is not by any means *Homer*'s Thought. What he ſays here, is a Maxim drawn from the profoundeſt Philoſophy. That which often does the greateſt harm to Men, is Envy, and the Shame of yielding to Advice, which proceeds from others, and which they themſelves do not give. A very groſs Fault. There is more Greatneſs and Strength in following a good Advice, than in propoſing it; by executing it we render it our own, and we raviſh even the Property of it from its Author; and *Euſtathius* ſeems to incline to this Thought, when he afterwards ſays: *Homer here makes him that follows a good Advice, equal to him that gives it*; but he is not full enough in expreſſing himſelf.

(*l*) *Which long revolving in my Thoughts I kept.*] An Opinion form'd on the Spot,

" revolving

" revolving in my Thoughts I kept. 'Tis not
" the raſh Reſult of preſent Fancy; But ſuch,
" as at that Moment I conceiv'd, When from
" *Achilles'* Arms you forc'd *Briſeïs*, Averſe to
" my Advice, while to prevent The fatal raſh
" Attempt, (*m*) in vain I us'd Diſſuaſive Argu-
" ments. But you, thro' Paſſion, And wild
" Reſentment, deaf to cooler Reaſon, (*n*) Diſ-
" grac'd a great, a moſt illuſtrious Hero; Him
" whom the Gods conſpir'd to crown with
" Glory; And now detain the juſt Reward of
" Valour, *Briſeïs*, from his Arms. (*o*) Then
" let us think, How beſt we ſhall appeaſe the
" angry Chief By ſumptuous Preſents, or by
" ſoft Perſuaſions."

Then thus *Atrides*, King of Nations, ſpoke:
" With Truth and Reaſon haſt thou touch'd
" my Faults. Greatly I've err'd, and I con-

cannot have all the neceſſary Authority; but an Opinion, which a wiſe Man has had time to examine, and wherein he perſiſts for ſixteen Days, certainly deſerves to be liſtened to.

(*m*) *In vain I us'd diſſuaſive Arguments*, &c.] Whether in publick, as we ſee in the firſt Book, or in private, as this Paſſage neceſſarily ſuppoſes.

(*n*) *Diſgrac'd a great, a moſt illuſtrious Hero; him whom the Gods conſpir'd to crown with Glory.*] Nothing can be ſaid more ſtrong; for what Honours ought not Men to render to thoſe whom the Gods themſelves deſign to honour?

(*o*) *Then let us think, how beſt we ſhall appeaſe*, &c.] This is the wiſe Counſel which *Neſtor* meant to give, and for which he had ſo well prepar'd *Agamemnon*, by all that he had been ſaying. He does not ſay, *We muſt appeaſe* Achilles, but *let us think, how beſt we ſhall appeaſe him*; no longer debating, *Whether* Achilles *muſt be appeas'd*; that is reſolv'd; the Queſtion is only how he may be appeas'd, and he ſays, *Let us conſult, let us think* —— as certain, that this Counſel will find no Oppoſition, neither from the King nor the Troops. There is an Art in this, which I think wonderful.

" feſs

" fess my Error. (*p*) He's worth an Army,
" he's himself a War, (*q*) Whom like that
" Hero *Jove* the Father loves, Who now in
" Anger to avenge his Quarrel, Crowns him
" with Honour, and afflicts the *Greeks*. But
" since I've err'd, (*r*) by headlong Passions
" byas'd, I'm ready to repair the offer'd
" Wrong, And satisfy the Chief with mighty
" Presents; And what the Presents are, I here
" proclaim: (*s*) Sev'n precious *Tripods* of so
" fine a Make, As not to bear the Fire; of

(*p*) *He's worth an Army—— Whom like that Hero* Jove *the Father loves.*] *Agamemnon* does not name *Achilles* so much as once in all this Speech; he does justice to his Valour, and wou'd satisfy him, but that Name is still odious to him.

(*q*) *Whom like that Hero* Jove *the Father loves.*] How true this is! and how rightly *Homer* raises a Man lov'd by God above all common Men!

(*r*) *By headlong Passions byas'd.*] I did not dare to re-establish in the Text a Verse which follow'd this, which at this time does not appear in any Edition, and which *Dioscorides*, *Isocrates*'s Scholar, had restor'd; but I am oblig'd to recall it in the Note. This Verse,

Ἀλλ' ἐπὶ, &c.

Is follow'd by,

Ἤ οἴνῳ μεθύων, ἢ μ' ἔβλαψαν θεοὶ αὐτοί.

Whether Wine had disturb'd my Reason, or whether the Gods in Anger had blinded me.

Thus it was read in *Athenæus*'s Time, who very well observ'd, that the Poet puts in the same Balance Drunkenness and the Wrath of the Gods. 'Tis likely, some too nice Critics, shock'd that *Agamemnon* shou'd confess himself guilty of so great a Vice, very improperly rejected this Verse.

(*s*) *Seven precious* Tripods.] *Tripods* were great Vessels with three Feet; the Figure of them is seen in ancient Medals. The Ancients had two sorts of them, one to boil Water in, and the other so fine and neatly wrought, that they were never us'd on the Fire, and serv'd only for show; or if they were us'd, 'twas only to mix Wine and Water in, as in Urns. Princes had a great Number of these two sorts of *Tripods*, to make Presents of, and Game-Prizes, &c.

" Gold

" Gold ten Talents, And twenty Cauldrons
" ſhining from the Furnace. To theſe I add
" twelve Courſers fleet and ſtrong, That oft
" have been victorious in the Race: Rich is
" the Man, and ſtor'd with Heaps of Gold
" Is he, (*t*) whoſe wealthy Treaſures equal
" thoſe Which in the Courſe already they have
" won. Beſides ſev'n Women of the *Lesbian*
" Race, Beauteous, and skill'd in Works of
" curious Art; Which I, when he deſtroy'd
" the lofty *Lesbos*, As the moſt fair of Women,
" made my Choice. With theſe I ſend whom
" from his Arms I forc'd, The fair *Briſeïs*, and
" call Heav'n to witneſs, That from my Arms
" ſhe's pure and undefil'd. Theſe at this Time
" I give; and if hereafter The Gods aſſiſt us,
" and proud *Ilium* falls, Let him with Store of
" Braſs, and Heaps of Gold, Load his whole
" Navy, when we ſhare the Booty. Then let
" him twenty *Trojan* Virgins chooſe, That
" may with any but the beauteous *Helen*,
" Matchleſs in Charms, diſpute the Prize of
" Beauty. (*u*) And when to fertile *Argos* we
" return, Be he my Son-in-law, and with my

(*t*) *Whoſe wealthy Treaſures equal thoſe which in the Courſe already they had won.*] This Paſſage proves, that during the Siege of *Troy*, the *Greeks* often had Horſe-Races, wherein they propos'd Prizes, either at the Funerals of Heroes, or on other Occaſions; for if *Agamemnon* only ſpoke of the Prizes which his Horſes had gain'd before the Siege, they wou'd be already too old for Service.

(*u*) *And when to fertile* Argos *we return.*] *Agamemnon* divides into three different Times the Preſents he means to make to *Achilles*; on the Spot, after the Taking of *Troy*, and after his Return to *Argos*; this Diviſion in ſome manner multiplys them.

" Son,

" Son, My only Son *Oreſtes*, ſhare all Honours.
" Beſides, three Daughters grace my Royal
" Court; (*w*) *Chryſothemis*, and fair *Laodice*;
" The other bright *Iphianaſſa* nam'd. Of
" theſe, (*x*) (nor Nuptial Preſents we expect)
" Her let him wed who pleaſes moſt his Eyes;
" With her ſuch Gifts ſhall he receive in
" Dower, As ne'er before were given to a
" Daughter. Beſides, ſev'n Cities more ſhall
" call him Lord. *Cardamyle*, and *Enope*, and
" *Hira* For verdant Paſtures fam'd, and fruit-

(*w*) *Chryſothemis——Laodice——Iphianaſſa.*] How comes it, ſay ſome, that *Agamemnon* does not mention *Electra* here? Thoſe who make this Objection are deceiv'd. *Electra* is not a proper Name; 'tis a Surname afterwards given to *Laodice*, who was call'd *Electra*, becauſe ſhe was marry'd late, and remain'd a great while a Maid. I even believe, that this Surname was given her by the Tragic Poets only; *Homer* never knew it.

(*x*) *Nor Nuptial Preſents we expect.*] For, in *Greece*, the Bridegroom, before he marry'd, was obliged to make two Preſents, one to his betroth'd Wife, and the other to his Father-in-law. This Cuſtom is very ancient; it was among the *Hebrews* in the Patriarchs Time. *Abraham*'s Servant gave Neck-Laces and Ear-Rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Iſaac*, *Geneſis* xxiv. 22. *Schechem*, Son of *Hamor*, ſays to *Jacob* and his Sons, whoſe Siſter he was minded to eſpouſe; *Augete dotem, & munera poſtulate. Ask me never ſo much Dowry and Gift*, *Gen.* xxxiv. 12. for the Dowry was for the Daughter; this Preſent ſerv'd her for Dowry, and the other Preſents were for the Father. In the firſt Book of *Samuel* xviii. 25. *Saul* makes them ſay to *David*, who by reaſon of his Poverty, ſaid he cou'd not be the Son-in-Law of the King; *Non habet Rex ſponſalia neceſſe. The King deſireth not any Dowry.* And in theſe two laſt Paſſages, we ſee that the Preſents were commonly regulated by the Father of the Bride. *Homer* does not ſpeak of the Preſent made to the Father, but only of that which is made to the Daughter, to the Wife, and which was call'd ἕδνα: The Dowry which the Father gives to his Daughter, was call'd μείλια, wherefore *Agamemnon* ſays here ἐπιμείλια δώσω. You muſt ſeparate μείλια ἐπιδώσω.

" ful

" ful Soil: The Tow'rs of ſacred *Pheræ*, and " *Anthæa* With pleaſant Meads enclos'd, and " proud *Æpæa*, And *Pedaſſus* for choiceſt Vines " renown'd. (*y*) All neighbouring to the Sea " and ſandy *Pylos*. Rich are th' Inhabitants " in Flocks and Herds, Who, like a God, " ſhall rev'rence him their Lord, (*z*) And, ſub- " ject to his juſt and lawful Scepter, Pay with " Content and Joy their wealthy Tributes. " This will I do, if he his Wrath renounce: " And ſure, he will renounce it; only *Pluto* " Continues unrelenting, implacable, Inflexible, " of all the Gods, and he (*a*) Of all the Gods " is hated moſt by Man. 'Twill not diſgrace " the Prince to own my Sway, Since more " than his my Pow'r, and more my Years."

Then *Neſtor*, fam'd for Wiſdom, thus reply'd: " O Son of *Atreus*, glorious King of " Nations, Such are your Preſents as are highly " worthy The Prince, the great *Achilles*, to re- " ceive. Be it our next Concern to chooſe " out Perſons To be diſpatch'd from you to

(*y*) *All neighbouring to the Sea and ſandy* Pylos.] This increaſes their Value, for nothing made a fertile Country be valu'd ſo much as the Neighbourhood of the Sea, and of a barren and ſandy Country; the Reaſon of it is evident.

(*z*) *And, ſubject to his juſt and lawful Scepter, pay with Content and Joy their wealthy Tributes.*] Here is a great King, who owns that Tributes, which the People pay to Kings, are the Reward of the Juſtice which the King renders the People; and for that reaſon, the *Greeks* call theſe Tributes θέμιςας, as much as to ſay, *the Price of Juſtice.*

(*a*) *Of all the Gods is hated moſt by Man.*] This is ſo true; that he was the only God that had neither Temple nor Altar any-where, and to whom were ſung neither Hymns nor Songs.

Οὐδ' ἔςι βωμὸς, οὐδὲ παιανίζεται. Says *Æſchylas.*

" great

" great *Achilles*. And theſe I chooſe to exe-
" cute this Task; And with my Choice let
" each of them comply: (*b*) Let *Phœnix*, then
" conduct the Embaſſage; Be *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes*
" the Embaſſadors. (*c*) Let *Hodius* and *Eury-*
" *bates* as Heralds On them attend, and let the
" purging Water Be forthwith brought, and
" Silence be enjoin'd, And Pray'rs be made
" that *Jove* may be propitious."

He ſpoke; and all th' Aſſembly gave Aſſent. Forthwith the Heralds (*d*) on their Hands

(*b*) *Let* Phœnix *then conduct the Embaſſage.*] *Phœnix* was, at that time, by good Fortune, in the *Grecian* Camp, whither he undoubtedly went to ſee the Succeſs of the laſt Battel, and to report to *Achilles* the Condition of the Army and Retrenchments, which they had juſt thrown up before the Camp; but *Homer* does not amuſe himſelf to explain this Circumſtance, which has no relation to his Action. *Neſtor* ſays, *Let* Phœnix *conduct the Embaſſage*, to ſhew that he was not an Embaſſador himſelf, but only deſtin'd to protect the Embaſſy to *Achilles*, and to be Aſſiſtant to the Embaſſadors. A Man like *Phœnix*, ſo particularly devoted to *Achilles*, cou'd not be an Embaſſador from *Agamemnon* to him: *Homer*, therefore, ſpeaks in the Dual Number, as *Euſtathius* has very well obſerv'd, πιθέσθων, βάτην, εὐχόμενον. And *Achilles* in receiving them ſays only ἰκάνετον φίλτατοι ἐμοί, to ſhew that he ſpoke but to two, *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes*.

(*c*) *Let* Hodius *and* Eurybates, *&c.*] I do not find any where elſe, that it was the Cuſtom to ſend Heralds always with Embaſſadors. Wherefore then do they ſend them here? For two reaſons: The firſt is, that *Achilles* may not doubt but that the Embaſſy really comes from *Agamemnon*, for the Heralds cou'd not go without his Order; and the ſecond is, that theſe Heralds, who were Witneſs of the Violence *Agamemnon* did to *Achilles*, by taking *Briſeïs* out of his Tent from him, might be likewiſe Witneſſes before God and Man of the Satisfaction he gives him.

(*d*) *On their Hands pour'd forth the Water.*] For they were not permitted to lift to Heaven impure Hands, nor to make Libations in that Condition.

" pour'd

pour'd forth The Water, and the Boys the Goblets crown'd With Wine, and dealt the ſacred Draught around. When the Libation to the Gods they'd made, Empty'd the Cups, and drank to Satisfaction, They ſtrait prepar'd to execute their Charge. Mean while, ſage *Neſtor* new Inſtruction gave: To each he gave, but chiefly he enjoin'd The wiſe *Ulyſſes* to attempt all Ways To move the ſtubborn Soul of brave *Achilles*. And, now along the Shore they held their Way; And, as they went, pour'd forth their Pray'rs to *Neptune*, That he would deign to favour their Deſign, And pacify the Wrath of *Peleus'* Son. Thus to the Quarters of the *Myrmidons* They came, and there the God-like Man they found, Soothing his Griefs with the melodious Lyre: The Lyre with curious Workmanſhip was wrought Compact and beauteous, which among the Spoils He found, when he deſtroy'd *Eëtion*'s Town. With this well pleas'd, his Cares he ſooth'd, (*e*) and ſung The Deeds of Heroes, and the Acts of Kings. With him alone his lov'd *Patroclus* ſate In ſilence, waiting till the Chief ſhou'd end The Song, and ceaſe to ſtrike the ſounding Strings. Th' Embaſſadors approach'd, and wiſe *Ulyſſes* Mov'd

(*e*) *And ſung the Deeds of Heroes.*] *Achilles* does not ſing Love-Songs like *Paris*, whoſe Harp *Horace* for that reaſon calls *Effeminate, Coward, imbelli citharæ*; but he ſings the Exploits of great Captains: For as there is a ſoft and effeminate Muſick, there is a noble and warlike one, worthy of Heroes. Wherefore *Homer* makes *Achilles* here divert himſelf with ſinging and playing on the Harp; his Reſentment has made him renounce Battles: There is no other Conſolation remains for him, then, but to ſing the great Acts of Heroes, thereby to give perpetual Fuel to his Courage.

fore-

foremoſt to his Preſence; but the Hero (*f*) Sprung from his Seat ſurpriz'd, and in his Hand His Lyre he bore; up roſe *Patroclus* too, Struck with the Preſence of the God-like *Greeks*, Whom kindly thus great *Peleus*' Son accoſts.

" Welcome ye come, for you are Friends;
" but ſure, (*g*) Some, ſad Misfortune preſſes
" ſore the *Greeks*, Since they have ſent the
" Braveſt of their Hoſt, And whom of all the
" *Greeks* I moſt eſteem."

He ſpoke; and led them to his Royal Tent; Where having plac'd them in a Seat of State, Thus, turning to his Friend, again he ſpoke.

" Bring larger Cups, and more capacious
" Bowls, (*h*) Speedily fill them with the fineſt
" Wine, And give each Man his Bowl; for in
" my Tent I now the deareſt of my Friends
" behold."

(*f*) *Sprung from his Seat ſurpriz'd.*] Obſerve, ſays *Euſtathius*, the Simplicity of theſe Heroic Times. *Achilles*, as great a Prince as he is, has neither Uſhers, nor Maſters of the Ceremonies, nor Courtiers about him; in a word, no Appearance of that Train which Luxury introduc'd in following Ages. They enter, and accoſt him without Ceremony, as if he had been in an open Road. This Simplicity ſeems to me to have its Nobleneſs; and thus liv'd the Patriarchs, as great as Kings.

(*g*) *Some ſad Misfortune preſſes ſore the* Greeks, *&c.*] This Speech of *Achilles* is of a Simplicity agreeable to the Character of that Hero. *Homer* makes him here of a lively and penetrating Spirit: He ſoon perceives that *Agamemnon* wou'd never have ſent to his greateſt Enemy the Men who were likely to be the moſt agreeable to him, if the utmoſt Neceſſity had not conſtrain'd him.

(*h*) *Speedily fill them with the fineſt Wine.*] It is in the *Greek* ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιρε· *Mix in them the pureſt Wine.* Upon which *Zoilus* reproach'd *Homer* with committing a horrible Indecency, by making pure Wine be given to ſuch wiſe Men, the Uſe of which was known by none but Debauchees and Drunkards. *A-*

Thus

Thus he; and ſtrait *Menætius'* Son obey'd.
(*i*) He o'er the Fire (*k*) a mighty Veſſel plac'd,

riſtotle has anſwer'd this Criticiſm, by ſaying that ζωρότερον does not here ſignify *pure Wine*, but that 'tis an Adverb, which ſignifies *quickly*, *mix Wine in them quickly*. And *Heſychius* has explain'd it likewiſe after *Ariſtotle*. It alſo ſignifies *the moſt excellent Wine*; thus *Achilles* bids *Patroclus* fill that Urn with the beſt Wine, and to put into it leſs Water than ordinary, becauſe his Gueſts were fatigued, and thereby he gives to underſtand, that as for him, he drank it very much diluted. *Plutarch* thought this Queſtion worthy of a Chapter in his Table-Diſcourſe. See what he ſays of it in Chap. IV. Lib. V.

(*i*) *He o'er the Fire a mighty Veſſel plac'd.*] *Homer* is in the right, not to avoid theſe Deſcriptions; becauſe, as I have endeavour'd to make appear in my Preface, there is nothing vulgar in any Thing that is drawn from the Manners and Uſages of Perſons of the firſt Dignity; and alſo, becauſe in his Tongue even the Terms of Cookery, ſavouring of the Quality of the Perſons who did not diſdain to perform the Functions of that Art, are ſo fine, ſo noble, and of ſo agreeable a Sound; and becauſe he likewiſe knows how to place them ſo well, to extract a perfect Harmony from them, that he may be ſaid to be as excellent a Poet, when he deſcribes theſe ſmall Matters, as when he treats of the greateſt Subjects. 'Tis not ſo either with our Manners or Language. Cookery is left to Servants; and all its Terms, bearing the Mark of the groſs People that profeſs it, are ſo low, ſo flat, and ſo diſagreeable, even in the Sound, that nothing can be made of them, that has not ſome Savour of their Meanneſs. This great Diſadvantage made me at firſt think of abridging this Preparation of the Repaſt; but when I had well conſider'd it, I was reſolv'd to preſerve and give *Homer* as he is, without ſhort'ning any Thing of the Simplicity of the Heroic Manners. I do not write to enter the Liſts againſt *Homer*, I will diſpute nothing with him; my Deſign is only to give an Idea of him, and to make him be underſtood, which has not been yet done. The Reader will therefore forgive me, if this Deſcription has none of its Original Graces. To make him ſome ſort of amends, I ſhall try in the Remarks to clear up the Text, ſo that there may not be found in it the Difficulties the Ancients found, and that I may in ſome manner deſerve the Thanks of the Publick, for not having omitted any thing.

(*k*) *A mighty Veſſel.*] Moſt of the Ancients have explain'd, as I have, this Word κρεῖον, a great Veſſel to hold Meat in;

And

And in it of a fatted Goat and Sheep A Share ſufficient, with a Chine of Pork. (*l*) And while the Pot *Automedon* up held, *Achilles* into Pieces carv'd the whole, Then fixt the Pieces on the pointed Spits. Mean time, a mighty Fire *Patroclus* kindled, And when the Fury of the Flame was laid, He held the Pieces o'er the burning Embers, (*m*) And ſalted them (*n*) above the Andiron rais'd: But when he well had roaſted e'ery Part, And plac'd in decent Order on the Table; *Patroclus* from the well-wrought Basket took The Bread, and dealt it all around the Board; The Fleſh with his own Hand *Achilles* carv'd, And took his Seat againſt the great *Ulyſſes*; Then order'd his belov'd, his Friend *Patroclus*, To offer to the Gods, and make Libations. He off'ring, with due Care into the Fire Threw the *Primitiæ*, and made Libations. This done, they eat and took a due Repaſt; And when they'd eat and drank to Satisfaction, (*o*) To *Phœnix Ajax* gave a ſe-

but *Euphorion* pretended, that it here was the Meat itſelf, becauſe *Homer* never ſpoke of boil'd Meat. *Euphorion* was certainly a bad Cook. *Patroclus* does not put his Veſſel on the Fire to boil the Meat in, but only to parboil it, in order to divide it afterwards, and make it roaſt the more eaſily.

(*l*) *And while the Pot* Automedon *up held*, Achilles, *&c.*] When this Meat is parboil'd, *Automedon* takes the Veſſel from off the Fire, and *Achilles* cuts the Meat.

(*m*) *And ſalted them.*] He does not ſalt this Meat when he puts it on the Fire, but after it has been upon it a little time; wherefore, *Homer* adds, *above the Andiron held*, &c.

(*n*) *Above the Andiron rais'd.*] Κρατευταὶ were Stones or Pieces of Iron, on which they laid the Spits to the Fire; theſe Spits and Andirons together form'd the ſame thing as our Gridiron.

(*o*) *To* Phœnix Ajax *gave a ſecret Sign.*] *Ajax*, who did not underſtand much Cun-

cret

cret Sign: The Sign *Ulyſſes* ſaw; and ſeeing, took A Bowl, and drinking to *Achilles*, ſpoke:
" Health to the great *Achilles*, at whoſe Table
" (*p*) We find Magnificence, and Entertainment,
" As in the Royal Tent of *Agamemnon*. But
" we in Banquets little Pleaſure find; Greatly
" diſtreſs'd, we preſent Ruin dread; For ſoon
" will *Trojan* Flames the Fleet deſtroy, Unleſs
" you ſave us, and aſſume the Hero. Near our
" Intrenchments, and our Fleet, encamp'd, The
" haughty *Trojans*, and their proud Allies,
" Nightly throughout their Army kindle Fires,
" And with proud Boaſtings threaten us with
" Ruin. To them propitious *Jove* ſends happy

ning, and who is a rough Man, is for proceeding directly to what he thought the ſureſt Means. He makes a Sign to *Phœnix* to ſpeak; but *Ulyſſes*, who is more cunning and prudent than him, perceives very well that that is not the Conduct to be obſerv'd; and that if *Phœnix* ſpeaks firſt, and is refus'd, there is no more hope, for *Achilles* wou'd not grant others what he had refus'd *Phœnix*: wherefore *Ulyſſes* makes haſte to ſpeak; for if *Achilles* refuſes him, as is very likely, for which he is prepar'd, there are two Reſources; *Ajax* and *Phœnix* will come to the Charge, and may make ſome Impreſſion on a Mind already mov'd and ſhaken.

(*p*) *We find Magnificence, and Entertainment, as in the Royal Tent of* Agamemnon.] It is in the *Greek*, *we do not want good Chear, either in your, or* Agamemnon's *Tent*; and it muſt be obſerv'd *en paſſant*, that there are Editions where they have falſly put, δαιτὸς μεν ἐΐσης οὐκ ἐπιδεύεις, making ἐπιδεύεις the ſecond Perſon of the Verb ἐπιδεύω· as if *Ulyſſes* ſhou'd ſay to *Achilles*, *You do not want for good Chear*, which is ridiculous, and cou'd never be good Senſe; it ſhou'd be written ἐπιδευεῖς, and this is the Nominative Plural of the Noun ἐπιδευὴς, *indigus*, *we do not want*, &c. as *Euſtathius* has very well explain'd it. Moreover, it is worth obſerving, with what Cunning *Ulyſſes* ſlides in here the odious Name of *Agamemnon*, as he praiſes *Achilles*, that the Ear of that impetuous Man might be familiariz'd to that Name.

" Omens, In Flames of Lightning, and in Peals
" of Thunder. And *Hector* too, presuming
" on *Jove*'s Favour, Storms horribly, and
" Blood and Slaughter breathes Against the
" *Greeks*, (*q*) and Heav'n and Earth defies. He
" only waits the Rising of the Day, To fire
" the *Grecian* Navy, and bear off With Joy
" (*r*) the sacred Pictures of the Gods, And in
" one Ruin overwhelm the *Greeks* In Fire and
" Smoke, confounded and dismay'd. Greatly
" I tremble, lest the Gods confirm His dread-
" ful Vows, (*s*) and give his Threats Success,
" While we, devoted to a sad Destruction,
" Here perish far from *Argos*' fruitful Soil.
" Arm then, at last, divine *Achilles!* arm! And
" save the *Grecians* from the *Trojan* Fury!
" E'en You, *Achilles*, you yourself wou'd grieve
" To see that fatal Day, when *Greece* shou'd
" fall, And Fate shou'd put it past your Pow'r
" to help us. Think then, and timely think,
" how best you may Remove the fatal, the ap-
" proaching Hour. Think, dear *Achilles*, on
" your Father's Words; Recall the sage Instruc-
" tions which he gave, When he from *Phthia*

(*q*) *And Heav'n and Earth defies.*] Nothing cou'd be more capable of awaking the Courage of a common Hero, than this Description of his Enemy's Boldness; but *Achilles* is not a Hero like others.

(*r*) *The sacred Pictures of the Gods.*] They were the Ornaments which they put on the Prow of Ships. *Hector* threaten'd to take them away, not to save them from the Flames out of a Motion of Piety, as some believ'd, but to hang them up, according to the Custom, in the Temples of his Gods, as a Monument of his Victory. There is a great Art in this Speech of *Ulysses*.

(*s*) *And give his Threats Success.*] This is to shew *Achilles* the Glory he wou'd gain by changing that Destiny.

" sent

" ſent you to the War. My Son, ſaid he,
" great *Juno* and *Minerva* Shall make thee
" brave (if ſuch their Pleaſure be) And great
" in War, and crown thy Arms with Con-
" queſt: (*t*) But be it thy Endeavour to reſtrain
" Thy haughty Soul, and check thy riſing
" Fury. Meekneſs is better far than Violence:
" Contention fly, from which much Evil
" ſprings: So ſhall the *Greeks* deſerved Honours
" ſhow'r, And Old and Young conſpire to give
" thee Praiſe. Such were th' Inſtructions of
" the wiſe old *Peleus*, Which you his Son for-
" get; but yet, *Achilles*, Ev'n now relent, and
" lay aſide your Wrath! If you relent, and
" conquer your Reſentment, Rich, noble Pre-
" ſents *Agamemnon* offers, Worthy of him to
" give, and you receive. (*u*) Now, if—but
" hearken to me, while I tell The many Gifts
" which *Agamemnon* proffers. Sev'n precious
" *Tripods* of ſo fine a Make, As not to bear

(*t*) *But be it thy Endeavour to reſtrain thy haughty Soul,* &c.] *Homer* thereby gives ingeniouſly to underſtand, that the Character of *Achilles* was already known before the *Trojan* War, and that *Peleus*, his Father, knew his Nature to be violent and impetuous; and the Poet thereby gives a great Air of Truth to his Fable, as if he had not form'd this Character, and as if he had really found it, as he deſcribes it.

(*u*) *Now if---but.*] I think I have found the true Senſe of this Paſſage, which ſeems pretty knotty, becauſe there is a Suſpenſion which is not perceiv'd. *Ulyſſes* was going to ſay, *now, if* Agamemnon *be odious to you, and you deſpiſe his Preſents:* but he ſtops ſhort; and before he comes to it, he wou'd, as it were, make theſe Preſents paſs in Review, to try if muſtering them up may, in ſome ſort, bend and ſhake his Heart ſtubborn and greedy of Glory and Honour. After this Enumeration, he reſumes the Thread of his Diſcourſe, *But if the Giver,* &c.

" the Fire; of Gold ten Talents, And twenty
" Cauldrons ſhining from the Furnace. To
" theſe he adds twelve Courſers, fleet and
" ſtrong, That oft have been victorious in the
" Race: Rich is the Man, and ſtor'd with
" Heaps of Gold Is he, whoſe wealthy Trea-
" ſures equal thoſe Which in the Courſe al-
" ready they have won. Beſides, ſev'n Women
" of the *Lesbian* Race, Beauteous, and skill'd in
" Works of curious Art; Which he, when you
" deſtroy'd the lofty *Lesbos*, As the moſt fair
" of Women, made his Choice. With theſe,
" he ſends whom from your Arms he forc'd,
" The fair *Briſeïs*, and calls Heav'n to witneſs,
" That from his Arms ſhe's pure and undefil'd.
" Theſe at this Time he gives; and if here-
" after The Gods aſſiſt us, and proud *Ilium*
" falls, Do you with Store of Braſs, and Heaps
" of Gold, Load your whole Navy, when we
" ſhare the Booty. Then for yourſelf chuſe
" twenty *Trojan* Virgins, That may with any
" but the beauteous *Helen*, Matchleſs in
" Charms, diſpute the Prize of Beauty. And
" when to fertile *Argos* we return, Be you his
" Son-in-law, and with his Son, His only
" Son *Oreſtes*, ſhare all Honours. Beſides, three
" beauteous Daughters grace his Court; *Chryſo-
" themis*, and fair *Laodice*; The other bright
" *Iphianaſſa* nam'd. Of theſe, (nor Nuptial Pre-
" ſents he expects) Be ſhe your Bride who pleaſes
" moſt your Eyes; With her ſuch Gifts ſhall you
" receive in Dow'r, As ne'er before were given
" to a Daughter. Beſides, ſev'n Cities more
" ſhall call you Lord, *Cardamyle*, and *Enope*, and

" *Hira*

" *Hira* For verdant Paſtures fam'd, and fruit-
" ful Soil: The Tow'rs of ſacred *Pheræ*, and
" *Anthæa* With pleaſant Meads enclos'd, and
" proud *Æpæa*, With *Pedaſus* for choiceſt Vines
" renown'd; Adjoining to the Sea and ſandy
" *Pylos*. Rich are th' Inhabitants in Flocks and
" Herds, Who, like a God, ſhall rev'rence you
" their Lord, And, ſubject to your juſt and
" lawful Scepter, Pay with Content and Joy
" their wealthy Tributes. This will *Atrides*
" do, if you relent. (*w*) But if the Giver and
" his Gifts you ſcorn, Yet ſure, ſome Pity,
" ſome Compaſſion 's due To the diſtreſs'd, the
" ſore-afflicted *Grecians*. Nor ſhall you only
" ſave from ſure Deſtruction Abandon'd Us,
" but to Yourſelf acquire Conqueſt in Arms,
" and everlaſting Glory. For by your Sword
" ſhall mighty *Hector* fall, Who now pre-
" ſumptuous in the open Field Will meet you,
" with Succeſs and Pride elate, Who boaſts
" that he can meet no Match in Arms."

Thus he; and thus reply'd the great *Achilles*:
" *Laertes'* noble Son, divine *Ulyſſes*, With Free-
" dom I declare my fixt Reſolves; So fixt as I
" from them ſhall ne'er depart; That with
" ſuch Meſſages on this Account, You may no
" more give me Uneaſineſs: And ſince that
" Man's deteſtable as Death, Whoſe Words
" agree not with his private Thoughts; I
" here declare, and openly avow, (*x*) That

(*w*) *But if the Giver and his Gifts you ſcorn.*] This is what *Ulyſſes* meant to ſay before, when he ſtopt ſhort.

(*x*) *That neither* Agamemnon, *nor the* Greeks, *tho' All ſhou'd come*, &c.] This is anſwering in one Word to

" neither *Agamemnon*, nor the *Greeks*, Tho' All
" ſhou'd come, ſhall ever move my Soul.
" (*y*) For what avails it me, that I have borne
" The Shock and Fury of a tedious War,
" (*z*) Since the baſe Coward has an equal
" Lot (Though Arms he bears not) with the
" Brave and Valiant, And ſhares th' Advan-
" tages, though not the Danger? And when
" the Coward falls, the ſame Regret Is ſhewn
" for him, as for the Godlike Hero, Who
" bold in Arms ſhone dreadful in the Field.
" What have I gain'd by bearing the Fatigues,
" And tempting all the Dangers of the Fight?
" (*a*) Juſt as the Bird, to feed her unfledg'd
" Young, Labours and toils, but wants her-

both Parts of *Ulyſſes*'s Speech, who ſaid, If you have no Pity upon *Agamemnon*, have at leaſt Pity upon the reſt of the *Greeks*.

(*y*) *For what avails it me*, &c.] This Reproach takes in all the *Greeks*, and this is the Reaſon that makes *Achilles* be inſenſible of their Misfortune. They are as ungrateful as their King.

(*z*) *Since the baſe Coward has an equal Lot*, &c.] What *Achilles* ſays in theſe three Lines, well ſhews a Man greedy of Honour and Glory, and who cannot bear that the Spoils ſhou'd be laviſh'd on thoſe who do not deſerve them.

(*a*) *Juſt as a Bird to feed her unfledg'd Young.*] This Compariſon, full of Sweetneſs, I think very fine, and yet finer in *Achilles*'s Mouth, thro' the Contraſte it makes with that fiery and haſty Spirit; but this Compariſon, as gentle as it is, has its Majeſty: *Achilles* in it treats all the *Greeks* as weak Men, who wou'd have periſh'd a thouſand times, if he had not ſav'd them. *Obſerve*, ſays *Euſtathius*, *how* Achilles *not only compares the* Greeks *to little Birds, but to unfledg'd ones too, raiſing himſelf, and debaſing them.* Our Saviour has ſanctify'd the very ſame Compariſon, when, to ſhew the Love he has for his Children, he ſays to *Jeruſalem*; *How often wou'd I have gather'd thy Children together, as a Hen does gather her Brood under her Wings?* S. *Luk.* xiii. 34.

" ſelf

" ſelf Repoſe; (*b*) So, for the *Grecians*, Hard-
" ſhips I have borne, Sleepleſs the Nights I've
" paſs'd without Repoſe, And the whole Day
" in Battel and in Slaughter; And this for
" whom, but (*c*) for the *Grecians* Wives? (*d*) By
" Sea, twelve noble Cities I deſtroy'd; By Land,
" eleven I in Aſhes laid; From theſe I ga-
" ther'd rich and wealthy Spoils, And brought
" them all to *Agamemnon*'s Tent. While he
" at Home, diffus'd in Eaſe, receiv'd The
" Prey (*e*) and gave a ſcanty, worthleſs Preſent
" To my brave Soldiers, and retain'd the reſt.
" To all the Chiefs and Leaders of the Army He
" Preſents made, which they enjoy in Quiet;
" But he from me, and from me only, took
" My Share by Force, my juſt Reward of Va-
" lour; And this is all the Pref'rence I enjoy,
" To be the Chief in Injuries and Wrongs.
" (*f*) He may detain my Captive, if he will,

(*b*) *So, for the* Grecians, *Hardſhips I have borne.*] *Homer* here recalls very naturally, and with a great deal of Art, what had paſs'd at the Siege of *Troy*, during all the time that preceded *Achilles*'s Reſentment, which is the Subject of the Poem.

(*c*) *For the* Grecians *Wives.*] He fought only for *Helen*, only for *Menelaus*' Wife; but theſe Plurals inſtead of Singulars do very well in Paſſion.

(*d*) *By Sea, twelve noble Cities I deſtroy'd.*] *Strabo* writes, that *Achilles* ſeeing they cou'd not force the *Trojans*, who kept themſelves ſhut up in their Walls, went and ravag'd all the neighbouring Country. This Paſſage includes a Precept, not indifferent for War. The *Greeks* ſent *Achilles* to ravage the Towns neighbouring on *Troy* for Proviſion for their Troops, and to hinder thoſe Cities from ſending Aid to the *Trojans*.

(*e*) *And gave a ſcanty*, &c.] The Generals and Princes had their Share like the reſt in all the Booty, when it was divided; but the fineſt and beſt was for the King, who afterwards made Preſents of it to thoſe whom he meant to diſtinguiſh.

(*f*) *He may detain my Captive, if he will, and uſe*

" And uſe her as his Pleaſure prompts, I care
" not; But why did we raiſe War againſt the
" *Trojans*, And why ſuch mighty Armies did
" *Atrides* Bring to the War, (*g*) but to re-
" cover *Helen*? And think you, he alone of all
" Mankind, And *Menelaus* only, love their
" Wives? Sure, ev'ry juſt and honourable
" Man Honours and loves the Partner of his
" Bed, As I ſincerely lov'd and honour'd
" mine. But her *Atrides* raviſh'd from my
" Arms, And me deceiv'd; but now in vain he
" tries (For well I am aware) his old Deceit.
" (*h*) Let him, with other Chiefs, and thee,
" *Ulyſſes*, Conſult how beſt he may preſerve the
" Navy; (*i*) Already noble Deeds, without
" my Aid, He has perform'd, worthy ſo great

her, &c.] This is to anſwer what *Ulyſſes* ſaid to him, *viz.* that *Agamemnon* was ready to make the greateſt of Proteſtations, that he had never taken the leaſt Liberty with his Captive. *Achilles* is not at all touch'd with this Oath, and he conſents to let him live with *Briſeis* juſt as he will.

(*g*) *But to recover* Helen.] This is an Argument to which no Reply can be made. *Agamemnon* aſſembles a great Army, and raiſes a ten Years War for the Recovery of *Menelaus*'s Wife, and at the ſame time he takes from *Achilles Briſeis*, who was to him as a Wife. What Folly! and what ought not *Achilles* to do, to follow *Agamemnon*'s Example!

(*h*) *Let him with other Chiefs*, &c.] *Achilles* ſtill remembers what *Agamemnon* ſaid to him when they quarrel'd; *other brave Warriors will be left behind to follow me in Battel*, as we have ſeen in the firſt Book. He anſwers here, without ſparing either *Ajax* or *Ulyſſes*; as much his Friends as they are, they have their ſhare in this Stroke of Raillery.

(*i*) *Already noble Deeds, without my Aid, he has perform'd worthy ſo great a King. He round his Camp a mighty Wall has rais'd.*] This is a bitter Satire againſt *Agamemnon*, as if his only Deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, theſe Paliſades, to defend himſelf againſt thoſe whom he came

"

" a King. He round his Camp a mighty Wall
" has rais'd, And round it drawn a Ditch both
" broad and deep; And fortify'd the Ditch
" with Paliſades: Yet ſtill he can't ſuſtain
" the Force of *Hector*. But while I led the
" *Greeks*, and ſhone in War, This dreadful *Hec-*
" *tor* ne'er appear'd in Arms, Or ventur'd forth
" beyond the *Scæan* Gate. He once, and but
" once only, had the Courage To cope with me,
" and try his Strength in Battel; Then from
" the Fight he ſcarce eſcap'd with Life. But
" ſince I'm fixt no more to draw my Sword
" Againſt great *Hector*; when to-morrow's Sun
" Is ris'n, and I to *Jove* and all the *Gods* Have
" made due Off'rings, and done Sacrifice, My
" Fleet before your Eyes ſhall put to Sea, And
" th' *Helleſpont* ſhall groan beneath their Weight.
" And if great *Neptune* grant a proſp'rous Voy-
" age, Three Days ſhall land me ſafe on *Phthia's*
" Shores. Great Treaſures there I have, which I
" forſook, When I engag'd in this unhappy War.
" Thither both yellow Gold, and ruddy Braſs,
" And Steel refulgent from the Workman's
" Hands, And Female Captives, all the Fruits
" of Conqueſt, With me from theſe deteſted
" Shores I'll carry. The only Gift which *Aga-*
" *memnon* gave, Injuriouſly, injuſtly, with Af-

to beſiege. There was no need in the leaſt of theſe Retrenchments, whilſt *Achilles* fought. But this Satire does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Neſtor* too, who had adviſ'd the making of theſe Retrenchments, and who had ſaid in the ſecond Book; *if there are one or two ſeditious Men, who will ſeparate themſelves from the* Greeks, *let them ſtay and rot.* Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that Hero revenges himſelf here by mocking theſe Retrenchments.

" fronts, By his Appointment, from my Sight
" was raviſh'd. Bear, then, this final Anſwer
" to *Atrides*, Proclaim it openly, that all may
" hear, And all reſent the groſs Indignity;
" Who, inſolent as he is, cannot endure The
" Sight of one whom he ſo groſſly wrong'd.
" Tell him, that nor in Council, nor in Arms,
" Will e'er I lend him my Advice, or Valour:
" Let it ſuffice, that he has wrong'd me once.
" Now let him helpleſs periſh for *Achilles*,
" Since evil Deſtiny purſues his Ways, And
" angry *Jove* infatuates his Senſes. (*k*) I ſcorn
" him as a Slave; he's my Averſion, He and
" his Gifts; and ſhou'd he ten times o'er, Nay
" twenty times, the Riches he enjoys, He and
" his Friends lay down before my Feet; Shou'd
" he with all the Treaſure (*l*) of *Orchomenos*,
" Or all the Wealth of the (*m*) *Ægyptian*

(*k*) *I ſcorn him as a Slave.*] The *Greek* ſays, *I ſcorn him as a* Carian. The *Carians*, a People of *Bœotia*, were very much deſpis'd, and look'd upon as vile Slaves, becauſe they were the firſt that ſold their Aſſiſtance, and who bore Arms for whoever paid 'em well. In thoſe heroical Times, nothing was more ſhameful, than to ſell in that manner Courage and Life, and to be for Lucre either Friend or Foe to any Nation.

(*l*) *Of* Orchomenos.] A City of *Bœotia* on the Lake *Caphiſſis*. 'Twas one of the richeſt Cities in the World. *Thebes* paid Tribute to her Kings.

(*m*) *Ægyptian Thebes.*] *Thebes*, otherwiſe call'd *Dioſpolis*, the Metropolis of *Ægypt*. *Strabo* writes, that the Kings of *Thebes* extended their Conqueſts as far as *Scythia*, *Bactriana*, and the *Indies*. He ſaw the Ruins of that lofty City, which ſtill ſhew'd its Grandeur; he therein ſaw forty Tombs of her Kings, and upon theſe Tombs magnificent Obelisks, whereon were grav'd Inſcriptions, which ſhew'd the Exploits of thoſe Princes, their Riches, and their Power. What a City was this! to ſend forth twenty thouſand Chariots of War? How ought we to judge of the Infantry, and the reſt of its Inhabitants?

" *Thebes*,

" *Thebes*, (Of *Thebes* for Stores and large Poſ-
" ſeſſions fam'd, (*n*) That at a hundred open-
" ing Gates receives Two hundred Men, with
" Horſe and Chariots arm'd) Bribe my Re-
" ſentment; or ſhou'd he preſent As many Ta-
" lents as the Shore has Sands; He ſhou'd not
" even thus appeaſe my Wrath, Till he has
" fully paid for all my Wrongs. Nor will
" I wed the Daughter of *Atrides*: No, tho'
" in Beauty ſhe's as *Venus* fair, And in all cu-
" rious Works a Match for *Pallas*: Ev'n then
" I wou'd refuſe to be his Son. Let him make
" choice of ſome more favour'd *Greek*, More
" pow'rful too than me, to be her Husband.

(*n*) *That at a hundred opening Gates receives two hundred Men.*] Theſe Gates have been differently explain'd by the Ancients. *Diodorus Siculus*, who ſaw the Ruins of that great City, ſays in his ſecond Book, that ſome Authors pretended, that by theſe Gates we were not to underſtand the Gates of the City, but magnificent Entrances of Temples, and that *Thebes* was called *Hundred-gated*, becauſe it had a hundred noble Temples; but the ſame *Diodorus*, without inſiſting upon this Opinion, which has no likelihood, and which is ſufficiently confuted by this ſingle Paſſage of *Homer*, (for War-Chariots do not go out thro' Temples) inſinuates, that theſe Gates are to be underſtood as a hundred Palaces, accompany'd with magnificent Stables, which were out of the Town, and which extended as far as *Memphis*, not unlike our *Hoûtels de Mouſquetaires* at this Day; and 'tis upon this Paſſage of *Diodorus*, that *Pomponius Mela* writes, *Lib.* 1. *Chap.* 9. *Et Thebæ utique, ut Homero dictum eſt, centum portas, ſive, ut alii aiunt, centum aulas habent, totidem olim principum domos, ſolitaſque ſingulas, ubi negotium exegerat, ducena armatorum millia effundere.* But ſuppoſe theſe Gates were really the Gates of the City, or Houſes in the Suburbs, for the Lodging of the Cavalry and its Captains, 'tis ſtill the ſame Senſe. *Thebes* furniſh'd twenty thouſand Chariots, each drawn by at leaſt two Horſes, and mounted by two Men, the Driver and Fighter. *Homer* reckons only the laſt.

" For if propitious *Jove* preſerve my Being,
" And I reviſit fruitful *Phthia*'s Shores, (*o*) Old
" *Peleus* will provide me with a Bride: *Greece*
" wants not Virgin Beauties rich and noble,
" (*p*) Whoſe royal Parents wealthy Towns de-
" fend. 'Tis now my chief Deſire, my darling
" Wiſh, There to enjoy my Native Soil and
" Reſt, Eſpous'd to ſome fair Virgin, wiſe and
" virtuous; Content, and bleſs'd with *Peleus*
" his Poſſeſſions. (*q*) Life is a Bleſſing which
" no Wealth can equal; Not all the Riches
" which proud *Troy* enjoy'd Before the *Grecians*
" lay'd her Regions waſte, When Peace con-
" ſpir'd to crown her Coaſt with Plenty: (*r*)
" No, nor the Treaſures which *Apollo*'s Dome

(*o*) *Old* Peleus *will provide me with a Bride.*] This is a very remarkable Simplicity of Manners. Such a great Perſon as *Achilles*, famous for ſo many Exploits, will not chuſe himſelf a Wife, but leaves it for his Father to do. Theſe are the ſame Manners which are ſeen in holy Writ, and which reign'd in the Time of the Patriarchs.

(*p*) *Whoſe royal Parents wealthy Towns defend.*] *Achilles* praiſes the Princes, not for conquering new Territories, but for preſerving their own. This makes the Felicity of a Nation; and thoſe Words include, at the ſame time, a Stroke of Satire againſt *Agamemnon*, who let his People periſh thro' his Imprudence.

(*q*) *Life is a Bleſſing, which no Wealth can equal.*] All that *Achilles* ſays here of Life, wou'd be ſuſpicious and unbecoming in the Mouth of another, who was not ſo well known as he; but *Achilles* may ſpeak of the Love of Life, as much as he pleaſes; he has given Proofs, and his Voyage to *Troy*, where he knew very well that he was to die, has ſufficiently ſhew'd, that he prefer'd Glory to the longeſt Life. It is alſo viſible, that 'tis nothing but Glory makes him ſpeak.

(*r*) *No, nor the Treaſures which* Apollo's *Dome in* Pythos *boaſts.*] The Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, was the richeſt Temple in the World, by the Offerings which were carry'd to it from all Parts. There were Statues of maſſy Gold of a human Size, Fi-

" In

" In *Pythos* boaſts within its ſacred Walls.
" Vaſt Droves of Oxen, and large Flocks of
" Sheep, *Tripods* of Gold, and Horſes for the
" Courſe, Are eaſy Purchaſes, and ſoon ob-
" tain'd. But when the fleeting Soul of Man
" departs, And ceaſes to inform his lifeleſs
" Clay, 'Tis gone for ever, and no more re-
" turns. My Goddeſs Mother, the illuſtrious
" *Thetis*, Has oft inform'd me, (*s*) that two
" different Paths Are open, leading to a diffe-
" rent Death. If here I ſtay before the Walls
" of *Troy*, I never ſhall behold the *Phthian*
" Shores, But fall with everlaſting Glory
" crown'd. But if, returning, I deſert the War,
" I loſe the Glory; but with Length of Days,
" And Years mature, to recompence the Loſs,
" I ſlowly ſink inglorious into Death. (*t*) Nor
" wou'd I Length of Days alone embrace, But
" counſel all the *Grecians* to return, Now when
" their Hopes of conquering *Troy* are loſt.
" Th' Almighty Arm of *Jove* protects her
" Tow'rs, While Conqueſt flushes the victo-

gures of Animals alſo Gold, and ſeveral other Treaſures. A great Sign of its Riches, is, that the *Phocæans* pillag'd it, in the Time of *Philip* the Son of *Amyntas*, which gave Occaſion to the Holy War. 'Tis ſaid to have been pillag'd before, and that the great Riches of which *Homer* ſpeaks, had been carry'd away.

(*s*) *That two different Paths are open.*] We ſee, throughout *Homer*, Signs that he knew this double Deſtiny of Men, ſo neceſſary to reconcile Free-Will with Predeſtination. This is a very formal and expreſs Teſtimony of it.

There are two Paths for every Man; if he takes the Right, ſuch a Thing will happen to him; if the Left, his Fate will be different.

(*t*) *Nor wou'd I Length of Days alone embrace.*] He choſe it but out of Spite and Anger; he had choſe the other, if his Reaſon had been ſettled. Nothing is more natural for Men in Wrath, than to ſay the contrary of what they think.

" rious

" rious *Trojans*, Spirits their Battel, and inſpires
" their Arms. Go then, and to their Chiefs
" this Anſwer bear (This is your Duty) and
" exhort the Leaders New Meaſures to con-
" cert, new Projects lay, To ſave their Army,
" and preſerve their Fleet. The Hopes they
" had in Me were vain and groundleſs. Go
" You, (*u*) but let ſage *Phœnix* here repoſe,
" That at to-morrow's Dawn he may ſet ſail
" With me for *Greece*, and *Phthia*'s pleaſant
" Shores, If ſuch his Choice is, for I'll uſe no
" Force."

Achilles thus: Amazement held 'em mute, Struck with the Roughneſs of his harſh Denial. At laſt, old hoary *Phœnix* thus reply'd, Mov'd with the Proſpect of the *Grecians* Ruin; " If
" you're reſolv'd, illuſtrious Son of *Peleus*,
" Upon Return, and bent not to defend The
" *Grecian* Navy from the *Trojan* Flames; (*w*)
" If, thro' the fierce Reſentment of your Soul,
" You will depart, and leave the *Trojan* Shores;
" Ah! how ſhall I, my Son, my dear *Achilles*,
" (*x*) How ſhall I ſtay behind when thou art
" gone?

(*u*) *But let ſage* Phœnix *here repoſe.*] This is a Proof, that *Achilles* did not look upon *Phœnix* as an Embaſſador.

(*w*) *If thro' the fierce Reſentment of your Soul.*] This is a very nipping Reproach. *Phœnix* thereby treats *Achilles* as an Enemy of the *Greeks*, and a Man who does not love true Glory, as he flatters himſelf he does, but who is violent and haſty, and who ſacrifices both his Duty and Country to his private Reſentment.

(*x*) *How ſhall I ſtay behind, when thou art gone?*] *Achilles* ſaid to *Phœnix*, that if he wou'd go with him the next Day, he might. *Phœnix* draws from thence the Subject of his Diſcourſe, and he anſwers with a great deal of Cunning, for he owns, that it is not poſſible for him to ſtay without him: but this Declaration, full of Tenderneſs, tends to ſhew him, not that he is ready to follow him, but on the contrary, that it is his Duty to ſtay, and not to

" gone? (*y*) Thy Sire, the good old *Peleus*,
" gave Command, (*z*) When, young in Arms,
" he ſent thee to *Atrides*, That to the War I
" ſhou'd attend his Son. You were not then
" conſpicuous in the Field, Nor great in Coun-
" cil, where the Sage and Wiſe Gain Reputa-
" tion and ſuperior Honour. It was my Task
" t' inſtruct your greener Years, That you
" might be, when ripen'd into Manhood, In
" Council wiſe, and gallant in the Field. Nor
" have I ſince that Hour from thee been ab-
" ſent, Nor wou'd I here, my Son, behind thee
" ſtay, Tho' ev'n a God, deſcending from the
" Skies, Shou'd promiſe to reſtore my former
" Years, And give me back that blooming
" Flow'r of Youth, Which I enjoy'd when
" firſt I fled from *Greece*; Fled from the Wrath
" of the incens'd *Amyntor*, My Sire, my Ene-

abandon him; his Father ſent him with him to conduct him, and regulate all his Actions; *Achilles* therefore ought to follow the Will of *Phœnix*, and not *Phœnix* to follow that of *Achilles*. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* has made on this Diſcourſe of *Phœnix*'s a long Remark, to ſhew the Art of it; it deſerves to be read.

(*y*) *Thy Sire, the good old* Peleus.] This is artful, to remember *Achilles*, that his Father ſent him to *Agamemnon*, that he might fight for him and under his Orders, and that he gave him *Phœnix* for his Governor. *Achilles* therefore ought neither to quit the Governor, to whoſe Charge he was given, nor the Prince whom he is oblig'd to ſerve; and if he fails in theſe two Duties, he is a diſobedient Son, and acts unworthily.

(*z*) *When young in Arms.*] Theſe Heroes went young to the War. *Achilles* muſt indeed be very young, ſince he was hid in *Lycomedes*'s Palace, diſguis'd like a Girl; but *Homer* has ſuppreſs'd that Circumſtance which has nothing great in it; or perhaps he did not know it; and that it was a Fiction of the Poets who came after *Homer*. *Achilles* was not fifteen Years old when he went for *Troy*.

" my;

" my; (*a*) whom cruel Jealouſy Had grievouſly
" enrag'd 'gainſt me his Son. *Amyntor* lov'd
" (enamour'd with her Beauty) Fondly he lov'd
" a Harlot, and contemn'd His Wife's, my
" Mother's Bed. She, to withdraw The Har-
" lot's Love, and make her hate *Amyntor*,
" Begg'd with much Vehemence, and ſtrong
" Perſuaſions, (*b*) That I wou'd win the Har-
" lot to my Bed, Pretend a Paſſion, (*c*) and
" prevent her Husband: (*d*) To her obedient,

(*a*) *When cruel Jealouſy*, &c.] This Miſtreſs of *Amyntor*'s was call'd *Clytia*. *Amyntor* was ſo overcome with Grief for the Love of his Son, that he pull'd his Eyes out, and it is pretended he was cur'd by *Chiron*. *Apollod.* Lib. III.

(*b*) *That I wou'd win the Harlot to my Bed.*] The Counſel that this Mother gives to her Son *Phœnix*, is the ſame as *Achitophel* gave to *Abſalom*, to hinder him from ever being reconcil'd to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Abſalom: Ingredere ad Concubinas patris tui quas dimiſit, ad cuſtodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Iſraël quòd fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum*, 2 Sam. xiv. 20.

(*c*) *And prevent her Huſband.*] It's worth obſerving this Decency in *Homer*, to remove all the diſagreeable Ideas which might proceed from this Intrigue of *Phœnix*, and his Father's Miſtreſs, the Poet took care to give to underſtand, in one ſingle Word, that *Amyntor* was not belov'd by her; ſo this Action of *Phœnix*'s was in ſome manner excuſable. He does it only out of Obedience to his Mother, and to reclaim his Father, and oblige him to live as he ought to do with her; and his Father had had no Commerce with this Miſtreſs, whoſe Lover he pretended to be. If it had not been ſo, and if *Phœnix* had committed this ſort of Inceſt, *Homer* wou'd neither have preſented this Image to his Reader, nor *Peleus* have choſe *Phœnix* for his Son *Achilles*'s Governor.

(*d*) *To her obedient*, &c.] *Ariſtodemus*, and before him *Soſiphanes*, had a mind to correct this Paſſage. They ſaid, *I diſobey'd her, and I did not do that which ſhe order'd me.* But this Correction cannot ſubſiſt. Theſe Critics did not obſerve *Homer*'s Art, who by this one Word, *prevent him*, has ſav'd all the Horror of this Action, as my preceding Remark ſufficiently made appear.

" I

" I perform'd the Task. When to my Sire the
" Matter was made known, He with dire Cur-
" ſes and black Imprecations (*e*) Invok'd th' In-
" fernal Furies, and conjur'd them, (*f*) That
" on his Lap he never might behold A Pro-
" geny deſcended from my Loins. (*g*) By Hell's
" fierce God, and dread *Proſerpina*, (*h*) Were
" ratify'd his baleful Imprecations. (*i*) Enrag'd
" at this, a black Deſign I form'd, To plunge my

(*e*) *Invok'd th' Infernal Furies.*] This Cuſtom is remarkable, of addreſſing to the Furies, to beg that a Man may die without Children. The Ancients conceiv'd, that any very cruel and fatal Thing that happen'd, proceeded from the Furies and infernal Gods, and ſince they pretended that there was no Condition more unfortunate than dying Childleſs, it was not without Reaſon, that for this total and remedileſs Extinction, they applied to the Furies, and the infernal Gods.

(*f*) *That on his Lap he never might behold a Progeny,* &c.] This was the Cuſtom of the *Greeks*. The Children, when they were born, were by the Hands of the Fathers plac'd on the Grandfather's Knees, as the moſt agreeable Preſent that a Son cou'd make to his Father. I have already made a Remark of this upon *Terence* in the *Adelphi*. Act 3. Scene 2. where *Soſtrates* ſays of *Eſchinus*,

Qui in ſui gremio poſiturum puerum dicebat patris.

Who ſaid, that as ſoon as ſhe was brought to bed, he would put the Child upon his Father's Knees.

(*g*) *By Hell's fierce God.*] The *Greek* ſays *Infernal Jupiter*, Ζεὺς τε καταχθόνιος. The Ancients gave the Name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of Heaven, but likewiſe to the God of Hell, as is ſeen here, and to the God of the Sea, as in *Æſchylus*. They thereby meant to ſhew, that it was one ſole Deity that govern'd the World; and without doubt it was to teach this ſame Truth, that the ancient Statuaries made Statues of *Jupiter*, which had three Eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner in the Court of his Palace, which was there in *Laomedon*'s Time. After the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* ſhar'd the Booty, it fell to *Sthenelus*'s Lot, who carry'd it into *Greece*.

(*h*) *Were ratify'd his baleful Imprecations.*] He means, he had no Children.

(*i*) *Enrag'd at this.*] I have taken the liberty to report here four Verſes which *Ariſ-*

" Sword

" Sword into my Father's Boſom; But ſome
" kind God reſtrain'd my guilty Fury, And laid
" before my Eyes th' Impiety, The Horror,
" the Diſgrace of ſuch a Deed, And how the
" World wou'd call me Parricide. Then I re-
" ſolv'd to leave my Father's Court, Tho' my
" Acquaintance, and my deareſt Friends, With
" Pray'rs and Tears intreated me to ſtay; Nor
" us'd Intreaties only, but by Force Conſtrain'd
" me, while they made continual Feaſts, And
" offer'd daily Sacrifice to Heav'n. Nine Nights
" they thus detain'd me in the Court Unwil-
" ling, by Conſtraint and conſtant Guard; Two
" Fires they kindled nightly in the Palace;
" That in the Porch, this in my Anti-chamber.

Aristarchus had cut out, becauſe of the Horror which this Idea gave him of a Son who is going to kill his Father: But perhaps *Ariſtarchus*'s Niceneſs was too great. Theſe Verſes ſeem to me neceſſary, and have a very good Effect; for *Phœnix*'s Aim is, to ſhew *Achilles*, that if we do not tame our Wrath, we are expos'd to commit the greateſt Crimes; he was going to kill his own Father. *Achilles*, in the ſame Manner, is going to let his Father *Phœnix* and all the *Greeks* periſh, if he does not appeaſe his Wrath. *Plutarch* relates theſe four Verſes in his Treatiſe *how to read the Poets*; and he adds: *Ariſtarchus, frighten'd at this horrible Crime, cut out theſe four Verſes; but they do very well in this Place, becauſe of the Conjuncture.* Phœnix *being minded to ſhew* Achilles *what Wrath is, and to what abominable Exceſſes it hurries Men who do not obey Reaſon, and who refuſe to follow the Counſels of thoſe who adviſe them.* Theſe Sorts of Curtailings which are made in *Homer*, often contrary to all Reaſon, gave room to *Lucian* to feign, that being in the Fortunate Iſlands, he ask'd *Homer* a great many Queſtions. Among other Things, ſays he in his ſecond Book of true Hiſtory, *I ask'd him whether he had made all the Verſes which have been rejected in his Poem; he aſſur'd me they were all his, which made me laugh at the impertinent and bold Criticiſm of* Zenodotus *and* Ariſtarchus, *who had retrench'd them.*

" When

" When the Tenth Night involv'd the World
" in Darkneſs, I forc'd the Doors, and leapt
" the Palace-Walls, Deceiv'd the Guards, and
" took my Flight unſeen. All *Greece* I tra-
" vers'd, and to *Phthia* came, Where God-
" like *Peleus* keeps his Royal Court; The gene-
" rous King (*k*) receiv'd me there with
" Gladneſs, And lov'd me, as a Father loves
" his Son, His only Son, the Offspring of his
" Age: He gave me Treaſures, and a kingly
" Scepter, And bad the *Dolopes* obey my Sway.
" My conſtant Care, e'er ſince that Hour,
" *Achilles* You've been, (*l*) and as you are,
" thus great in Arms, To me, my Son, is all
" your Grandeur owing. I lov'd you fondly,
" while with equal Paſſion You doated on me
" with an Infant's Fondneſs; Your Meat, your

(*k*) *Receiv'd me there with Gladneſs.*] *Phœnix* ſhews *Achilles* the horrible Difference there was between his Father and him, if he perſiſted in his Wrath. Your Father, as much a Stranger as I was, receiv'd me with Humanity, lov'd me as his Son, loaded me with Honours and Riches, and gave me a great Kingdom; and you, cruel as you are, leave me to periſh, me your Father's Gueſt and Friend, me your Benefactor, me your Father, thro' the Education I have given you; laſtly, me to whom you owe all that you now are.

(*l*) *And as you are, &c.*] *As you are*, that is to ſay, the greateſt of Heroes, nay, a Man equal to the Gods. There is a great deal of *Adreſſe* here, for mark what *Phœnix* does thereby inſinuate to *Achilles*; the King your Father loaded me with Riches, and as a Mark of my Acknowledgment to him, I have follow'd your Perſon, I have lov'd you, and by my Cares, I have made you a Hero. What are you not oblig'd then to do for me, unleſs you are the moſt ungrateful of Men? It ſhou'd be obſerv'd here, how much *Homer* gives to Education. Let *Achilles* be as much a Goddeſs's Son as he will, it was *Phœnix*'s Care made him what he is; and indeed, when Education is wanting, any Man's fortunate Birth ſignifies nothing.

" Drink,

" Drink, in Anger you refus'd, Till ſeated on
" my Knees it was prepar'd By me, and offer'd
" to you by my Hands. (*m*) I'll not recount
" the Troubles and the Cares, Which I endur'd
" to nurſe your Infancy. I bore them all with
" Pleaſure and Content, And thought (*n*) that
" ſince the Gods with-held a Son, A Son in
" you I'd find, a future Comfort, My Age's
" Pleaſure, and my Life's Protection. Ceaſe
" then, my Son, my dear *Achilles!* ceaſe Your
" burning Fury, and your keen Reſentment!
" The Gods themſelves, that rule the Heav'n

(*m*) *I'll not recount the Troubles and the Cares which I endur'd*, &c.] I own that I departed a little from the Text, becauſe I dar'd not to follow it, for fear of offending the Niceneſs of our Age. The *Greek* ſays, *During that your very troubleſome Infancy, you have often ſtain'd my Clothes with the Wine I have given you to drink, and which you have rejected.* In all Times and Countries the Images depend on the Uſages and Ways of thinking. That which *Homer* makes here, beſides its being explain'd in very fine and poetical Terms, is likewiſe very natural, and very proper to move *Achilles*, by recalling to his Mind an Idea which neceſſarily carries along with it, that of the Tenderneſs which *Phœnix* had for him. Now-a-days the greateſt part of Men have not the Strength thus to ſee Nature quite ſimple; it muſt be adorn'd and diſguis'd. However, I ſhou'd not have fail'd to have follow'd *Homer* in this place, if I cou'd have found in my Language Terms which cou'd have come near the Beauty of thoſe which he found in his.

(*n*) *That ſince the Gods with-held a Son.*] We no where ſee that *Phœnix* was marry'd; but he ſpeaks thus, becauſe the Ancients were perſuaded, that Imprecations were always heard by the Gods, and particularly thoſe of Fathers againſt their Children. Wherefore, *Plato* ſays in the eleventh Book of *Laws*, *That the Fathers, thoſe living Images of God, have a great deal of Force and Efficacy, to bring down all ſorts of Bleſſings upon their Children, who render them the Honour which is due to them, and to make the moſt frightful Curſes fall upon their Head, when they fail therein; for God hears the Prayers which Fathers addreſs to them, either for or againſt their Children.*

" and

" and Earth, (*o*) Are mov'd by Sacrifice, and
" Supplications. And when bold Man affronts
" their Majeſty, By ſmoking Incenſe, and by
" rich Oblations, He ſtops their Anger, and
" atones his Guilt. (*p*) *Pray'rs* are the
" Daughters (*q*) of Almighty *Jove*, (*r*) And
" lame, and wrinkled, (*s*) and with down-caſt

(*o*) *Are mov'd by Sacrifice and Supplications.*] *Plato* condemns this Paſſage. He will have it that *Phœnix* ſpeaks here according to the Opinion which reign'd in thoſe Times of Ignorance. 'Twas thought that the Gods ſuffer'd themſelves to be mov'd by Sacrifices and Preſents, as if they were Uſurers that made a Trade of their Gifts and Favours. This Opinion the Holy Prophets have oppos'd with a great deal of Force. *David* ſhews, that God does not receive all the Gifts and Sacrifices of Sinners, but only the Sacrifices of Juſtice, that is to ſay, the Sacrifices accompanied with the Converſion of the Heart, *Pſal.* l. In *Iſaiah*, God himſelf ſays, *Bring no more vain Oblations, Incenſe is an Abomination unto me*, i. 13. Wherefore, the Author of *Eccleſiaſticus* very well advertiſes; *Do not ſay God will be mov'd by my Preſents, and when I offer him my Sacrifices, he will receive them from my Hand*, vii. 2. *Plato* has eſtabliſh'd this Truth in the ſecond Book of his *Republick*, but he had no Reaſon to give this bad Senſe to this Paſſage, which might be taken more favourably. I have ſpoke in my Preface of it.

(*p*) *Prayers are the Daughters*, &c.] In all the fine Poetry we have, I do not think there is any Thing more noble, more poetical, and more happily imagin'd, than this Fiction which perſonifies Prayers and Injury, by giving them all the Qualities, Sentiments and Features of thoſe who do Injury, or have recourſe to Prayers. *Homer*'s Thought ought to be a little explain'd.

(*q*) *Of Almighty* Jove. For 'tis God inſpires Prayers, and teaches Men to pray.

(*r*) *And lame and wrinkled.*] For thoſe who pray, have one Knee on the Ground, and the Face wrinkled and bath'd with Tears.

(*s*) *And with Eyes down-caſt.*] The *Greek* ſays, *ſquint-ey'd, or the Eyes turn'd aſide*, παραβλῶπές τ' ὀφθαλμώ, becauſe they dare not look ſtrait forward; but this is not according to our Manner; we do not ſay in our Language, that a Perſon *turns his Eyes aſide out* of Reſpect, but he *dare not lift up his Eyes*, that *he holds them down.*

" Eyes,

" Eyes, (*t*) They ever follow *Injury* behind.
" But ſhe is ſtrong, and ſound, and ſwift of
" Foot, And far out-runs in Speed the follow-
" ing *Pray'rs* To Man miſchievous; but the
" humble *Pray'rs* Reſtore her Evils, and re-
" pair her Wrongs. Whoe'er with awful Re-
" verence receives Theſe mighty Daughters of
" the Son of *Saturn*, Him greatly they aſſiſt,
" his Wants preſent Before the Throne of
" everlaſting *Jove*. But he that frowardly re-
" jects the Deities, (*u*) They beg of *Jove*, their
" Father, to diſpatch Fierce *Injury* to revenge
" the rude Affront. (*w*) Yield then, my Son,
" to *Jove*'s dread Daughters yield! They pay

(*t*) *And ever follow Injury behind.*] The Perſon I here call Injury, is the Goddeſs *Ate*, that *Dæmon* of Diſcord and Malediction, who is ſo well deſcrib'd in the 19th Book, where I have preſerv'd her true Name, becauſe there ſhe is alone, whereas here ſhe is oppos'd to Prayers; and I thought that this is more according to our Manners, and runs better in our Language to oppoſe Injury to Prayers, than to oppoſe the Goddeſs *Ate* to them. At leaſt, we wou'd now-a-days do ſo, and I think that this ſenſible Oppoſition inſtantly ſets the Beauty of this Picture in its true Light. Injury with a light Foot goes foremoſt, for the Violent and Haſty are quick in doing Evil; humble Prayer follows her, and nothing but Prayer can repair the Miſchiefs Injury hath done. *Agamemnon* has offended *Achilles*, and now he is reduc'd to Prayers to appeaſe him.

(*u*) *They beg of* Jove, *their Father, to diſpatch fierce Injury.*] How fine is this Return! Prayers naturally follow Injury, to cure the Ills ſhe has done, and when they ſcorn and reject Prayers, Injury follows them in her turn, to revenge them, and ſhe follows them by the Command of *Jupiter* himſelf, who makes uſe of her to execute the Orders of his Juſtice.

(*w*) *Yield then, my Son, to* Jove's *dread Daughters yield.*] *Agamemnon* has done you an Injury, here are his Prayers inſpir'd by Heaven, which come to heal it; reject them not then, for fear Injury will revenge them.

" you

" you Honour to appeaſe your Wrath, And
" Honour oft prevails o'er generous Souls.
" (x) If *Agamemnon* had no Preſents promis'd,
" But yet perſiſted to defend his Wrongs, I
" wou'd not beg you to appeaſe your Wrath,
" Or help the *Greeks*, tho' grievouſly diſtreſs'd:
" But ſince he ſends innumerable Preſents,
" With Promiſes of more in future Days; Since
" the moſt Brave of all the *Greeks* he ſends,
" Men dear to you; at laſt, great Man, relent,
" Pity the *Greeks*, and fruſtrate not their Jour-
" ney. Till now, with juſtice your Reſentment
" burn'd. The gallant Heroes of the former
" Ages, Tho' Rage and Fury had poſſeſs'd their
" Souls, Were never deaf to Pray'rs and ſoft
" Intreaties. (y) I recollect a Story which is
" paſt Full many a Day, which here to you, my
" Friends, Since it reſembles ours, I will re-

(y) *If* Agamemnon *had not Preſents promis'd.*] *Plato*, in the third Book of his *Republick*, condemns this Paſſage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phœnix* ſhou'd ſay to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great Preſents, he wou'd not adviſe him to be appeas'd; but I think there is ſome Injuſtice in this Cenſure, and that *Plato* has not rightly enter'd into the Senſe of *Phœnix*, who does not look on theſe Preſents on the Side of Intereſt, but Honour, as a Mark of *Agamemnon*'s Repentance, and of the Satisfaction he is ready to make him; wherefore he ſays, that Honour has a mighty Power over great Courages.

(y) *I recollect a Story.*] He calls this Hiſtory *ancient*, with reſpect to *Achilles*'s Age, who was very young; for otherwiſe it was not very ancient, ſince *Meleager* was one of the *Argonauts*, at moſt, but forty Years before the *Trojan* War. Beſides, it muſt, be remember'd, that all the Diſcourſes of theſe Embaſſadors do not take up any uſeful time. All this paſſes in the Night of the 16th Day of *Achilles*'s Reſentment.

" count.

" count. (z) The fierce *Curetes* and the brave " *Ætolians* Before the Walls of *Calydon* en- " gag'd, And dreadful Havock made on either " ſide, While theſe defend, and thoſe aſſault " the Town. *Diana* 'twas, who rais'd the " bloody War, T' afflict th' *Ætolians* for the " Fault of *OEneus*. He, for the Plenty of a " fruitful Harveſt, Offer'd whole *Hecatombs* to " all the Gods, Grateful to ev'ry Deity, but " *Diana*; To her, or thro' Neglect, or thro' " Oblivion, He rais'd no Altar, no Oblation " made. Incens'd by this Affront, the Huntreſs " Goddeſs Sent a tremendous, monſtrous, ſa- " vage Boar, Which waſted and deſtroy'd the " Grounds of *OEneus*; Trees from their very " Roots he overthrew, Them, and their Fruits, " and ravag'd the whole Country. Him *Me-* " *leager*, *OEneus'* valiant Son, With Multitudes " of Dogs, and with an Army Of Hunters, " ſlew; ſmall Numbers had been vain, Of ſuch " enormous Growth the Monſter was; So " many of th' *Ætolians* he had ſlain. The

(z) *The fierce* Curetes *and the brave* Ætolians.] They were two neighbouring Nations. The *Curetes* poſſeſs'd the City of *Pleuron*, and all the Country from the River *Achelous* to the River *Evenus*; and the *Ætolians* held *Calydon* and the Country from the River *Evenus* to the Gulph of *Corinth*. *Euſtathius* obſerves here with Reaſon, that *Homer* follows in this Tale the ſame Method as in his Poem. He does not purſue the Thread of his Hiſtory, but inſtantly throws himſelf into the Middle, and afterwards recalls the Beginnings, in which the Art of Epic Poem partly conſiſts. This Epiſode has ſo great a Relation, and ſo ſenſible a Reſemblance with the Fact in hand, that it is not neceſſary to advertiſe of it. The Ancients call'd theſe ſorts of Narrations and Epiſodes, which reſemble the Affair in queſtion, ὑποδιήγησεις.

" Monſter

" Monſter dead; *Diana* ſtill incens'd, Rais'd
" a fierce Tumult, and a bloody War, Be-
" tween th' *Ætolians* and the bold *Curetes*,
" (*a*) About the Head and Hide of the dead
" Monſter. (*b*) Then long as *Meleager* ſhone
" in Arms, So long the fierce *Curetes* loſt the
" Field; But he, impatient of *Althea*'s Wrongs,
" Gave way to Wrath, (*c*) which oft inflames
" the Souls Ev'n of the Wiſe and Brave, and
" to the Arms, His Wife's, his *Cleopatra*'s Arms
" retir'd, The beauteous Daughter of the bright
" *Marpeſſa*, And *Idas* the moſt brave of all
" Mankind; Of *Idas*, who, thro' Love of fair
" *Marpeſſa*, (*d*) Ev'n againſt *Phœbus* drew his
" vent'rous Bow; On this account, *Marpeſſa*,
" and brave *Idas*, (*e*) Surnam'd their beauteous

(*a*) *About the Head and Hide of the dead Beaſt.*] For both were due to him who firſt had ſtruck the Beaſt. And *Euſtathius* writes, that it was obſerv'd, ev'n in his Time, in ſeveral Places, and eſpecially in *Lycia*, the Head belong'd to him that firſt fetch'd Blood.

(*b*) *Then long as* Meleager *ſhone in Arms.*] The Lineaments with which *Phœnix* deſcribes *Meleager*, perfectly agree with *Achilles*, and make his Picture. There is a great deal of Art in this Image.

(*c*) *Which oft inflames the Souls ev'n of the Wiſe and Brave.*] This is very adroit to flatter *Achilles*, and to ſoften that too obdurate Heart.

(*d*) *Ev'n againſt* Phœbus, *&c.*] *Apollodorus* relates this Tale otherwiſe in his Book; for he ſays, that *Idas* had run away with *Marpeſſa*, whom *Apollo* meeting took her from him; and as theſe two Rivals were going to begin a furious Battel, *Jupiter* reconcil'd them, by giving *Marpeſſa* her Choice, who choſe *Idas*.

(*e*) *Surnam'd their beauteous Daughter*, Cleopatra, Alcyone.] It appears by this Paſſage, and by others which I have already obſerv'd, that the *Greeks* often gave Names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with reſpect to the Circumſtances, but likewiſe to the Accidents, which happen'd to the Fathers and Mothers of thoſe they nam'd. *Cleopatra* is call'd *Alcyone*, becauſe of the Lamentations of her Mother.

" Daughter *Cleopatra*, *Alcyone*, whom when
" *Apollo* raviſh'd, *Marpeſſa* mourn'd with equal
" Grief and Tears, As ſhe the cruel Abſence
" of her *Ceyx*. Thus with his Wife the valiant
" *Meleager*, Far from the Noiſe of Battel, fed
" his Wrath. He ſtomach'd much his Mo-
" ther's Imprecations, Who, weeping for the
" Death of her two Sons, Whom in the Bat-
" tel *Meleager* ſlew, Breath'd out her Curſes,
" and with Sorrow frantick, Tore with her
" Hands the Ground, and on her Knees Con-
" jur'd *Proſerpina*, and grizly *Pluto*, To ſtrike her
" hated Son into his Grave; Her from pro-
" foundeſt Hell *Erynnis* heard. Now the *Cu-*
" *retes*, furious in Aſſault, Bore hard upon the
" *Calydonian* Tow'rs; Th' *Ætolians*, now for-
" lorn and ſore diſtreſs'd, By Elders and the
" awful Prieſt of Heav'n Intreated *Meleager*
" to return, And ſave the ſinking State of
" wretched *Calydon*, To their Intreaties (*f*)
" joining great Rewards. They bad him fifty
" Acres of Encloſure, Choſe out of all the *Ca-*
" *lydonian* Soil, Moſt fair and fruitful; half with
" ſpreading Vines Planted, and half conve-
" nient for the Plough. His Father too, with
" Sighs and flowing Tears, Fell at the Feet of
" his relentleſs Son, Begg'd him to pity, and
" reſume his Arms; His Siſter too, and
" Mother join'd their Pray'rs: But he, un-
" mov'd, implacable remain'd; Nor cou'd his

(*f*) *Joining great Rewards.*] *Phœnix*, by calling the Encloſure of fifty Acres, which the *Ætolians* offer'd *Meleager*, a *great Reward*, very well raiſes the Grandeur and Price of the Preſents which *Agamemnon* offers *Achilles*.

" deareſt

" deareſt, moſt beloved Friends Change his
" Reſolves, or move his ſtubborn Soul. And
" now the fierce *Curetes*, preſſing forward,
" Smote the high Tow'rs, and ſhook his very
" Palace; Then with a Flood of Tears his
" beauteous Bride Beſeech'd the ſtubborn Man
" to ſave the City. The various Forms of Mi-
" ſeries ſhe rehears'd, That always happen when
" a Town is ſtorm'd; The Men are butcher'd
" and the Tow'rs by Flames Sink into Aſhes,
" and the tender Infants, With their lament-
" ing Mothers, ſuffer Bondage. This fright-
" ful Image mov'd his yielding Heart; He
" roſe, and on he put his ſhining Arms; And
" like a *Lion* from his Palace ſtalk'd, Repuls'd
" the Foe, and ſav'd the ſinking City. Yet,
" ſince he had refus'd their earneſt Pray'rs,
" (*g*) Th' *Ætolians* ne'er confer'd their pro-
" miſ'd Honours.

" But be not thou, my Son, thus obſtinate,
" Nor let ſome God, averſe to our Protection,
" Confirm the Indignation of thy Soul: Shou'dſt
" thou, when *Troy* has laid our Fleet in Aſhes,
" Repel the Fury of the headſtrong Foe, Shou'dſt
" thou then help, ſmall wou'd the Kindneſs be.
" Receive, great Man, our Gifts, reſume your
" Arms, For like a God the *Greeks* will honour
" you. But ſhou'd you, when our Preſents you
" have ſcorn'd, Be forc'd to Arms by ſome Ne-
" ceſſity, (*h*) You'd not the ſame Degree of

(*g*) *Th' Ætolians ne'er confer'd*, &c.] For it was not for their Sake that he took Arms, but for his own; to defend his Palace, &c.

(*h*) *You'd not the ſame Degree of Honour gain.*] Again, *Phœnix* does not look upon *Agamemnon*'s Preſents as Preſents, but as Marks of Ho-

" Honour gain, As now you wou'd, tho' you
" avert the Storm."

Thus he: And thus the brave *Achilles* answer'd; " *Phœnix*, my sage, my venerable Fa-
" ther, I don't this Honour need; to me
" *Jove's* Favour Sufficient Honour seems; to
" him, myself, My Glory I commend, (*i*) and
" he (if such His Pleasure be) may keep me
" on these Shores, As long as Life shall ani-
" mate this Body. To thee this more I speak,
" mark thou my Words: (*k*) Persist not with
" thy Tears and Lamentations, My good old
" *Phœnix*, to distract my Soul, And all to gra-

nour; for he speaks to a Man who is ambitious and amorous of Glory even to Excess. There is a Fault which almost always slips here into the Text, and which ought to be corrected. In most of the Editions it is, οὐκ ἔθ' ὁμῶς τιμῆς ἔσεαι this τιμῆς in the Genitive is very perplexing, but it must be read τιμᾷς, with an *Iota* subscrib'd, which is instead of τιμήσεις, *honour'd. You wou'd no more be so honour'd. Eustathius* warns us of this.

(*i*) *And he* (if such his Pleasure be) *may keep me on these Shores*, &c.] *Eustathius* observes here with a great deal of Penetration, that these Words of *Achilles* include a sort of Oracle, which he does not understand, as it sometimes happens. Men, full of their Object, say Things, which together with a Sense that is natural and plain to every body, includes another supernatural one, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have Penetration enough to see thro' the Obscurity of it. Thus *OEdipus* often speaks in *Sophocles*; and H. Scripture furnishes us with many Examples of these Enthusiastick Speeches, which have a double Sense. Here we manifestly see that *Achilles*, in speaking a very simple and common Thing, foretels, without thinking of it, that his Abode on that fatal Shore will equal the Course of his Life, and consequently that he shall die there; and this double Meaning gives a sensible Pleasure to the Reader.

(*k*) *Persist not with thy Tears*, &c.] A sure Sign that *Phœnix*'s Speech has mov'd *Achilles*, is, that in the Answer *Achilles* made to *Ulysses*, he said that he wou'd depart the

" tify

" tify the Son of *Atreus*. Perſiſt not to take
" part againſt thy Friend With his moſt hated
" Foe, for fear my Friendſhip To Hatred turn,
" and thou grow odious to me; He ought to
" be Thy Enemy, who is Mine. (*l*) Reign
" thou with me, and ſhare my Wealth and
" Honour: Let then th' Embaſſadors bear back
" my Anſwer, While you this Night repoſe
" in my Pavilion. Betimes to-morrow, when
" *Aurora* dawns, We will conſider whether
" here to ſtay, Or, ſetting Sail, reviſit *Phthia*'s
" Shores."

He added not; but with a ſecret Nod He ſignify'd to his *Patroclus* to prepare A Bed for *Phœnix*, that th' Embaſſadors Might haſten their Departure from his Tent. Then *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*, thus ſpoke: (*m*) " Let us be gone,
" *Ulyſſes*, for I find Our Journey meets not the
" deſir'd Succeſs; Tho' hard the Anſwer of

next Day, but he no longer perſiſts in this Reſolution after *Phœnix*'s Speech; he only ſays, that betimes on the Morrow they will conſider whether to ſtay or depart. In this manner ſuch an intractable Spirit as *Achilles*'s is, ought to ſoften; it ſhou'd be done by little and little, and not paſs in a moment, without a *Medium* from Anger and Fury, into a gentle and calm Condition.

(*l*) *Reign thou with me.*] This is to wipe away the Reproach of Ingratitude, which *Phœnix* had given him.

(*m*) *Let us be gone*, Ulyſſes.] This Speech of *Ajax* is more plain than the other two, and at the ſame time more ſtrong and profound. That Hero riſes in Anger, and does not deign at firſt ſo much as to addreſs his Speech to *Achilles*; yet he touches that hard Heart moſt, as *Achilles* himſelf confeſſes. *Homer* thereby ſhews, that a noble Simplicity, when properly us'd, makes more Impreſſion than Tropes and Figures; and he teaches, that a fierce and warlike Eloquence ſucceeds better with a violent and haſty Man, than an Eloquence full of Inſinuation, and wholly pathetic.

" *Achilles* proves, Yet to the *Greeks* it muſt
" with Speed be told, Who wait, with much
" Impatience, our Return; While he, hard-
" hearted, feeds his ſtubborn Wrath, And pi-
" ties not his Friends in ſuch Diſtreſs, Tho'
" honour'd by 'em more than all the *Greeks*.
" Relentleſs Man! (*n*) we daily ſee a Brother
" Forgive the Man that caus'd his Brother's
" Death, And Fathers pardon thoſe who ſlay
" their Sons; The guilty Murd'rer pays the
" Price of Bloody, And peaceably enjoys his
" Native Country, While the relenting Parents
" ceaſe from Vengeance. Only to You the
" Gods have giv'n a Soul That knows not how
" to pardon; inflexible You are, and this
" (*o*) for one ſole Captive Woman: Sev'n
" more in Beauty excellent we bring, And offer
" Preſents of the higheſt Worth. Appeaſe
" then, cruel Man! your Indignation, (*p*) And
" reverence this ſacred Place, and us; Under
" your Roof we are, Embaſſadors By Office, and

(*n*) *We daily ſee a Brother*, &c.] The Murderer was to go into Baniſhment for a Year; but he often bought off that Exile for a Sum of Money, which he paid to the Kindred of the Dead: Neither *Ulyſſes* nor *Phœnix* have ſaid any thing ſo ſolid to *Achilles*, as this is. Wherefore, *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* very well ſays, ſpeaking of this Diſcourſe of *Ajax*'s, *that he who begs moſt, and with moſt Liberty, who ſupplicates moſt, and who preſſes homeſt, is* Ajax.

(*o*) *For one ſole Captive Woman.*] This is a very cutting Reproach, as if *Achilles* were the moſt amorous Man, and moſt given to Women, in the World. A Father pardons the Death of his Son, a Brother that of his Brother; but *Achilles* will not forgive the taking away of a Captive from him.

(*p*) *And reverence this ſacred Place*, &c.] He ſays this *ſacred Place*, by reaſon of Hoſpitality, and of *hoſpitable Jupiter*, who preſides over it, and who holds under his Protection thoſe Embaſſadors.

" of

" of all the many *Greeks*, We come, your moſt
" belov'd and deareſt Friends."

He ſaid: And thus the brave *Achilles* anſwer'd; " Illuſtrious *Ajax*, valiant Son of
" *Telamon*, With Juſtice and with Reaſon you
" have ſpoke. Yet ſtill my Fury burns, my
" Soul's incens'd, When I reflect on him; on
" *Agamemnon*, Who has diſhonour'd me among
" the *Greeks*, (*q*) Like a contemptible, a
" wretched Vagabond. Go then, and to your
" King, bear back my Anſwer: (*r*) For Arms
" I will not bear, till *Troy*'s victorious, Till
" *Hector* has with Blood, and ſlaughter'd *Greeks*
" Cover'd the Plain, and fir'd the very Fleet,
" And forc'd his Way ev'n to my Tents and
" Ships. My Tents and my own Ships I will
" defend By Arms, againſt the Violence of
" *Hector*."

(*q*) *Like a contemptible, a wretched Vagabond.*] The *Greek* ſays, ὡσεί τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην· μετανάστης is a Man who has no fix'd Abode, who has, as they ſay, neither Houſe nor Home, and who ſtrays from Town to Town. *Homer* calls ſuch a Man ἀτίμητον, *deſpis'd*, becauſe thoſe ſort of People were very much deſpis'd in *Greece*; a Vagabond was as an Exile, who dar'd not to open his Mouth. You need only ſee what *Socrates* ſays in *Criton*. They were yet more contemptible in *Judæa*: *Ubi hoſpitaberis non fiducialiter ages, nec aperies os tuum*; ſays *Eccleſiaſticus* xxix. 31. οὐ παροικήσεις, οὐκ ἀνοίξεις στόμα. The Entrance of the Temple was likewiſe forbid to Strangers.

(*r*) *For Arms I will not bear*, &c.] After *Ulyſſes*'s Speech, *Achilles* ſaid he wou'd depart the next Day; after *Phœnix*'s, he is not ſo reſolutely fixt on Departure; that Departure is uncertain; and after *Ajax*'s, he no longer talks of departing: on the contrary, he ſeems diſpos'd to take Arms; but he is not diſpos'd to take them, till Danger threatens his Ships. This Character of an inexorable Man is carry'd on with wonderful Art.

Th

The Hero thus: (s) Then each a Bowl reſum'd, And made Libations to the Heav'nly Pow'rs; Then went, and brave *Ulyſſes* led the way. Mean while *Patroclus* order'd his Attendants To get a Bed in readineſs for *Phœnix*: Th' Attendants were obedient, and prepar'd The Bed, and downy Skins of Sheep they ſpread, The Purple Covers, and the fine-ſpun Sheets. There reſted *Phœnix*, till *Aurora's* Dawn; But in the moſt retir'd Apartment ſlept The great *Achilles*; by the Side he ſlept Of *Diomede*, *Phorbas'* beauteous Daughter. *Patroclus* too repos'd, and with him *Iphis*, The charming Partner of his Bed, repos'd; *Iphis*, whom brave *Achilles* gave his Friend, When by his Arms the lofty *Scyros* fell; *Scyros!* the Seat of Royal *Enyeus*. But when *Ulyſſes* and the valiant *Ajax* Came to the Princely Tent of *Agamemnon*, The *Greeks*, with Wines in golden Veſſels brought, Receiv'd 'em; and, impatient to be told Their Embaſſy's Succeſs, with much Enquiry Ask'd the Reſult, till thus *Atrides* ſpoke.

" Say, brave *Ulyſſes*, Great *Laertes'* Son, Will
" he defend the Fleet from *Trojan* Flames?
" Or does he ſtill retain his ſtubborn Fury?"

(s) *Then each a Bowl reſum'd, and made Libations.*] Tho' their Journey was not ſucceſsful, and though they obtain'd nothing, yet they do not fail to make Libations to thank the Gods. *Homer* marks this Circumſtance, not only with reſpect to Religion and Cuſtom, but likewiſe to ſhew that all this paſſes before the Table is remov'd; for the Feaſt began with the Oblation of the *Primitiæ*, and ended by Libations.

To

To him the Great *Ulyſſes* thus reply'd;
" Brave *Atreus'* Son, illuſtrious King of Na-
" tions; His Rage he ſtill retains, and ſtill
" his Soul Swells with Reſentment; thee he
" ſtill diſdains, Thee and thy Gifts, tho'
" worthy of a King. Thee and the *Grecian*
" Leaders he exhorts New Meaſures to concert,
" new Projects lay, To ſave the Army, and
" defend the Fleet. (*t*) He threatens too,
" when firſt *Aurora* dawns, To ſail for *Greece*
" and *Phthia*'s fruitful Shores: He counſels
" too the *Grecians* to return, Now when their
" Hopes of conqu'ring *Troy* are loſt; For *Jove*'s
" Almighty Arm protects her Tow'rs, Spirits
" their Battel, and inſpires their Arms. Such
" was his Anſwer; and the valiant *Ajax*, With
" the two Heralds, witneſs'd to his Words.
" But *Phœnix* ſtill continues in his Tent, That
" at to-morrow's Dawn he may ſet ſail With
" him for *Greece*, and for the *Phthian* Coaſt, If
" ſuch his Choice is; but he'll uſe no Force."

(*t*) *He threatens too, when firſt* Aurora *dawns, to ſail for* Greece.] It may be ask'd here, why *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks only of the Anſwer which *Achilles* made him at firſt, and ſays nothing of the Diſpoſition, in which the Diſcourſes of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had put him? This Queſtion is eaſily anſwer'd; it is becauſe *Achilles* is obſtinate in his Reſentment, and that if in the End, being a little mov'd by *Phœnix*, and ſhaken by *Ajax*, he ſeem'd diſpos'd to take Arms, it is not out of reſpect to the *Greeks*, but only to ſave his Squadron, when *Hector*, after having put the *Greeks* to the Sword, ſhall come to inſult it. Thus this inflexible Man abates nothing of his Rage. It is therefore Prudence in *Ulyſſes* to make this Report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of Hopes of the Aid which he flatter'd himſelf with, he may take, with the Leaders of the Army, the Meaſures neceſſary to ſave his Fleet and Troops.

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes thus; Amazement held them mute,
Struck with the Roughneſs of his harſh Denial.
(*u*) At laſt, *Tydides* roſe, and thus began:
" Great *Atreus'* Son, illuſtrious King of Na-
" tions, I wiſh you ne'er had try'd to move
" his Soul By humble Pray'rs, and by ſuch
" precious Gifts; By Nature he is Inſolent and
" Fierce, And your Submiſſion will increaſe
" his Fury; But let us not regard him, nor
" take Notice, Whether he ſtays, or whether
" he departs. His Arms he will reſume when
" his own Humour Leads him, or when ſome
" Deity excites; But let us now perform what
" I adviſe: (*w*) Let us repoſe; but firſt with
" ſprightly Wines, And due Repaſt, refreſh
" the fainting *Greeks*. This will give Strength
" and Vigour to their Arms: But at the firſt
" Appearance of the Morn, Draw out thy
" Forces to the promis'd Battel, Both Horſe
" and Foot draw out in deep Array, Be thou
" their Leader, and defend the Fleet."
The *Greeks* approv'd what *Diomedes* ſpoke:
And when they'd made Libations to the Gods,
Each to his Tent retir'd; and there repoſing,
Enjoy'd the Bleſſing of refreſhing Sleep.

(*u*) *At laſt*, Tydides *roſe, and thus* began.] This Character of *Diomed* is ſtill very well ſuſtain'd. That Hero is not amaz'd at *Achilles*'s Refuſal, but returns to the Opinion he had given for fighting.

(*w*) *Let us repoſe.*] For the Retrenchments and *Corps de Guards*, which they had ſet at the Gate, gave them that Liberty, tho' the Enemy were encamp'd in their Sight.

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